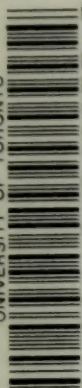


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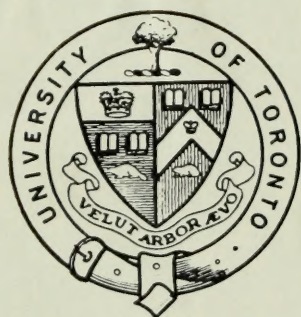
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SOME HISTORIC WOMEN

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WHO HAVE
MADE HISTORY.

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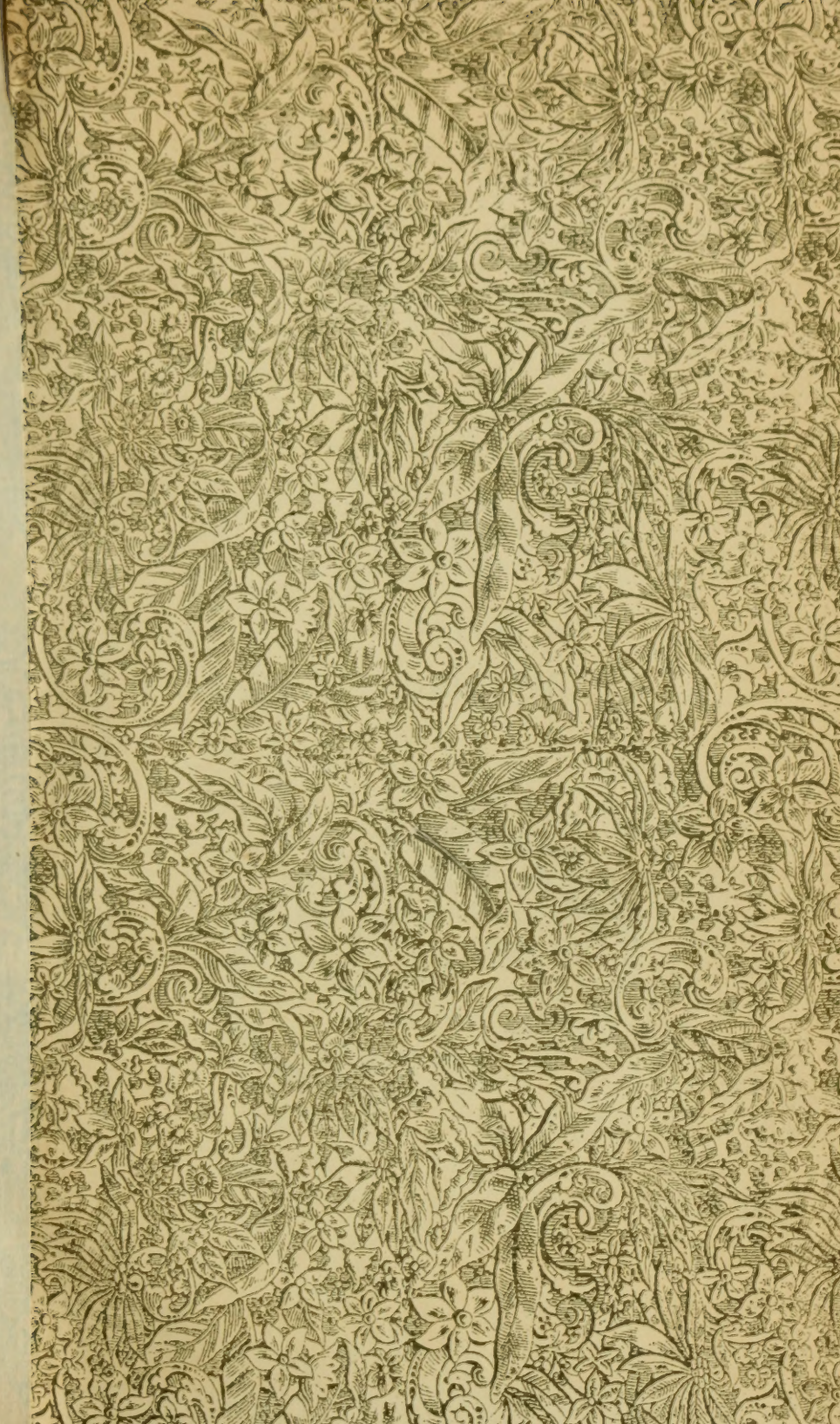
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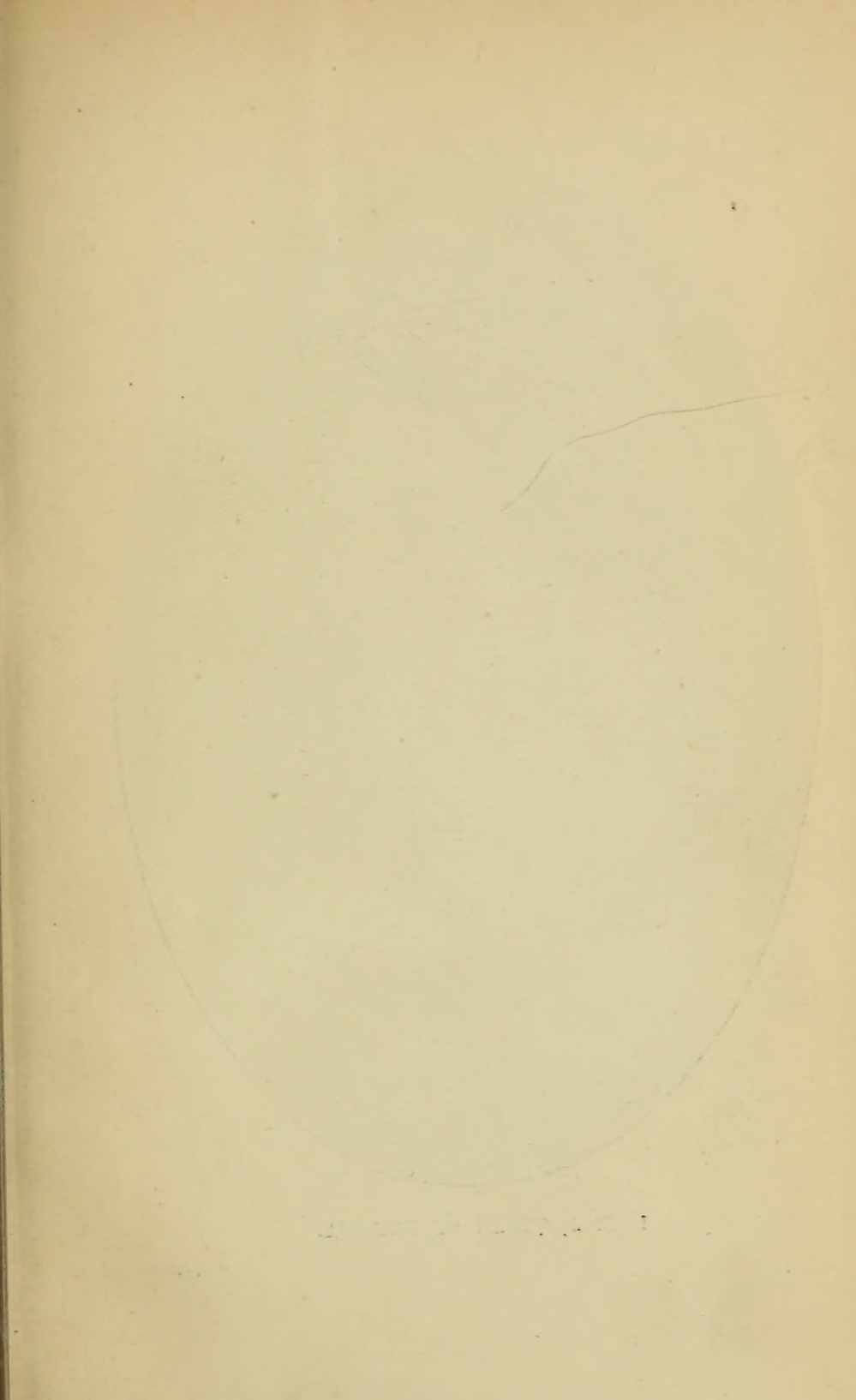


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LOUISA, QUEEN OF PRUSSIA.

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SOME HISTORIC WOMEN

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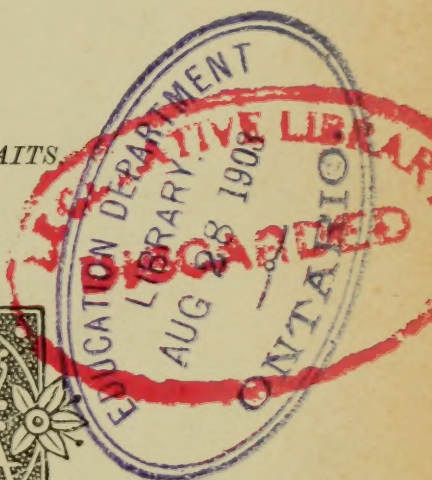
*BIOGRAPHICAL STUDIES OF WOMEN
WHO HAVE MADE HISTORY*

BY

W. H. DAVENPORT ADAMS

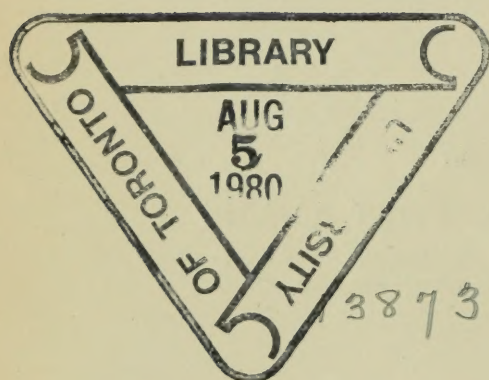
AUTHOR OF "WOMAN'S WORK AND WORTH," "THE WHITE KING,"
"GOOD QUEEN ANNE," ETC., ETC.

WITH PORTRAITS



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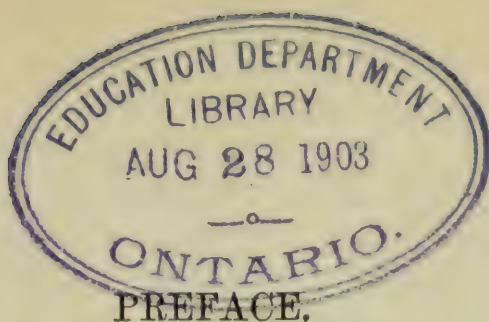
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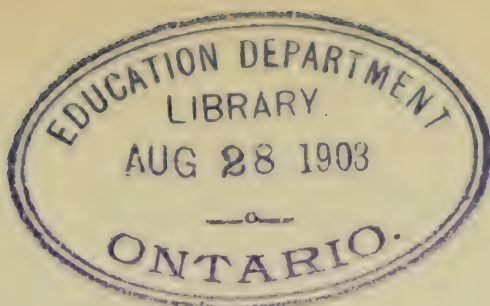


I HAVE wished to bring together, in the present volume, a group of Celebrated Women, who might fairly be considered representative of the higher qualities of Womanhood,—such qualities as patriotism, religious enthusiasm, fidelity, moral courage, fortitude, devotion, and the capacity of governing,—in some of which, I think, we must allow that Woman surpasses and in others approximates to Man, whether we take her to be his equal or inferior in intellect. It was necessarily a primary condition that the women of whom I proposed to become the biographer should be *notable examples of these virtues*; and I believe that from this point of view no one will impeach the selection I have made. A second condition was, that they should be *women who had helped to make history*, or at least *historic women*—women whose record history preserves—and this is certainly true of all I have chosen. And, third, I was anxious that they should be *women whose lives had been full of interest, action, incident*, so that the reader might have no occasion to weary over their story. This, too, is a condition which, I hope, has been not unsuccessfully borne in mind. For however imperfectly the tale may be told, it must needs engage the reader's attention when it is told of JEANNE DARC, the Maker of Modern France; of MADAME ROLAND, the heroine of the

French Revolution; of three such saintly creatures and loving spirits as MARGARET OF SCOTLAND, ELIZABETH OF HUNGARY, and CATHERINE OF SIENA; of so tenderly faithful a soul as ARABELLA STUART; of MARGARET OF ANJOU, the lion-hearted consort of Henry VI.; of heroic JEANNE D'ALBRET; of our great ELIZABETH; Spenser's "Gloriana"; of Swedish CHRISTINA; of courageous MARIA THERESA, at whose eloquent appeal the swords of the Hungarian magnates leaped from their scabbards; and of the pure, beautiful, and fascinating LOUISA OF PRUSSIA, whom to see was to admire, and to know was to love. May I not hope that a book which puts forward twelve such Types of Noble Womanhood will be welcomed by all readers of the same sex, and that they will find something in it of utility and advantage in living their own lives?

Each Memoir has been founded on the best authorities, and is the result of careful and independent judgment. In those which treat of "Woman as the Sovereign" I have endeavoured to avoid an overplus of historical detail, dwelling chiefly upon the features which the historian on his crowded canvas is compelled to ignore or to touch very lightly.

W. H. D. A.



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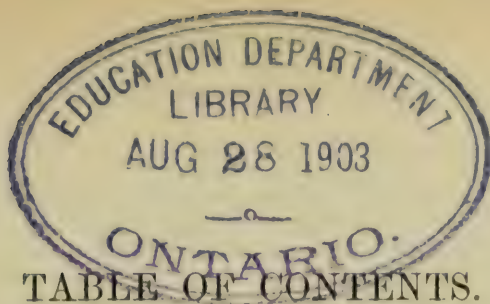
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NOTE.—The portrait of Margaret of Anjou is copied from Strickland's "Lives of the Queens of England," by the kind permission of Messrs. George Bell & Sons, Publishers, London.



PART I.

WOMAN AS PATRIOT.

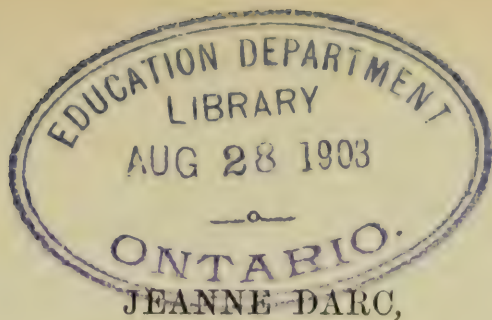
JEANNE DARC, THE MAID OF ORLEANS.

MADAME ROLAND, THE HEROINE OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.





JEANNE DARC, THE MAID OF ORLEANS.



THE MAID OF ORLEANS.

As Carlyle says of the episode of Francesca da Rimini, in Dante's great sombre poem, that it is woven like a rainbow on a background of eternal black; so may it be said of Jeanne Darc—or Joan of Arc, as she is popularly but erroneously called—that her story brightens, like a rainbow, the gloom of the hundred years' struggle between England and France.

On the death of Henry V., the hero of Agincourt, the work of subduing France was continued by his brother, whom he had appointed Regent during the minority of his son, Henry VI. John, Duke of Bedford, was a wary and sagacious statesman as well as a military commander of proved capacity. By his marriage with the sister of the Duke of Burgundy, he secured a powerful ally; and having thus provided a check upon the movements of the French in the northern provinces, which had acknowledged the supremacy of the English Crown, he prepared to invade and conquer the sunny South. The key of the Loire valley, and of the rich country beyond it, was Orleans; and its capture would open an easy road to Bourges, where the Dauphin, Charles VII., was holding his court. Reinforcements arriving from England in the summer of 1428, the Duke despatched the Earl of Salisbury, his ablest lieutenant, to lay siege to the great southern city, but could muster only 10,000 men for this purpose; an inadequate force, which he was compelled to reduce by two-thirds, when the Duke of Burgundy, in a fit of jealousy, recalled his contingent. So profound, however, was the panic which at this time demoralised France, that the besieged, though they greatly outnumbered the besiegers, never ventured beyond the city-walls. The cowed and humiliated condition of the French soldiery may also be understood from the result of the action of the 12th of February, 1429, when

1,500 English bowmen, under Sir John Fastolfe, completely defeated 8,000 Frenchmen. This was known as "the Battle of the Herrings," in allusion to the quantities of that fish which the victors seized as booty, and carried into the English camp before Orleans, where the supply proved very welcome.

In the defence of their city, however, the French showed no lack of resolution. If incompetent to cope with the prowess of England in the open, behind stone walls they were capable of a sturdy and tenacious resistance. Fresh works were thrown up at every point of vantage, and new batteries raised and equipped. In the early days of the siege, the English sustained a severe loss in the death of their able leader, the Earl of Salisbury; but the Earl of Suffolk, who succeeded to the command, exhibited the qualities of a good soldier. Gradually, under his direction, the English lines closed round the city like the folds of some gigantic boa-constrictor; and during the winter a severe blockade was established. Meantime, King Charles, instead of making any efforts to relieve his beleaguered subjects, had shut himself up in his castle of Chinon, where after his manner he gave way to copious tears. So that, despairing of succour from without, and daunted by the near approach of famine, and all that it involved, the men of Orleans reluctantly began to talk of negotiation. Their feudal lord, the gallant Duke of Orleans, was a prisoner in England; and they proposed, therefore, that their city should be held by the Duke of Burgundy, until the contention for the French crown was finally settled. Naturally, the Duke regarded the proposal with favour, but it was by no means acceptable to John of Bedford. "We will not beat the bushes," said he, "for another to take the birds." So the siege went on its weary round of watching and waiting, and every day the ultimate success of the English seemed more assured.

The historian is unable to conceal his surprise that the men-at-arms who swarmed and starved within the walls of Orleans did not sally forth, sword in hand and lance in rest, to drive from their sparsely guarded lines the few hundred Englishmen who maintained the siege. I can but repeat that, dispirited by a long succession of disasters, which were the more galling because inflicted in every instance by numerically inferior forces, the French had lost heart, and fought, not as men who would win, but as men who must lose. A panic terror of these conquering English—of those rough islanders whom no numbers dismayed, no

obstacles overwhelmed—possessed them. Their arms were paralysed by the fatal memories of Cressy, Poitiers, and Agincourt. From the spell that benumbed their manhood, from the hopeless apathy that weighed down their energies, only an external influence could deliver them; and this influence was found at last—where not even the most vivid imagination could have conceived of it as likely to be forthcoming—in the courage, the purity, and the enthusiasm of a Peasant-Maid.

I.

On the 6th of January (the Feast of the Epiphany), 1412, at Domremy, a village on the threshold of the great forests of the Vosges, a daughter was born to a peasant named Jacques Dare, or D'Arc. The child was christened Jeanne. She grew up, a dutiful daughter and a fine-natured maiden, among the fanciful superstitions of the country; superstitions which, in those days, haunted each leaf and clung to every bough. The village children knew each ring, each path on the green, that was trodden by fairy feet: they hung the sacred trees with votive garlands: they sang songs in honour of "the good people," whose favour they sought in every way to propitiate. For Jeanne Dare, who was gifted with rare imagination and susceptibility, these associations had a singular charm—colouring all her thoughts, and lighting up with their magical radiance the austerity of her daily life. It was observed that she shunned the society of girls of her own age, spending all her leisure in the seclusion of the green woods, or lingering in rapt meditation by the side of a fountain, the waters of which were reputed to have effected marvellous cures. Or she resorted to a lonely chapel, "the Hermitage of the Virgin," where every Saturday she offered a wreath of flowers, and burned a wax taper in honour of the Mother of Christ. She was curiously partial to the sound of holy bells, and listened with delight to the simple melodious chime which summoned the villagers to daily worship. But much of her time was passed by her mother's side, assisting in the household work, learning to spin and sew, and committing to memory the Creeds, the Ave Maria, the Pater Noster, and the legends of the Saints.

As she grew into womanhood a new sentiment seized upon her—that of patriotism, not driving out or even weakening the

religious sentiment, but blending with and being coloured by it. Sad rumours reached Domremy of cruelties wrought and wrongs done by the truculent soldiery of Burgundy, the allies of the English; and, indeed, her own family had been more than once compelled to take refuge in the forest from these marauders, returning when the storm had passed to mourn over the ravages it had committed. It seems to have been in 1424, after the defeat of the French at Verneuil, that she first heard of an old prediction—"That the salvation of France would depend on a maid who would spring from the wood of Bois-Chenu"—the neighbouring oak-wood in the Vosges. But when and how? At all events it made a deep impression on her. It so happened that, a few months before, when she was only in her twelfth year, she had seen—one Sunday, in her father's garden—a luminous Presence moving beside her, and had heard this mysterious Presence uttering her name. Turning, she beheld—as she thought—the Archangel Michael, who bade her be good, dutiful, and pure, and God would watch over her. And now again, on a summer noon, when she was watching her father's flock, she saw the great Archangel; but this time he was not alone. He was attended by SS. Catherine and Margaret, the patron-saints of her village church, who bent over her their crowned and shining heads, and commanded her to be good and to trust in God. They told her of the sorrow that prevailed in the kingdom of France; and enforced it upon her as a sacred obligation, that she must carry help to King Charles, and lead him to Rheims to receive his crown.

It is evident that the young girl at this time was living a kind of double life—or of life within life—a life of visions and reveries, in which celestial Voices seemed to hold communion with her—and outside of, or apart from this, a simple household life, in which she grew up tall and strong and comely, and pure as the dew of heaven. As the sufferings of France increased, and she was bleeding almost to death from her many wounds, "the Voices" became more emphatic in their summons. Jeanne was ordered "to go into France"; this was the first injunction laid upon her. Afterwards the way was disclosed to her:—"Go to Vaucouleurs, to Robert de Baudricourt, the Governor," they said; "he will give you men-at-arms, and send you to the King." These "Voices," no doubt, were simply her own thoughts, her own vague dreams, returned to her through the medium of a vivid

imagination. She was not altogether happy in them. Sometimes the natural shrinking of young maidenhood from new experiences prevailed over the raptures of her patriotic enthusiasm. And how was she, a simple peasant girl, to obtain speech with the Governor of Vaucouleurs? How could she abandon her friends, her parents, and the sweet simple happiness of her home? But as her thoughts began to crystallise into a great resolve, the Voices more emphatically urged upon her the patriotic mission; and as her faith grew stronger, she felt more and more ready to undertake it.

It was in May, 1428, that she took the first step in the marvellous pilgrimage of patriotism which has "eternised" her name. While on a visit to an uncle who lived at Baecy, a village near Vaucouleurs, she revealed to him her secret purpose, reminding him of the old prophecy of Merlin, but saying nothing of her "Voices." She had to press him strongly before he would consent to assist her; but at length he was persuaded to accompany her to Vaucouleurs, where he obtained admission for her to the Governor's presence. "What is your errand?" asked Baudricourt, with a soldier's abruptness. "Send you and tell the Dauphin," she replied, "that he is to wait—to delay, and not to give battle to his enemies hastily, because God will succour him before mid-Lent. The kingdom belongs not to the Dauphin, but to my Lord; only the Lord wills that the Dauphin shall be King of it, and hold it in trust for Him. In spite of his foes he shall yet be King, and I myself shall conduct him to receive his crown."

"And who is your Lord?" inquired the rough soldier, with a sneer.

"The King of Heaven," answered Jeanne, with a rapt look in her clear eyes.

Then Baudricourt laughed long and loudly, and told the uncle to take home his crazy niece, and whip the nonsense out of her. That an obscure peasant-girl should talk of conducting King Charles to be crowned, when his knights, his nobles, and his men-at-arms were powerless against his enemies, naturally seemed to Baudricourt an offence against common sense. In the eyes of the world the enthusiast is always "distraught" or "foolish."

Jeanne, however, was not discouraged by this uncourteous

reception, and returned to Domremy only the more determined to fulfil her self-imposed mission. Some words that she dropped awoke the apprehensions of her parents; and her father dreamed that she had gone away with the soldiers. "If I thought such a thing could happen to our Jeanne," he said to her brothers, "I would bid you drown her; and if you refused, I would drown her myself!" An effort was made to settle her in marriage; and the suitor whom she rejected summoned her before the court at Toul, declaring that she had promised to become his wife. But the sweet and frank simplicity of her speech convinced her judges that she had made no such promise, and the suit against her was dismissed—happily for France, and happily too for England. Without the impulse communicated by the enthusiasm of the Maid, it is humanly certain that France, in her distracted and disorganised condition, could not have made head against the English invasion, and the permanent conquest of France by England would in the long run have proved more disastrous to the latter even than the former country, to the conqueror than to the conquered.

Haunted by the Visions and the Voices which translated to her the great purpose of her life, Jeanne was unable to rest. She longed to depart and execute the commands of the angels. Once more she obtained her good uncle's assistance. His wife having fallen sick, he had come to Domremy to fetch Jeanne to nurse her; for Jeanne was a helpful, resourceful woman, on whom her neighbours relied in all emergencies. She went, confiding to no one the resolve which lay at the bottom of her heart, fixed and immutable. "If I had had a hundred fathers and a hundred mothers," she said at a later time, "and if I had been a king's daughter, I must have gone." Those whom Heaven chooses as the direct instruments of its will, are moved by an inspiration which it is impossible to resist. They must do their work and die.

Jeanne's earnestness had by this time possessed her uncle with a belief in Jeanne's mission, so that he accompanied her to Vaucouleurs a second time without reluctance. The Governor treated her as roughly and contemptuously as before; nothing is so offensive to the ordinary mind as the enthusiasm which it cannot understand. But Jeanne was not to be rebuffed. "I must, I will go to the Dauphin," she exclaimed, "if I go on my knees." By this time her story was noised abroad, and many

persons gave credence to her claims. The Sieur de Novelempont, a gentleman of Metz, came to see her.

"What are you doing here, my child?" he inquired. "Shall the King be turned out of France, and must all of us become English?"

"I am come to this royal city," she answered calmly, "to bid Robert de Baudricourt take or send me to the King; but he gives no heed to my words, and yet, before mid-Lent, I must reach the King's presence, though I wear my limbs to the knees. For no one else in the world, neither kings nor dukes, nor the daughter of the King of Scotland (whom it was intended Charles's son should marry) can recover the kingdom of France; there is no help but in me. For myself I would rather remain at home with my mother, and spin; this is not my choosing; but I must even do as the Lord wills."

"Who is your lord?"

"It is God!"

Deeply moved by this devotion, he laid his hands within hers, and vowed that, with God's help, he would take her to the King. And the same promise was made by another brave gentleman, Bertrand de Poulengy.

Thus, at length, the Governor was compelled to treat Jeanne's petition seriously, though the rough soldier had his doubts whether the Maid's "Voices" were of God or the devil. He visited her, accompanied by a priest, who, in the insolence of his ignorant superstition, began the rite of exorcism, and bade her depart, as if she were an ally of the Evil One. Her fame having travelled to the ears of the Duke of Lorraine, who was lying ill at Nancy, he sent for her in the expectation that she would reveal to him some miraculous mode of cure. But she was no charlatan or impostor, and made no pretence to the wonder-working powers of the magician. She knew nothing more than what she was told by "the Voices!" those Voices which were the creation of her pure heart and vivid imagination; and the ills she undertook to cure were those from which France suffered. So much she frankly told the Duke, promising him her prayers, and entreating him thenceforth to give of his most loyal service to his king and country.

Borne down at last by the Maid's passion and enthusiasm, the Governor gave her a sword and a letter to the King, and sanctioned her departure. The inhabitants of Vaucouleurs then

hastened to her assistance, providing her with a horse, and the dress and equipment of a man-at-arms ; for as she was going to do men's work, and mix with men, she wisely resolved to wear male attire. She sat her horse with the ease of an experienced horseman, handled her sword and spear gracefully, winning the tearful approval of the townsfolk as, escorted by her "brothers of Paradise," Sieur de Novelempont and de Poulengy, with four armed attendants, she rode forth on her strange mission, February the 23rd, 1429.

The journey proved both dangerous and wearisome ; but Jeanne's heart never failed her, nor did her strength give way. On the eleventh day they arrived at St. Catherine de Fierbois, a village near Chinon, where she enjoyed an interval of rest. Having sent a letter to the King, soliciting an audience, she proceeded to Chinon (March the 6th), but experienced many difficulties in obtaining admission to the royal presence. The interview which led to such remarkable historical results took place in the spacious hall of the old feudal castle. A large company of knights and nobles was assembled, and all wore their richest attire, while the sovereign assumed none of the usual insignia of his rank ; yet Jeanne at once singled out the Dauphin from the throng of courtiers, and bending her knee before him, exclaimed, "God give you good life, gentle King !" As the Maid had never seen him before, this immediate recognition of the royal person caused a great surprise, and Charles endeavoured to shake her confidence by saying,—"I am not the king ; he is yonder." The Maid was not to be deceived, and replied, "In the name of God, it is thou, and no other." She continued :—"Most noble Sir, I am Jeanne the Maid (*la Pucelle*). The Heavenly King sends me to help you and your realm, and to tell you that you shall be anointed and crowned in the city of Rheims, and as the true King of France shall be His lieutenant." Charles then led her aside, and conversed with her ; telling his courtiers afterwards that she had spoken to him of secrets of his own, which, he pretended, could have been made known to her by no human agency.

Next day the Maid appeared in public. She was then in her eighteenth year ; tall, and of a graceful but dignified presence ; active and vigorous, though eminently womanly ; with a handsome expressive countenance, clear sweet eyes, a pure broad brow, and long black tresses which fell in a shining mass upon

her shoulders. Clothed in radiant armour, she seemed the very embodiment of the spirit of chivalry. To the credulous, superstitious crowd she was a creature more than human; a knight of God who had descended from Heaven for the salvation of France; something wholly divine both to see and hear (*semble chose toute divine de son fait, et de la voir, et de l'ouir*). It has been well said that there is nothing so contagious as enthusiasm. The belief in the Maid's heavenly mission spread rapidly, and grey-headed captains and battle-worn veterans pressed forward to enlist under the sacred banner which she raised in the name of the King.

To prevent the growth of doubt or criticism, Charles's councillors decided that she should be conveyed to Poitiers, where the Parliament was in session, to undergo examination into her pretensions by a royal commission. "In God's name, let us go," she said; "I shall have hard work, but my Lord will help me." The commission included many grave ecclesiastics and erudite doctors, who, after carefully, not to say severely, interrogating her, became fully convinced of her sincerity. Not a few of them were converted into firm believers in her inspiration; while all were too shrewd not to perceive what an influence her story and her devotion would establish over the people. They therefore strongly advised the King to make use of her proffered services. "Close investigation," they said, "had been made into her way of life; for six weeks she had been under vigilant supervision; men and women of all ranks had seen and conversed with her, and none but bore witness to her goodness, her simplicity, her seemliness, her chastity, and her devotion." She had promised, they added, to show them her "sign"—the proof of the supernatural character and origin of her mission—before Orleans. Let the King send her thither: for if he rejected her, he would reject the Holy Spirit, and render himself unworthy of the Divine help.

Towards the end of April she was sent to Tours, and thence to Blois, where an army of 6,000 men had been assembled to proceed to the relief of Orleans. Jeanne's first care was to raise the *morale* of this little force. She purged its ranks of all notorious evil-livers, and insisted that every man should make daily confession; she ordered that Mass should be said, and hymns sung to the Virgin both morning and evening. In this *régime* she anticipated Gustavus Adolphus and Oliver Cromwell,

who afterwards showed the world the value of religious zeal as a military factor. Before she marched out of Blois she addressed to the English chiefs a remarkable letter, which they very naturally treated with angry contempt. Probably it read to them like the incoherent extravagance of a crazy fanatic:—

“ × JHESUS MARIA. King of England; and you, Duke of Bedford, who call yourself Regent of France; William de la Pole, Earl of Suffolk; and you, Thomas, Lord Scales, who style yourselves lieutenants of the said Duke, do right to the King of Heaven. Render to the Maid who is sent by God the keys of all the good towns you have taken and plundered in France. She is sent hither by God to restore the blood-royal. She is very ready to make peace if you will do her right by giving up France, and paying for what you have held. And you, archers, companions of war, noble and otherwise, who are before the good city of Orleans, begone to your own land in God's name, or expect news from the Maid, who will shortly come to see you to your very great hurt. King of England, if you do not so, I am chief of war, and wherever I shall find your people in France, I will drive them out, willing or not willing; and if they do not obey I will slay them all; but if they obey I will leave them to mercy. . . . Duke of Bedford, the Maid prays you not to bring about your own destruction. If you do her right, you may go in her company where the French shall do the finest deed that has ever been done in Christendom (the Maid apparently refers to a crusade for the recovery of Jerusalem), and if you do not, you shall be reminded shortly of your great wrong-doing.”

That the English commanders should treat the Maid's high pretensions, her promises and her threats with scornful indignation, was, after all, excusable; nor was it less excusable that the minds of their followers, predisposed to credulity by the superstitious feeling of the age, should be deeply impressed by the wonderful story of her “Voices” and her Visions, which had become the talk of the camp. The stalwart soldiers in the lines around Orleans feared no human foe; but could not conceal the alarm with which they regarded the approach of one who had made a compact, as they believed, with the Unseen Powers. In vain were all the efforts of Suffolk and his followers to

discharge their minds of such irrational fears. If they spoke of the Maid as an impostor, the soldiers referred to the credence given to her tale by the King, the nobles, and the clergy of France; if they railed at her as a sorceress, they rejoined that it was impossible for men to cope with the spirits of darkness.

With her consecrated banner floating over her head, the Maid at last began her march to the relief of Orleans. The ascendancy she had gained over her troops is to my mind a strong proof of her great natural capacity—of the fine sense and judgment which were so strangely united in Jeanne Darc with a dreamy imagination and an unbounded enthusiasm. Oaths or lewd speeches were no longer heard; plundering, rapine, and unclean living had ceased to be. While maintaining a severe discipline, she did not affect, however, any cold reserve or dignified isolation; but would exchange a good-humoured repartee with the humblest of her followers. And so far was she from assuming the character of a saint or prophetess, or pretending to any special powers, that she gently but firmly repulsed the ignorant peasantry, who brought crosses and chaplets to be blessed by her touch, and solicited her to work miracles.

Her one great desire, her sole over-mastering purpose, was to fulfil her mission without delay; and she promised the French captains a victory swift and sure if they would cross the Loire, and march direct upon Orleans, through the Beauce and the English territory. They were willing enough to avail themselves of her influence with the soldiery, but resented her interference in the conduct of the campaign, and chose, as a military precaution, to keep the river between their line of march and the English fortresses. At the same time, that they might not provoke her anger, they deceived her as to the real position of Orleans. Crossing the bridge of Blois, on Thursday, the 28th of April, they kept steadily along the south bank; nor did the Maid discover the deception practised upon her until they arrived at Olivet, which lies on the south side of the city; then discovering the cheat that had been put upon her, she was justifiably indignant. She strongly desired to lead an immediate attack on the nearest English fort, but, after some discussion, was persuaded to move forward to a point opposite Chécy, two leagues above the city. As the English lines, owing to their

extent, were loosely guarded, the French passed them unopposed. The inactivity of the English commanders, however, during this movement it is not easy to understand, for a flank attack must have been possible, and would probably have been successful. Anyway, their silence was impolitic, since it tended to confirm the suspicion of their soldiery that they knew Jeanne to be a witch, whose compact with the devil had made her irresistible.

On the 4th of May the Maid entered Orleans. She rode upon a white horse, with her banner floating before her, and was escorted by two hundred lances. The wild welcome with which she was received it is impossible to describe. The whole city seemed to rock and reel with excitement. Crowds gathered in the heretofore silent streets, and bowed before her as if she had been "an angel of God." So closely did they press in their frantic eagerness to see and touch her, that one of their torches ignited the rich border of her standard. With her usual composure she bent forward, and, amid the shouts of the people, crushed out the flame. Passing on to the cathedral, she solemnly offered up her prayers and thanksgivings before the Virgin's altar, after which she was conducted to the house of Jacques Bouchers, treasurer to the Duke of Orleans, whose young daughter shared her bedchamber during her stay.

II.

Having been apprised by Dunois, the Governor of Orleans, that the English were expecting reinforcements under the command of Sir John Fastolfe, she determined upon attacking them before these arrived. "My counsel," she exclaimed, "tells me to go against the English." Whilst she was donning her armour, she heard a cry that the French were being defeated. Seizing her helmet she rushed forth, mounted her horse, and, banner in hand, rode to the eastern gate. There she met some wounded who were being conveyed to a place of shelter. "I never see French blood," she cried, "but the hair of my head stands on end!" A small body of her followers, animated by that new spirit which the Maid had already awakened in the heart of France, had sallied forth of their own accord, and attacked the strong fort or "bastile" of St. Loup. It was stoutly held

by three hundred brave Englishmen, and the fight was going against the assailants, when Jeanne, whom Dunois followed up with a strong force, arrived and renewed the battle. Though this was the Maid's first experience of actual warfare, her nerves did not quiver, nor did her cheek pale. Standing upon the edge of the fosse, she cheered her soldiers to the assault, while the English arrows fell around her thick as snow-flakes. After a desperate struggle, St. Loup was captured, plundered, and given to the flames, and the victors returned to Orleans exultant. They had good cause for rejoicing. Small as was their success in itself, its effects were far-reaching. It revived the ardour of their patriotism; it rekindled their confidence in themselves, and their hopes of ultimate deliverance; while at the same time it rudely shook the belief of the English in their invincibility, and warned them that they had a new foe to fight with, or rather an old foe animated by a new spirit. It is not to be wondered at that a change so sudden confirmed, in the credulous minds of Bedford's soldiers, the conviction that this peasant-girl, this Maid, was a witch, a sorceress, armed with hellish spells to accomplish their destruction.

Next day the Maid and the French captains crossed the Loire by a bridge of boats, and led an attack against the English fort of the Augustins. But the main body was some distance in the rear, and the few troops who had followed her immediately, perceiving that the garrison of St. Pierre were hastening to the relief of their compatriots, fell into a panic, and retreated upon the bridge. The English soldiers pursued them, hurling at them opprobrious gibes, and their defeat seemed assured, when Jeanne, rallying a handful of men-at-arms, suddenly turned upon the pursuers with levelled lances, and banner streaming meteor-like to the wind. The appearance of the Witch struck terror into their hearts, and they retreated within their defences. Jeanne followed them up with a rush, the ramparts were stormed, the English slain or taken prisoners, and the banner of the Maid waved victorious from the battlements of the captured fort.

As she was aweary with her exertions, the Maid returned to the city; and in her absence the French captains decided that they would not continue the attack next day, but recall their troops within the fortifications and wait for reinforcements. They were still paralysed by the memories of Agincourt and

Cressy. A knight was sent to inform the Maid of their decision. "God had already done much to help them, and they would wait." "You have been in your council," said Jeanne, with a touch of contempt, "and I have been in mine. Be sure that God's counsel will hold good and come to pass, and that all other shall fail." Turning to her almoner, she said: "Rise early to-morrow, and keep near me all day, for I shall have much to do, and blood will flow breast-high."

At dawn she arose, put on her armour, heard Mass, and rode to the scene of action. But when she arrived at the Burgundy gate she found that the French captains had closed it to prevent her egress. Such was her ascendancy, however, over both soldiers and citizens, that they compelled the Governor to throw it open, and poured through it in the track of the Maid. The captains wisely submitted to the inevitable, and followed also with their men-at-arms, and the blare of trumpets, and the sound of many voices. Crossing the river, Jeanne led the attack against the great English post of the Tourelles, which was thought to be impregnable. The English plied their artillery with laudable energy, and frequently repulsed their assailants; but the Maid was always at hand to renew the struggle. She was the first, when a ladder was brought, to scale the ramparts; an arrow struck her in the breast, and she fell headlong into the ditch. When she was removed to a secure asylum, the woman in her nature got the better for a minute or two of the heroine; but she recovered herself quickly, and with her own hand drew the arrow-head from the quivering wound. Ointments having been applied and bandages, she insisted on returning to the place of conflict, where the retreat had been sounded, and the day was going against the French. With that clear perception of military necessities which the Maid invariably exhibited, she insisted that the attack should be resumed. She saw that failure would be fatal to the revived hopefulness and courageous sentiment which the belief in her mission had kindled, and therefore she overwhelmed Dunois with the passion of her prayers and promises. "In God's name," she cried, "in God's name you shall enter shortly. Doubt not, and the English shall no longer prevail over you!" The faith which she herself felt she wanted her companions to feel—to discard their military caution, and put their trust in the Divine help. At length she persuaded Dunois to continue the assault.

Then she bade the soldiers rest awhile, and eat and drink, for she saw that they were fatigued, after which—*Aux armes, dans le nom de Dieu!*

Remounting her horse, she rode into the stillness and solitude of a neighbouring vineyard, and abandoned herself prayerfully to communion with God. On her return she took up her station near the rampart, still carrying her banner. "Watch," she said to a knight who was standing by, "until my banner touches the fort." The wind caught its silken folds, and blew them against the wall. "It touches, Jeanne, it touches!" he exclaimed, whereupon she gave the signal to her soldiers, "Go on now—all is yours!"

The fighting-men in Orleans had by this time put together a number of old planks and wooden gutters, and bridged over the fosse, opposite the great breach in the walls made by the English ordnance. Across this impromptu causeway, and the bridge of boats already spoken of, the French rushed in two large bodies and carried the outer works, which they had previously assaulted in vain. The English then retreated towards the Tourelles, covered by a body of men-at-arms under Sir William Glasdale. Glasdale, a few days before, had cast opprobrious words at the Maid, who, in reply, had warned him that his end was near at hand. The bridge of the Tourelles was by this time half burned through, and when the English soldiers crowded upon it suddenly gave way, precipitating them and their leader into the deep water of the moat, where they sank beneath the weight of their armour and were drowned. A great awe fell upon the minds of the survivors, who remembered Jeanne's prediction; while the Maid herself was moved to tears at the sight of so many fellow-creatures perishing in their sins.

No further resistance was attempted by the English: what would it avail against the powers of hell? They threw down their arms, and were slain, drowned, or taken prisoners to the number of seven thousand. The bridge being hastily repaired, the victorious Maid rode across it, while the multitude raised a shout of joy, and from every steeple rang the jubilant chimes, and in every church pealed the glorious strain of the *Te Deum laudamus*. Suffolk withdrew the remainder of his little army from his entrenchments, and fell back to Sarzeau, to wait for the arrival of reinforcements, which might enable him to act again on the offensive. But the disastrous check before Orleans

rang the knell of English supremacy in France. To change the figure, the tide began to ebb in front of Orleans, and thenceforward surely, if slowly, receded, until, of all the conquests and possessions of the Plantagenets, the Tudors inherited only the town and port of Calais.

Jeanne, knowing that she had a mission to accomplish, would hear of no rest for herself or the French commanders. She laid siege to Suffolk in Sarzeau, and on the tenth day carried it by storm. Leading the assault in person, she was hurled to the ground by a blow on the head. "Onward, my friends!" she exclaimed, as she sprang to her feet; "fear nothing! The Lord has delivered them into your hands!" Words of such confidence filled their hearts with courage: the besiegers rushed forward like a torrent; the defence was overcome, Suffolk was captured, and a great portion of the garrison perished (June 12th). Mehun, Beaugency, and other fortresses quickly capitulated. At Patay, on the 18th of June, Jeanne encountered an English army, under Lord Talbot and Sir John Fastolfe. The former was captured; Fastolfe fled with a small company, and for this sudden and inexplicable act of cowardice, the only stain on a brilliant career, was deprived of his Garter. Such disasters produced a deep impression on the English captains, accustomed as they had been to unvarying success; and they could account for them in no other way than by adopting the credulous fancy of their soldiers, that Jeanne was a witch, and employed all the resources of magic against them.

To meet the spreading storm, which was gathering up fresh elements of disturbance in every direction, Bedford renewed his alliance with the Duke of Burgundy, and drew large reinforcements from England, under the command of Cardinal Beaufort. The two princes took the field, fully expecting a revival of the old terror of the English. Meanwhile, the Maid continued her advance, designing to fulfil her promise that Charles should be crowned at Rheims. At the head of twelve thousand men she invested Troyes, on the 5th of July. The town was strongly fortified and well provisioned, and the garrison determined on a steadfast resistance. For five days the siege was pressed, and then the French began to suffer from scarcity of provisions. The French captains, who seem in those days to have been strangely wanting in the patriotic spirit, advised that the siege should be raised, and that the army should retire.

"Do you believe me?" exclaimed Jeanne, passionately interrupting the slow deliberations of the Council.

"Speak!" said the King, "and if you speak reasonably and to our profit we will gladly believe you."

"Will you believe me?" she repeated, indignant at this conditional phraseology.

"Yes; according to what you say," was all that Charles would concede.

"Gracious King of France," said Jeanne, "if you will remain before your city of Troyes, it shall be yours within three days, by force or by love—doubt it not."

"We would wait six," said the Archbishop of Paris, "if we could be sure of having it."

"No more doubt," she rejoined; "it shall be yours to-morrow."

And on the morrow, just as a final attack was about to be delivered, the city surrendered. On the day following—which happened to be Sunday—Charles entered it in state, accompanied by the Maid and his nobles.

Soon afterwards Rheims surrendered, and on the 17th of July the Maid kept the promise which she had given to King Charles at Chinon. In the ancient cathedral he received his crown, Jeanne standing by his side with her sacred banner—a beautiful figure of inspired courage, fortitude, and purity. An English novelist has drawn an imaginary picture of this remarkable scene and of its accompaniments. "There were the houses hung with drapery and garlands, with tapestries hanging from the balconies full of citizens and their wives, and nobles and ladies dressed in velvet and cloth of gold; and below, in the streets, the grand military procession, trumpets and banners, and men-at-arms, and cavaliers on horses gorgeously caparisoned, the armour shining, the plumes waving; and, at last, within the cathedral, bishops and priests and nobles gathered around the King as the archbishop poured the holy oil on his head at the foot of the altar. And yet every heart felt that the source and centre of all was, not the army, or the nobles, or the King himself, but the simple maiden who stood beside him with her white banner in her hand, and afterwards knelt at his feet, and said, with tears, that now 'the pleasure of God was fulfilled.'"

As she spake these words and wept, the spectators wept for sympathy. Among those present was her father, who had tra-

velled to Rheims to embrace the daughter who had saved France. He was treated at court with great distinction; his expenses were paid by the corporation of Rheims; and on his return to Domremy he was presented with a fine horse.

Looking upon her work as done—which, in truth, it was, now that she had breathed a new vitality into France—the Maid would fain have returned with her father; but the King earnestly urged her to remain with the army until the English had been driven back to their own dominions. Her instinct was sounder than the political craft of Charles and his ministers: the motive which had sustained her in the accomplishment of such great deeds had ceased to inspire her; the object was attained which had rallied her energies and concentrated in a single focus all her powers. While she had pressed towards a certain fixed goal she had known neither hesitation nor fear. But from this time forth it is evident that she had lost her old decision, her coolness of judgment, her tenacity of purpose; and, in accord with her own confusion of thought and feeling, the oracles delivered by her Voices became dubious and perplexing. Well would it have been for the Maid if she had adopted the course indicated by her natural sagacity, and insisted on retiring to the green shades of Domremy.

Few women raised, like Jeanne, from the peasant-class—unaccustomed to intercourse with the world—and bred up in the seclusion of a remote village, have, when suddenly elevated to a conspicuous place of power and responsibility, borne themselves with such simpleness, moderation, and humility. Notwithstanding the deference paid to her by the King and his courtiers, the enthusiasm with which she was overwhelmed by the populace, and the devotion exhibited towards her by the soldiers, she showed no symptom of pride or ambition. The work she had to do absorbed all her thoughts, and in doing this work she felt herself to be simply an instrument in God's hands, and no sentiment of personal vanity ever sullied her mind. The evidence transmitted to us by the historians shows us a beautiful type of unselfishness, purity, and religious exaltation. She walked in the miry ways of the world without spot or stain, and the world's idols never beguiled her gaze from the shining gates of Paradise. The sweet religious habits of her childhood she kept up through all the stress and pressure of her life as a nation's saviour. The sound of church bells were as music to her

soul, and she knew no greater pleasure than to steal in the hush of the twilight into the silent churches and give herself up to prayer. Her old village friends, who came to look at her from a distance in humble reverence, found her hands outstretched in cordial welcome to receive them. To give to the poor, to fondle and play with children, these were her greatest pleasures. In the company of statesmen and captains she bore herself with becoming dignity, and on high themes conversed with a wisdom which commanded their respect and admiration; yet withal she never lost the simplicity of a young girl, and instinctively shrank from any policy or pursuit that was based upon falsehood and aimed at dishonourable and unjust ends.

The snares and pitfalls in her path were many, but her intense purity carried her past them in safety. Her clear eyes detected the weak and vicious character of the King to whom she had restored the crown of France; and she strove hourly to rescue him from the thralldom of passions which were worse enemies to him than the English. At times, under her influence, he seemed to awake to a sense of his kingly duty; but he was quickly surrounded by his favourites, and lulled back into his customary sensual indulgences; while those favourites regarded with scarcely-concealed hatred the blameless Maid who would have delivered the King of France as she had already delivered France itself. They watched and waited for an opportunity to destroy her. Jeanne, with her keen perception, did not fail to detect the existence of this feeling, and to a friend confessed that she had but one fear—"Traitors." As yet, however, treachery was powerless to do her harm, and after the memorable event at Rheims she was wrapped, for a time, in a halo of glory which compelled envy, malice, and jealousy to cower in the obscurest corners. And so she lived her life—wearing the white robes and crown of a saint, and pressing onward, all unconsciously, to take up the martyr's crown. Yet, perhaps, not altogether without knowledge; for surely we read some insight into the future in those strange words of hers:—"Make use of me, *for I have only a year*. I am pricked to the heart, until my work is done." For her personal safety, however, she had no care or anxiety: enough for Jeanne to do her duty; to obey the Angel-Voices; to serve her Lord. A lovelier soul the world has never seen!

Not long after the coronation she was riding out one day with

King Charles, accompanied by Dunois, the most faithful of her friends, and the Archbishop of Rheims, who must be ranked among her enemies. She was much moved by the eager loyalty with which the people crowded round their sovereign, crying "Noël! Noël!" and turning towards Charles, she said:—

"This is a good people. I have never seen a people who so rejoice in their noble prince! Would that I might be so happy as to end my days and be buried in this land."

"O Jeanne!" said the Archbishop; "in what country then do you think you shall die?"

"Where God shall please," she answered, "for I know neither the hour nor the place any more than you do. But I would it might please God, my Creator, that I might now lay aside my armour, and return home to help my father and my mother to keep their flocks and herds, with my sister and my brothers. They would be very glad to see me."

Her fame had by this time spread abroad into all the lands. Truculent Bona Visconti begged her help to recover his duchy of Milan. The Comte d'Armagnac sent to inquire of her which of the two competing Popes was the true successor of St. Peter; and the poetess Christine de Pisane called upon her septuagenarian muse to compare her to Gideon, to Esther, to Judith,—though, in truth, she was greater and nobler than any or all of these. As for the people of France, their love and admiration surrounded her with a legendary atmosphere, and made her, even in her lifetime, the heroine of a hagiology. They told one another how that at Orleans the patron saints, Euvert and Aignon, had marched in their pontifical robes around the sacred city; how that at the moment the folds of her banner had fluttered against the walls of the Tourelles, a white dove had hovered over her head; how that a swarm of white butterflies had heralded her entrance into Troyes; and how that before she began the march to Rheims, cavaliers in bright armour, and mounted on white horses, had come galloping through the air from Spain to Brittany, crying,—“Let not thy heart be dismayed!”

The Regent Duke of Bedford, conscious of the imminent danger which threatened the Anglo-French Kingdom, exerted all his military genius to meet the crisis. Forced marches brought him into the immediate neighbourhood of King Charles, whom

he endeavoured to provoke into giving him battle; but the French still shrank from the hazard of the open field. Jeanne's efforts were to a large extent neutralised by the evil council of La Tremouille and other of the royal favourites, who had obtained and preserved a mastery over the King by ministering to his sloth and self-indulgence. But when Bedford was called away to Normandy, which had been invaded by a French force, the Maid succeeded in rousing Charles to undertake the march upon Paris, and attempt the recovery of his capital. At Montmartre he proclaimed an amnesty to all of his rebellious subjects who at once gave in their allegiance; and on the 8th of September, yielding to Jeanne's earnest solicitation, and overcoming his usual irresolution, he delivered an attack against the Faubourg St. Honoré. The bastion having been set on fire, the flames compelled its defenders to take flight; and the assailants, headed by the Maid, succeeded in crossing the outer fosse. Climbing the ridge which separated it from the inner fosse, she called upon the garrison to surrender. They replied with a volley of missiles, accompanied by coarse oaths and ribald jests. To listen to them must have been to the pure-minded Jeanne a bitter humiliation, but she preserved her usual serenity, and sounding the inner fosse with her lance discovered that it was very deep. She immediately ordered her soldiers to fill it up with faggots and hurdles, so as to obtain a bottom for their ladders; but while she was directing and encouraging them, an arrow smote her in the thigh, and the wound was so severe that she lay down in agony on the edge of the ditch. Still she ceased not to encourage her followers, bidding them press forward with resolution, and the city would be theirs. And, no doubt, such would have been the case, if the French leaders had been inspired by as lofty a patriotism as her own; had been as free from the taint of unworthy motives; but on the plea that the task was beyond their strength, they ordered the trumpets to sound a retreat. Jeanne refused to move from the place where she lay wounded and bleeding; and it was almost by force, and in spite of her vehement remonstrances, that she was carried back to the camp. Notwithstanding her pain both of mind and body, she clung to her purpose:—"The city would have been taken," she exclaimed; "*it would—it must have been taken!*"

Next day she sought out the Duke of Alençon, and implored him to order a second assault. "I will not quit the city," she

cried, "until it is ours!" The Duke consented, and the fighting-men were advancing joyfully when a message from the King summoned Jeanne to his presence, and the different "battles" were ordered to return to their quarters.

Though compelled, by this time, to recognise the unworthiness of her Sovereign, Jeanne was still resolute to place in his hands, if permitted, the capital and centre of the French monarchy. In this resolve she made one more heroic effort. At St. Denis the Duke of Alençon had thrown a bridge across the Seine, and she decided to lead the troops by this route, and attack the city on its weakest side. Her lieutenants approved the plan, and the execution of it was fixed for the following day. Accordingly, soon after dawn, the army moved forward; but on reaching the river found that the bridge had been destroyed; and destroyed by order of the King, who, on learning Jeanne's design, had resorted to this singular and unworthy method of baffling it. He had been persuaded by wretched favourites to abandon the siege, and on the 13th of September the whole of the royal forces were in full retreat upon Bourges.

Sick at heart, the Maid now accepted her wound as a sign from heaven that her mission was at an end, and solemnly dedicated her armour to God in the church of St. Denis. But though unable to appreciate the full value of her services, and rebuked by the unselfishness of her patriotism and the sanctity of her life, the King felt that it would be impolitic to permit of her retirement. An appeal to her loyalty induced her to resume her sword; and, as a token of royal favour, the income of an earl was granted to her, and a patent of nobility to her family, who adopted thereupon the surname of De Lis. A rival prophetess, named Catherine, made her appearance at this time, and was patronised by the Archbishop of Rheims. Jeanne contented herself with a proposal to spend a night in the woman's company, in order to see the heavenly lady whom she professed to have seen. But no such vision came; and when Jeanne invited her to go with her to the siege of La Charité, the impostor refused on the plea that "the weather was too cold"!

In May, 1430, the Duke of Burgundy, at the head of a large army of Burgundians and Englishmen, laid siege to Compiègne, and the Maid at once advanced to its relief. On the 23rd she threw herself into the town with about 400 men, and on the

same evening headed a brilliant sortie, surprising and capturing one of the chief Burgundian posts. Heavy reinforcements coming up, the French were compelled to retreat. With a small company of her veterans Jeanne covered their rear, repeatedly repulsing the attacks of her pursuers ; but at length she was overpowered. An archer dragged her from her horse, and no attempt being made to rescue her, he contrived to carry his prize to his master, the Bastard of Vendome, who was a vassal of John of Luxemburg. The Burgundians and the Englishmen made a wonderful rejoicing over this capture of the witch, whose spells and enchantments, they said, could never more do them harm !

While she lay in confinement at Beauvais, the castle of John of Luxemburg, Jeanne underwent a severe mental struggle. Her "Voices," though sometimes dubious and confusing, because they reflected her own spiritual and mental perplexity, had not deserted her, and assured her, particularly her beloved St. Catherine's, that God would assist her. She replied that, since God would assist her, she would fain do something to assist herself, for she would rather die than fall into the hands of the English. She was thus debating when her gaolers informed her that Compiègne was on the eve of capture, and that every one in the town would be put to death, down even to the child of seven years old. Then, indeed, she felt a passionate desire to make her escape in order to hasten to their rescue, and endeavoured to lower herself from the window by straps of leather which she had fastened together like a rope. Alas ! it gave way ; and falling to the ground, she lay there stunned and senseless until the guards discovered her and conveyed her back to prison. For three days she refused—perhaps because she was unable—to eat. But St. Catherine "cheering her once more, and bidding her to confess and ask pardon of God," she felt comforted, partook of food, and began to recover.

The ladies of John of Luxemburg's family were much moved by the Maid's sweetly simple, tender, and devout ways, and would have rejoiced, no doubt, if they could have set her free. But she was a prisoner of war, and a valuable one, and John of Luxemburg could not forego her ransom. It is said that he wished it to come from the King of France, but neither Charles nor his courtiers concerned themselves in the least about her fate. As for the Archbishop of Rheims, he seems to have rejoiced in her capture, which he professed to regard as a warning against

vanity and pride, as a judgment of God because she refused to take counsel, and would do only her own pleasure, and was proud and loved fine clothes. It is pitiful to remember that from the Church of which she was so devoted a daughter came the first slanders against her fame, and that the King to whom she had given a crown made no effort to save her from the hatred which she had provoked by her loyalty to his cause.

The English rulers, meanwhile, were anxious to get the Maid into their own hands. They really believed—or at least many of them believed—that she was a witch and in league with the devil, and cherished a bitter resentment against the young peasant maid who had checked their career of conquest and plunder, and so severely shaken the fabric of power and ascendancy raised by the military genius of Henry V. Their object was to overthrow her influence in France, to annihilate her prestige by proving her neither maid nor Christian, but an enemy of the faith and of God. For this purpose it was necessary that she should be tried by an ecclesiastical tribunal; and the University of Paris and Cauchon, the Bishop of Beauvais—both under English authority—were instigated to demand her surrender to the Church as a heretic.

At length, for a sum of 2,000 livres, John of Luxemburg gave her up to the English Government, and the Burgundian troops proceeded to escort her to Rouen. At Abbeville, on the way, the ladies of the city visited her in her temporary prison to express their love, gratitude, and reverence for the saviour of France. She was cheered and consoled by their sympathy, and kissed them “*aimablement*” when they bade her farewell. At Crotoy, the chancellor of the cathedral of Amiens was lodging in the castle where she was imprisoned. He gave her his blessings and his prayers, heard her confession, and administered the Eucharist.

Meantime, no effort was made by King Charles for her deliverance, not a sword was drawn on her behalf by any of those great captains and peerless knights who had followed her consecrated banner to victory. She was basely deserted—to the eternal shame of all who, directly or indirectly, took part in the treachery.

III.

Jeanne was thrown into the prison at Rouen and confined in a kind of cage, where her ruthless enemies were allowed to visit her, and glare at her as if she were some wild ferocious beast. Among them came the Earls of Stafford and Warwick, together with John of Luxemburg, who said that he would ransom her even then if she would promise never again to bear arms against England. With her usual directness Jeanne told him that he was insulting her, and that she was sure the English would put her to death. She added, that if the numbers of the "Godons" or "Goddams" (so the English were called in allusion to their national oath) were increased by ten times ten thousand, they should never possess the kingdom of France. At which bold speech Lord Stafford would have run her through with his sword had not Lord Warwick prevented him.

Jeanne was brought before an ecclesiastical tribunal on Wednesday, the 21st of July, 1431. Every member of this tribunal was French, and it was presided over by Cauchon, Bishop of Beauvais, to whom the English leaders promised an archbishopric if he secured the Maid's condemnation. Legal assessors were provided; these, too, were French, but they were not allowed to decide any point which would have told in behalf of the prisoner. And severe threats were held out to any one who dared to utter a favourable word. Yet, as the trial went on, many were so impressed by her purity, courage, and simplicity that they would gladly have saved her if they could. The man who treated her the most cruelly and unjustly was the Bishop, drawing down upon his head the dreadful reproach that lay in the unfortunate Maid's few but pregnant words, "It is thou who hast made me to die!"

The trial was prolonged over nearly four months, but throughout Jeanne bore herself with admirable composure, and with abundant evidence of intellectual vigour, showing that she was not only a brave, a spotless, and a patriotic woman, but also an eminently capable one; a fact which some of her biographers seem to ignore, though doubt there can be none that in any position her clear judgment and natural sagacity would have marked her out among her fellows.

Her judges opened the attack by requiring her to swear to

tell the truth on all subjects of examination. But Jeanne believed that she had been intrusted by heaven with a secret revelation for King Charles VII., and that the sanction of heaven was needed before she durst reveal anything that had been made known to her from heaven. To this conclusion she rigidly adhered. "For all that relates to my father and mother, or to my actions since I took the road to France (*le chemin de France*), I will swear willingly; but as to the revelations I have had from God, I have never spoken of them except to the King, and I will say nothing, even if you cut off my head, because my counsel (the Voices) have forbidden me to disclose them to any person." To this she swore on her knees, with her hands on the Gospels.

The Bishop then asked her name and surname, though both were well known.

"In my own country," she replied, "they called me Jeanette. Since I have been in France they call me Jeanne."

"Where were you born?"

"At Domremy, which makes one with Greux. At Greux is the principal church."

"The names of your parents?"

"My father's is Jacques Darc; my mother's Isabella Romée."

"Where were you baptised?"

"At Domremy."

"What is your age?"

"I am about nineteen years old."

"What had she learned in matters of the faith?"

"I have learned from my mother," she said, "the *Our Father*, the *Hail Mary*, the *Credo*. It is from my mother that I hold my belief."

Before closing the day's session the Bishop forbade her to escape from prison on penalty of being pronounced a heretic. She refused to accept the prohibition; no one could accuse her of breaking faith if she escaped, for she had given no promise. And she complained that she was loaded with iron fetters. She was told this severity had been rendered needful by her previous attempt to escape. "It is true I did, and I still would escape," she replied; for Jeanne could not do otherwise than tell the truth, whatever might be the issue.

She was led back to her cell in the round tower of the castle, where she was incessantly watched by a guard chosen from the

dreeds of the English army. Probably she felt this want of privacy, of even an hour's solitude, more than any other indignity.

To betray her into some incautious admission an infamous priest, named Nicholas L'Oiseleur, was sent into her cell. He professed to sympathise with her, to know her native village and her people; he received her confessions, and throughout the trial advised her as if he were her friend, while he was in constant communication with her enemies, and was even one of those who would have put her to the torture. But he could discover nothing to mar the saintly beauty of the white record of her young life.

Encouragement, however, did not wholly fail her. She was constantly cheered by her Voices, which spake out again in clear and distinct utterance—now that doubts and uncertainties had fallen away from her spirit, and left her serenely courageous and heroically patient. In response to questions from the Bishop she said:—

“I call on our Lord and our Lady that they may send me counsel and comfort.”

“In what language do you address them?”

“Thus: ‘Most sweet God, in honour of your holy passion, I pray you, if you love me, to reveal to me how I ought to answer these Churchmen. I know well as to the dress’—(the Bishop had laid stress on her wearing male attire; “abominable clothing,” as he called it)—‘the commandment which made me take it, but I know not in what way I ought to leave it. Wherefore let it please you to teach me.’ Then they come.”

Next day the examination was conducted by Jean Beaupère, Chancellor of the University of Paris. He would have persuaded her to take the general oath, but her resolve was not to be shaken. “If you know well about me,” she said, “you would wish I were out of your hands, for all I have done has been done by revelation.”

It is interesting to observe how completely her straightforward simplicity baffled her tortuous-minded persecutors; her answers were so pertinent and effective that they could not have been more happily framed by the most ingenious advocate. When Jean Beaupère asked her how long it was since she had eaten or drank anything—it was the season of Lent, and to have broken her fast would have been an ecclesiastical offence—

she replied, "I have neither eaten nor drunk since noon yesterday." Then Jean Beaupère spoke about her "Voices." When had she heard them last? "Yesterday and to-day; in the morning, at vespers, and at the Ave Maria." Her heavenly friends had aroused her, she said, without touching her. Whether they were in her cell or not she did not know. "Did she kneel while she listened and gave them thanks?" "Being in bed," she replied, "she gave thanks, and sat up and joined her hands, and implored guidance; and then the Voices bade her answer boldly, and God would help her." As He did: and penetrated with a deep sense of the reality of her mission, she turned to the Bishop of Beauvais, and in clear ringing tones gave him warning:—"You say you are my judge. Take heed then what you do; for in truth I AM SENT FROM GOD, and you place yourself in great danger."

Again and again she testified to the strength of her conviction. "I believe firmly, as firmly as I believe the Christian faith and that God has redeemed us from the pains of hell, that these Voices come from God."

Certainly they came not from Satan. They came from her own innocent heart and vivid fancy, under what Divine impulse who shall pretend to determine? But no doubt, whoever does God's work is more or less directly inspired by God.

She told how her Voices said to her: "Be not afraid of thy martyrdom (*ne te chaille de ton martyre*); thou shalt come at last to the paradise of God."

"If you are so sure of Paradise, then, why do you make confession?"

"One cannot keep one's conscience too clean."

"But why do not the Voices," inquired Jean Beaupère, "speak to the King himself?"

"I know not," she replied, "if it be the will of God. Without the grace of God I can do nothing."

"The grace of God!" Here, thought Bishop Cauchon, here it may be possible to trip her up.

"Are you," he asked, "in the grace of God?"

If she answered in the affirmative they would convict her of presumption; if she answered in the negative it would prove that she was conscious of mortal sin. One of the assessors ventured to say that she need not answer, but with her usual fearlessness she took up the challenge:—

“If I am not, may God please to put me in it; if I am, may God please to keep me in it.” (*Si je n’y suis, Dieu veuille m’y mettre; et si j’y suis, Dieu veuille m’y garder.*)

Had she been as subtle as she was simple, and as intent on baffling her accusers as she was resolute to speak truly, she could have made no more ingenious answer. It may be put by the side of our English Elizabeth’s famous reply, when Bishop Gardiner endeavoured to convict her of heresy in regard to the doctrine of the Eucharist.

It would be impossible for us to follow day by day the course of Jeanne’s long persecution, though it would be interesting to show the success with which she foiled every attempt to entangle her into some dangerous admission, and how firmly she maintained to the last her courage undaunted and her belief in her mission unshaken. The reader will find the whole process carefully detailed in M. Quicherat’s valuable work. Here I can do no more than select a few instances of her ready and wise answers.

“Which was the more helpful, you or the standard? Did you help the standard or the standard you?”

“Whether the victory came through the standard or through me, it was equally due to our Lord.”

“If another had carried it would it have been equally prosperous?”

“*Of that I know nothing; I leave it with our Lord.*”

“Why was your standard carried at the coronation at Rheims rather than another?”

“Because it had been in the battle, and deserved the honour.”

She was asked how she knew St. Michael and the angels from St. Margaret and St. Catherine. By their voices, she said, and because they told her who they were. She was asked to describe them; but she answered that she saw only their radiant faces and a great light; and that the Voices were “beautiful, gentle, and humble,” and that they spoke in French.

“Did not St. Margaret speak English?”

“How could she? She was on the French side.”

“Had St. Michael any clothes?”

“*Think you God had not wherewithal to clothe him?*”

“Had he long hair?”

“Why should they have cut it off?”

The prolonged contention, with its manœuvres and ambushes,

told at length upon her health ; and in the Holy Week she was seized with a fever, which rapidly grew upon her, and threatened a fatal issue. But her enemies were loth that she should escape them ; and both the Earl of Warwick and Cardinal Beaufort sent their physicians to attend upon her, with instructions to cure her if it were possible. " Take good care of her," said the Earl cynically ; " the King holds her dear, for he bought her dear, and wills not that she should die, save by the hands of justice, and that she should be burned."

To the physicians she was unable to explain the cause of her illness, except that she fell sick after eating of a carp sent to her by the Bishop of Beauvais. Thinking she intended to accuse the bishop of attempting to poison her, Jean d'Estivet, the proctor—a cruel hard man—called her an opprobrious name, and railed at her grossly. The physicians bled her, and she was recovering, when he again forced himself into her chamber, and abused her with such vehemence that she had a relapse, and Lord Warwick found it necessary to enjoin upon him greater decency of conduct.

A gleam of humanity, however, occasionally shot athwart the Maid's thorny and troubled path. The usher, Massieu, sometimes allowed her, on her way to the tribunal, to kneel for a moment by the open door of a chapel in which the Holy Eucharist was reserved : and though Jean d'Estivet detected the indulgence and threatened the usher with punishment, she frequently enjoyed this glimpse of the Holy of Holies.

A Dominican friar, Isambard de la Pierre, who sat at the council-table, lent her what help he could. When any invidious or dangerous question was sprung upon her, he warned her by some gentle movement of hand or foot, until the Bishop of Beauvais caught sight of him, and threatened that if he did not desist he should be thrown into the Seine. The assessors on more than one occasion came to her assistance. And once when, in reply to a question whether she had ever been present at any fight in which Englishmen had been killed, she answered :—" You speak wildly. Why should they not leave France and return to their own country ?" An English nobleman exclaimed : " Verily, she is a good woman ! If she were but English !"

On whatever point her accusers attacked her, they were defeated by her transparent honesty, truthfulness, and fearless

candour. In succession they endeavoured to prove that her Voices were lying and fallacious voices, that they were diabolical voices, and had directed her to do wicked things. They sought to bring out damaging revelations respecting her childhood, her youth, her religious opinions, her leaving home ; but always to no purpose. And at last they came round to their only safe and sure ground of attack—her wearing male attire, and her refusal to put it off at the command of the Church, that is, of their own tribunal. They asked her if she would submit to the Church. “What do you mean by the Church ?” said Jeanne. The Pope, they said, the bishops, and all who presided in the Church Militant. Yes, she would willingly submit to the Pope, and demanded that she should be sent to him ; but she would not submit to her foes, and especially not to him who was the chief of them, the Bishop of Beauvais.

When they inquired of her whether she submitted to the Church Triumphant or the Church Militant, she confessed her ignorance of the distinction, but entreated to be allowed to go to Mass. “I love the Church,” she exclaimed, “and would do all in my power for our Christian faith. Ah, it is not I whom they should prevent from attending church and going to Mass.”

Then they told her that the Church Triumphant meant the angels and saved souls ; the Church Militant, the Pope, the cardinals, the bishops, the clergy, and all good Christians and Catholics.

Jeanne said that her mission came from God, the Virgin Mary, and the blessed Saints of Paradise ; and that, as to the Church on earth, she submitted to it in everything that was not impossible. Whatever she had done she had done by God’s commandment ; but she submitted to the Church in all things, next to Messire the Almighty King. “I commit myself to Him,” she added, “and I love Him with all my heart. . . . I submit to our Lord, who sent me ; to our Lady, and all the blessed Saints of Paradise. It is my belief that our Lord and the Church are *one*, and that we should make no difficulty. *Why do you make any difficulty, as if they were not one ?*”

Isambard de la Pierre advised her to appeal to the General Council, which was then sitting at Basel.

“Did it contain English and French members, representatives of both sides ?”

“Yes.”

“Then I will gladly submit to it.”

But no appeal was allowed her, either to Pope or Council. She was told that she would be no better than a Saracen, an infidel, if she did not submit wholly and absolutely to the Church.

“I was baptized a good Christian,” she said, “and I shall die a good Christian. If I die, I trust you will lay my body in holy ground ; but if not, I leave it to our Lord.”

Ever this unwavering, simple, steadfast faith ; ever this belief that whatever happened, happened through the will of God, and was, and must be, for the best.

But the bishop and his accomplices continued to hunt down their victim. When Lohen, a great ecclesiastical lawyer who visited Rouen, declared the whole proceedings to be illegal, irregular, and therefore null and void, he was overwhelmed with insults and injuries, and fled from Rouen in peril of his life. In February, the public examination was followed by a private examination in prison before certain “doctors,” chosen by the bishop. And then came, in hideous mockery of the forms of justice, the Accusation, the First Charitable Admonition, the Second Charitable Admonition, the Sentence of the University of Paris, and the Sermon preached to the Maid in person, with this Sentence for the text.

The Sentence of the University formulated twelve charges :—

1st. *The Apparitions*, which were stated to be false and misleading, and inspired by evil spirits, by Belial, Satan, and Behemoth. 2nd. *The Sign to the King*, which was declared to be a lie. 3rd. *The Visits of St. Catherine* ; characterised as a belief rash and injurious to the faith. 4th. *The Predictions* ; denounced as superstitious divination. 5th. *The man's dress*—said to be worn by command of God—a blasphemous assertion. 6th. *The letters of summons* sent to the English commanders ; these showed their writer to be a traitress, blood-thirsty and blasphemous. 7th. *The Departure for Chinon*—filial impiety. 8th. *The leap from the tower at Beauvais* ; an act due to pusillanimity, leading to despair. 9th. *Jeanne's confidence in her salvation* ; declared to be presumption. 10th. *That St. Catherine and St. Margaret did not speak English* ; a blasphemy against these saints, and a breach of the law that we should love our neighbour. 11th. *The honours she paid her saints* ; defined to be idolatry, and invocation of demons. And 12th.

Her refusal to submit as to her deeds to the Church ; this was condemned as schism.

Still her courage glowed as brightly as ever. "I have a good Master, our Lord," she exclaimed ; "to Him I commit myself, and to no other. If you made me say otherwise by torture, I would contradict it when I was set free. If I were judged, and saw the fire lighted, and the fagots kindled, and the executioner stirring them ; if I were in the fire, I would not say or sustain anything but what I have said during the trial, even to death."

The plan on which the Bishop of Beauvais now resolved was to compel her to abjure and lay aside her male attire (for, by so doing, she would practically deny the Divine origin of her mission), and then force her to resume it, when she would undergo the penalty of a lapsed heretic,—death by fire.

Two scaffolds were accordingly erected in the cemetery of the Abbey of St. Ouen, and on the 24th of May, the day after Pentecost, the Maid was led forth to abjure or to perish.

She had previously been visited by Jean Beaupré, who had exhorted her, as a good Christian, to commit herself in all things to her Holy Mother the Church, and by the treacherous L'Oiseleur, who, with smooth and subtle words, advised her to do whatever she was asked to do, for in that case no harm would befall her, but she would be restored to "the Church's keeping," a phrase which Jeanne understood to mean that she would be delivered from the English prison—from the daily and nightly presence of the rough English soldiers—from the ever-present dread that some outrage would be attempted on her chastity—and placed in an ecclesiastical prison, under safe and honourable guardianship. Then was she led forth to her scaffold. On the opposite scaffold, or platform, stood Bishop Cauchon, Cardinal Beaufort, and a large company of priests and doctors of divinity ; in front of her was raised a pulpit. A ring of men-at-arms and archers fenced in this remarkable scene, and outside was gathered an immense crowd. The sermon was preached by Guillaume Erard, one of the most famous preachers of his time, on the text—"The branch cannot bear fruit except it abide in the vine," and consisted of a vehement and elaborate invective against (in the first place) the unhappy Maid, to which she listened with the immovable calmness of innocence, and

(in the second) against the King and clergy of France, which provoked from her an indignant retort. "O France!" said the preacher, "thou hast been grossly deceived! Thou hast ever been the most Christian of countries; but now Charles, who calls himself thy King and Governor, has clung like a heretic and schismatic (and such he is!) to the words and acts of a vain woman, deformed and full of dishonour; and not he alone, but all the clergy of his obedience and lordships, by whom, as she says, she was examined and not reprovèd. . . . It is to thee, Jeanne, that I speak, and I tell thee that thy King is a heretic and a schismatic."

In ringing tones Jeanne replied—fearless before all that hostile multitude:—"By my faith, Sir, with due reverence, I dare to say and swear to you, at peril of my life, that my King is the noblest Christian of all Christians, and that he loves the faith and the Church." Though Charles had deserted her, she remained loyal to him to the last.

"Make her keep silence!" said the preacher to the usher. And once more he exhorted her to submission.

"I will answer you," she replied. "As to submission to the Church, I have already spoken. Let all that I have said and done be sent to Rome, and be laid before our Holy Father the Pope, to whom, next to God, I commend myself; but as to my sayings and my actions, I have done them all in obedience to God."

The preacher, reading out the list of her offences, again exhorted her to abjure. As she did not understand his meaning, it was explained to her by Massieu, the usher, and Jeanne then replied,—“I refer to the Church Universal whether I should abjure or not.”

"Abjure at once," exclaimed the truculent preacher, "or thou shalt be burned alive to-day."

"Do as I have advised you," whispered L'Oiseleur; "resume the dress of your sex."

She was urged by many to submit. "Will you cause your own death?" they said. And the judges:—"Jeanne, we have such pity on thee!" "You take much trouble," cried the poor girl, "to lead me astray." And, at length, weary and confused, she faltered out: "I submit to the Church." And word by word she repeated, after Massieu, a form of abjuration which had been duly prepared, probably scarce knowing what she said,

and mindful only of the promised release from the English prison, of the peace and security of a prison of the Church, of the unspeakable happiness of once more hearing the services of the Church, and partaking of the Holy Eucharist. "Men of the Church," she exclaimed, while the English soldiers threw stones at the judges for permitting (as they supposed) her escape, "take me to your prison; let me remain no longer in the hands of the English." But the Bishop of Beauvais grimly said:—"Lead her back to the place whence she was brought hither."

Jeanne's misery, when she realised what her abjuration meant,—unfaithfulness to the beautiful sweet Voices which had been her counsel since the idea of her mission had first dawned upon her eager vivid imagination,—was very great. She passed the hours in an agony of penitence, interrupted only by her repulse of the insults of her guards. One night they removed her woman's dress, substituting the clothes she had laid aside. In the morning, when she prepared to rise, she saw how cruel a trick had been played upon her. "Sirs," she said, "you know those are forbidden to me; I may not wear them." And she implored them to have pity upon her, and restore the woman's clothing. She continued to entreat them in this wise until it was noon, when she was compelled to assume the prohibited dress. The report then went abroad that she had "relapsed," and the Bishop of Beauvais rejoiced because he had won his cruel game. Some ecclesiastics made an effort to see her; but the soldiers guarded their victim too closely, and used furious threats, menacing with their swords. On the following day came the bishop and other of her judges. One of them not unnaturally asked how it was possible for a woman under such rigid supervision to obtain the forbidden dress; but was rudely ordered to hold his peace. Then the bishop asked Jeanne why she had assumed it, and the official report pretends that she acknowledged to have done so voluntarily, and because she preferred it. That she preferred it, we know; she felt safer in it, surrounded as she was by men of the roughest stamp, and she held it to be more becoming for a woman in her position.

"But you promised and made oath that you would never again wear it."

"I never meant to do so; though it is seemlier to wear men's dress while I am among men."

And she added that she had a right to wear it, because the judges had not kept their word to relieve her from her chains, and allow her to attend Mass and receive the Sacrament. She was reminded of her abjuration.

"I would rather die," she exclaimed, "than live in chains! But if you will let me go to Mass, and will take off my chains, and place me in a quiet prison, where I may have some women with me, I will be good, and will obey the Church."

Disregarding this pathetic appeal, the Bishop asked her whether she had lately heard her Voices. She answered, "Yes."

"And what have they told you?"

"God has sent me word by St. Catherine and St. Margaret how great a pity it is that I was guilty of the treason of abjuring in order to save my life; that I was damning my soul in doing so."

"Do you still believe that your Voices are those of St. Catherine and St. Margaret?"

"Yes; and I know they come from God!"

"But before the judges you said that you had spoken falsely in pretending that they were the true saints?"

"I never meant to say so.—I never meant to deny my revelations, and if I said so, I said it weakly, through fear of the fire.—I would rather do my penance at once and die, than suffer any longer in this prison.—I have never done anything against God or the faith, whatever you have compelled me to revoke."

But her fate was settled, and early on the morning of Wednesday the 30th of May, two friars, Brothers Martin l'Advenu and Jean Tout Mouillé, repaired to the prison to make her ready for her martyrdom. L'Advenu told her that she was to die that very day, and when she heard of the hard cruel death that was so near, she began to cry piteously and to tear her hair. "Alas," she cried, "do they treat me so horribly and cruelly? And must it be that my pure unsullied body must to-day be consumed and reduced to ashes? Ah, I had rather be beheaded seven times than thus burned alive! Alas, if I had been taken to the prison of the Church to which I had submitted, and been guarded by Churchmen, and not by my foes and adversaries, this would never have befallen me! I appeal to God, the great Judge, against the wrongs and outrages done to me."

The Bishop of Beauvais afterwards visited her. "Bishop," she said, "I die through you"—an indictment which surely went home to his conscience, though, doubtless, his action had been dictated by a sincere conviction that she was a witch, and an agent of the powers of darkness. One can hardly suppose that he hunted to death a young girl whom he knew to be innocent. Even this assumption, however, will not relieve him from the odium of cruelty and the opprobrium of ignorant prejudice, and as the principal instrument of the death of the noblest woman France has ever produced he lies under an eternal ban.

It is said that he prevailed upon her to promise to repeat her abjuration on the scaffold; but there is no satisfactory evidence that such a promise was given, and assuredly it was not fulfilled.

Once or twice, while the shadows of the grave closed in upon her, she seems to have suffered a pang of doubt—the natural result of her sufferings, of her physical weakness, and the presence of ecclesiastical authority. Turning to Dr. Pierre Morin, she said, "Master Pierre, where shall I be this evening?"

"Have you not good hope in God?"

"Ah, yes," she said, the cloud passing from her immediately, "and by the grace of God I shall be in Paradise."

When at length she was left alone with Brother l'Advenu she confessed, and asked for the Eucharist. The poor friar hesitated: was it in accordance with the laws of the Church to administer the Sacrament to a woman about to undergo public excommunication? He sent to the Bishop of Beauvais for direction, and the bishop, after consulting several divines, sent word that he might give her the Eucharist, and all she might ask. It was brought; not with the usual accessories of lights, and surplice, and stole, but laid on the patine, and covered only with the linen of the chalice. The good Brother was shocked at this want of reverence, and sent for a light and a stole. Afterwards he would often say that no words could describe the infinite joy and fragrant piety with which the Maid "received her Saviour."

At nine o'clock she left the prison, wearing a woman's long gown, and a mitre on her head inscribed with the words—"HERETIC, RELAPSED, APOSTATE, IDOLATROUS." A cart, with an escort of eight hundred men-at-arms, conveyed her,—weeping as

she went, and commending herself humbly to God and the saints—to the place of execution, which was filled with a multitude of people, not a few of whom were deeply grieving that so foul a crime as the martyrdom of this noble woman should be done in their ancient city. In the old market-place three platforms had been erected, one for the Bishop of Beauvais and his colleagues; a second for Jeanne, which was a hideous structure of stone and plaster heaped high with faggots; and a third for the prelates and nobles, whom duty or curiosity had attracted to the scene. In front of the stake was a tablet with the following inscription:—

“JEANNE, who has called herself THE MAID: liar, pernicious, deceiver of the people, sorceress, superstitious, blasphemer, presumptuous, disbeliever of the faith of Christ, boaster, idolatrous, dissolute, invoker of devils, apostate, schismatic, heretic.”

Before the procession reached the market-place, L'Oiseleur, her treacherous adviser, was seized with a passion of remorse, and rushed towards the little cart to beg the Maid's forgiveness. But the English soldiers drove him back with blows and insults, and he owed his life to the interference of the Earl of Warwick.

The sermon was preached by a learned doctor from Paris, Maître Nicole Midi, on the text, “If one member suffer, all the members suffer with it,” and dealt with the heinousness of heresy. At its close the Bishop of Beauvais delivered a brief admonition, concluding with a declaration that the Church could no longer defend her, but handed her over to the secular arm. It is to be noted, however, that he omitted to pronounce the sentence of excommunication.

Then the Maid threw herself on her knees and made her devotions—praying with a pathos and a fervour which went to the hearts of all who heard her, and drew tears even from her judges—even from Cardinal Beaufort, even from the Bishop of Beauvais. She said a few words in defence of the King who had so shamefully abandoned her: he was responsible for none of her acts. Never had he persuaded her to do aught that she had done, or good or evil. She invited the multitude, whether of the French or the English party, to forgive her and pray for her, and begged that every priest present would give her the alms of a Mass. She herself forgave all who had done her wrong. The usher, Massieu, she asked to bring her a crucifix.

An English soldier, hearing this, broke his staff in two, and made a cross from it, which he put into her hand. She took it and devoutly folded it to her breast; but at the same time begged Brother Isambard de la Pierre to fetch one from the church hard by, and to hold it “lifted up straight before her eyes to the last steps of death, that the Cross on which God had hung might, as long as she lived, be continually before her eyes.” And when he brought it she lavished kisses and tears upon it, calling on God, St. Michael, St. Catherine, and all the saints.

As Massieu encouraged and exhorted her the soldiery began to weary of the painful tragic scene, and some cried out, “How, now, priest! are you going to make us dine here?” And the bishop, turning to the executioner, exclaimed—perhaps at last with some misgiving and reluctance—“Go on, go on; do thy duty.”

She was dragged to the stake and bound; the fire was kindled. “Oh, Rouen! Rouen!” she cried, looking round on its picturesque buildings, “must I die here? Ah, I fear thou wilt have to suffer for my death!”

The flames at length shot up high and strong, and began to clasp her in their fatal embrace. Thoughtful to the last of the well-being of others, she called to Brother Martin, who was holding up the great cross before her, that he must go farther off, lest they should touch him.

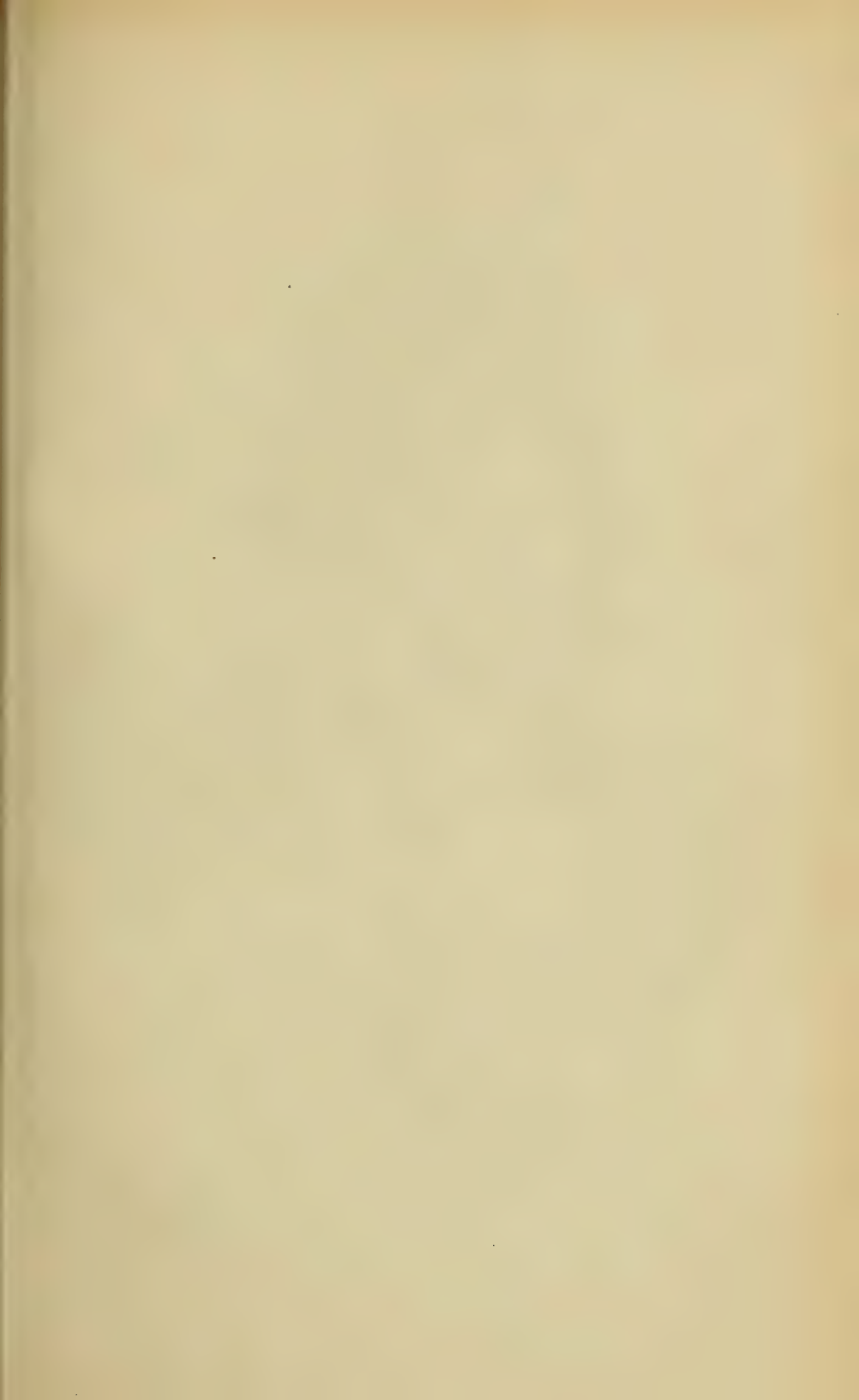
The supreme moment came, and with it all her old serenity, all her faith in her Divine mission, and as if a new revelation had been vouchsafed to her, she broke out,—“Yes, my Voices were of God! They have not deceived me!” Then, bending her head, with one loud cry of “Jesus!” she gave up the ghost.

Awe-stricken and remorseful the crowd passed slowly away from the place where this shameful tragedy had been enacted. “We are lost,” said one English soldier to another; “we have burned a saint!”

A Saint? yes; and the maker of a nation, for I take it to be beyond doubt that the patriotic mission of the Maid was a main factor in the rapid decay of the English dominion in France. Her enthusiasm gave an impulse to the national spirit which largely multiplied the defensive power of the country; and from the deliverance of Orleans and the coronation of Charles VII. at

Rheims our hold upon French territory rapidly relaxed. It is true that other causes contributed to this result—such as the increasing distaste of the English people to the Continental expeditions of their kings, and the internal conflicts which for so many years absorbed their energies and dissipated their resources—but a primary importance must still be attributed to the influence exercised by the devotion, the purity, and the heroism of Jeanne Darc, the Maid of Orleans.







MADAME ROLAND, THE HEROINE OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

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To Grahin Phlipon, a Parisian engraver and jeweller, and a man of substance, his wife, Marguerite Bosivont, bore, in 1754, in the reign of Louis XV., a daughter who was christened Jeanne Marie, but was afterwards known by the name of Manon. She was their second child. Three others followed, but died while very young, as did the eldest-born; so that Manon, the "sole daughter of their house and home," enjoyed a wealth of affection. She grew up healthy and robust, which was owing, perhaps, to the fact that she was nursed and carefully attended by a strong peasant woman, near Arpajon. In her early years she gave abundant proof of the possession of exceptional qualities of mind and character. She was grave, reserved, and meditative; naturally studious and fond of books, she learned rapidly, and as her memory was retentive, rapidly accumulated stores of knowledge; courageous, patient, and persevering, she owned an inflexible will, which opposition only strengthened, though it might concede something under the influence of love. When about six years old, she strenuously refused, during some childish illness, to take a nauseous dose of medicine. Her father, from whom she inherited her sternness of temper, immediately corrected her, and insisted on obedience. Again she refused, and the chastisement was repeated. A third time she was required to drink the medicine; silent but resolute, she offered herself for the expected punishment. Then her mother interfered with a few soft words of reproof and entreaty. The child made no further resistance; her obedience was prompt and willing. M.

Phlipon profited by the incident. Perceiving that his rigid system of management would not answer with his daughter, he left her training and discipline in his wife's juster and wiser hands.

Madame Phlipon was a woman of devout mind, and she brought up Manon "in the fear of the Lord." Every Sunday the child attended the confirmation class, whose members the curé of the parish duly prepared for the ecclesiastical rite. The quaint old French version of the Bible she pondered over daily, and dwelt on the marvellous stories which embellish the "Lives of the Saints" with as much eagerness as an English child on "The Tales of the Genii" or "The Arabian Nights' Entertainments." She read incessantly and omnivorously; history, geography, ethics, fiction—all was fish that came to her net; and when she had exhausted everything else, she pored into the mysteries of heraldry, and even began a treatise on contracts! The Abbé Bosivont, her maternal uncle, undertook to teach her Latin; but his scholarship was limited, and the pupil soon passed beyond the teacher. A favourite book with Manon, and one which undoubtedly exercised a strong influence on her moral development, was an old volume of "Plutarch's Lives," those noble biographies of heroes of the elder world which have proved an inspiration to so many ardent young hearts! Seated in a quiet corner of her father's *atelier*, she would muse for hours over the classic page, until, with a mind far in advance of her years, she allowed the book to drop from her hands, and while the tears streamed down her cheeks, revived in her dreams the glories of Athens, Thebes, Sparta, Rome. "Why was I not a Greek," she exclaimed, "born in the bright free air of Hellas? Or a countrywoman of the god-like Cincinnatus and the virtuous Scipio?" Her fine heroic nature sympathised profoundly with the patriots of old; she saw nothing of their weaknesses and errors, only their virtues; and she came to feel that no sacrifices could be too great which were made in the name and for the sake of freedom. Plutarch presents to us the loftier, purer side of the life of antiquity; and this loftiness, this purity met with an immediate response in Manon Phlipon's heart and soul. She contrasted it, as well she might, with the luxurious vice, the gilded sin, which made the French court so flagrant a scandal; with the general self-indulgence and dissipation which were enfeebling the aristocracy and the *seigneurie*, undermining the foundations of social order,

and preparing the way for that awful national collapse and chaos which historians designate the French Revolution.

A strange childhood was that of Manon Phlipon's! She seems to have had no companions of her own age; and her studious and dreamy nature would tend, of course, to isolate her. Books and flowers were her chief delight; and so completely filled up her life that she had no leisure for the usual amusements of her age and sex. When she discovered that there was no immediate probability of her being called upon to imitate the great deeds of the heroes of Greece and Rome, she fell back on an ideal of religious martyrdom. If she could not live like Cincinnatus or Epaminondas, she might learn to follow in the steps of St. Elizabeth, or St. Therèse, Xavier, Loyola, or St. Francis of Assisi. From the grave heroic pages of Plutarch she turned to those of the half-mystic, half-fabulous "*Aurea Legenda*." Their extravagances her clear judgment set aside; but she fastened eagerly on their underlying truth, and nourished herself on the examples of devout men and women, who endured all that the world had of poverty, privation, and obloquy—of hunger, wretchedness, and physical pain, and consecrated their lives of unexampled suffering by deaths of unexampled glory. For infinitely more glorious the death of the martyr who perishes for God's truth and the welfare of humanity than that of the soldier on the battle-field, slain perhaps in an unjust and dishonourable cause. It is for the former that heaven reserves the chariot of fire and the triumphant chant of angel-hosts. To live and die like those saints and martyrs of the Church, became the one governing aim and purpose of Manon Phlipon. It is evident that she had a great capacity for self-sacrifice; and the most careless observer, I think, would hardly have predicted for this child-enthusiast a happy life or a peaceful end. She was of the stuff of which God makes His heroes.

Constantly aspiring after an ideal life, she fancied that at length it was within her reach; she would devote herself to the service of the Church. At her earnest request her parents allowed her to enter a convent for a twelvemonth, preparatory to receiving her first communion. They selected the establishment of La Congregation, in the Rue Neuve St. Etienne, in the Faubourg St. Marcel, where she was received as a pupil in May, 1765, one of four-and-thirty young ladies varying in age from seven to eighteen. Though nearly the youngest, she soon

surpassed her companions in methodical attention to her studies, and in the zeal and regularity with which she performed her religious duties. Her fervid imagination, which had in it a strain of poetry, though it never found expression in verse, was conscious of an intense happiness in the world of calm and meditation which surrounded her. She felt deeply the charm of the convent-chapel, with its "dim religious light"—of the pealing organ—of the sweet harmonies of matins and vespers—of the hush of silent prayer—of the profound tranquillity which seemed natural to the place and its methods of life. The society of her fellow-pupils she seems not to have courted; she preferred to sit apart under the trees reading and meditating—or to pace the still cloisters—or to muse over the grave of some young nun or novice who had early passed away from the seclusion of the convent to the realisation of the "beatific vision." This was not altogether a wholesome training for a girl of Manon Phlipon's temperament; nor was the religious impulse at the bottom of it sound and healthy, but rather the mysticism of an excited imagination. Yet it undoubtedly helped to refine, purify, and elevate her life and character when she was brought into contact with the world; and to inspire her with that exquisite tenderness of feeling and nobility of motive which distinguished her above all the other heroines of the French Revolution.

When she returned home, in 1766, she found that her father had involved himself in political affairs, and that the management of his business had devolved upon her mother, who, as she could no longer give her the attention she required, placed her in the charge of her grandmother. This elderly lady possessed a moderate competence, upon which she lived in complete retirement in the Ile St. Louis—in those days a group of quiet streets in the bosom of the Seine. Here the days of her youth glided by uneventfully. She studied assiduously; she reflected deeply; she discharged such household tasks as were expected of her; and she kept her intellect in full vigour by maintaining an active correspondence with Henriette and Sophie Caunet, whom she had known at the nunnery of the Congregation. Whoever wishes to understand Madame Roland thoroughly, in her strength as in her weakness—and she was sometimes weak; in her sagacity and her dreaminess—and she was sometimes dreamy; should study her in the letters she addressed to her familiar friends.

Her reading bringing her under the influence of the Encyclopédistes—Descartes, Diderot, Voltaire, and others—she was led into a critical examination of the claims of Christianity; and as they seemed to her incapable of logical proof, the religious enthusiast of the Congregation developed into a sceptic. For awhile she disbelieved even the existence of a God, and doubted the immortality of the soul, but, in later life, she appears to have re-embraced these two articles of faith. The abandonment of Christian theology did not involve, however, any surrender of Christian ethics. She declared that the Gospel was the best code of morals she knew, and protested that it should always govern her conduct. In truth, if her intellect in its pride went astray, her heart still clung to the Christian standard, and the negations of the atheist had no attraction for her. "In the contemplation of nature," she writes in the Introduction to her *Memoirs*, "my heart, moved by its influence, rises towards the vivifying principle by which it is inspired; towards that lofty wisdom which governs it; towards that goodness which, through its means, places so many pleasures at my command. And when these impenetrable walls"—the walls of her prison—"separate me from all I love, and the crimes and vices of society seem to unite in punishing me for having desired its welfare, I look beyond the limits of this life to the reward of our sacrifices hereafter, and the intense joy of a future reunion."

It was the lot of Manon Phlipon to live in a transitional age, and therefore an age of convulsion and disorder; when the old traditions were decaying and with them the old faith and the old loyalty; when the Monarchy was stumbling to its fall, and carrying along with it the Church which had pandered to its vices and ignored its excesses. The ancient landmarks were discredited and overthrown, and the French nation was staggering, like a blind man, along an unknown path towards an unknown goal. Neither the statesman, nor the reformer, nor the revolutionist knew exactly what he wanted, or how it was to be obtained, and men began to pull down the existing institutions before they had determined with what more adequate and satisfactory fabrics they should replace them. But they knew, with a knowledge that burned to their very hearts, that France was sick almost to death with the oppression of the powerful and the despair of the weak, with the luxury of the rich and the starva-

tion of the poor, and they were determined that these things should no longer be.

With all the enthusiasm of her fervid nature, Manon Phlipon welcomed every sign of the coming change. Her pure white soul revolted from the fever of vice which maddened French society; her imagination kindled with dreams of establishing in France the majestic orderliness of the Athenian commonwealth and the republic of Ancient Rome. When her parents carried her to Versailles, she could not conceal her contempt for the meretricious pomp and pageantry of the court; she dreamed of the simplicity of Athens, and of its glories of peace and war, art and literature. She should have remembered, however, that Athenian history has its dark and degrading chapters; that Aristides was ostracised and Socrates put to death by their countrymen; and that all the eloquence of Demosthenes failed to move them to maintain their independence against Philip of Macedon. Glowing with a passionate love of liberty, of honour, and of truth, she felt deeply the corruption of the State and the rottenness of society. Wherever she turned her gaze, she saw nothing but human slavery. "O Freedom!" she exclaimed; "idol of earnest souls, art thou but a name?"

She was now seventeen, and she was beautiful. Her face, it was true, was rather round than oval, the mouth was large, and the nostril too thick; but the brow was high, broad, and open; the abundant hair fell over it in glossy dark-brown tresses; the eyebrows, full and dark, were curved "like Cupid's bow," and the deep blue eyes were of that peculiar colour which, in some lights, seems to change to hazel; the smile was radiant with sweetness, the glance lofty and commanding, the whole expression that of a serene and lofty intellect. In stature she exceeded the ordinary standard of women; her figure, though slight, was well-proportioned, and her demeanour majestic; she moved on earth as Carlyle describes her, a "queen-like burgher-woman, beautiful, Amazonian, graceful to the eye—more so to the mind." Her simple enthusiasm was, perhaps, her greatest charm. "Unconscious of her worth (as all worth is), of her greatness, of her crystal clearness; genuine, the creature of sincerity and nature, in an age of artificiality, pollution, and cant; there in her still completeness, in her still invincibility, she is the noblest of all living Frenchwomen!"

Such a woman could not but have admirers; she regarded

them, however, with equal indifference, except, indeed, that a young man named De Blancherie produced some impression upon her, until circumstances disclosed his real character, and she then withdrew into her maiden isolation. The idea of uniting herself (says Miss Kavanagh) to a man with tastes and feelings inferior to her own revolted her ; she preferred to live unmarried. Watching with jealous care over every feeling of her heart, she escaped being misled or beguiled into an unworthy affection. She began to feel very solitary, however, after the death of her mother, in the spring of 1770 ; more particularly as her father plunged quite suddenly into a life of dissipation and extravagance, wasting not only his own means but also, unfortunately, those of his daughter. She sought consolation in the writings of the great French divines, Bossuet, Bourdaloue and Massillon ; but they seemed to her to be deficient in lessons of practical Christianity and to expend their powers on doctrinal expositions. She endeavoured to supply the want by composing a discourse on loving one's neighbour—altruism, as it is now fashionable to call it—but this lay sermon has not been preserved.

It was at this time that she made the acquaintance, through a common friend, of M. Roland de la Platière. He was deeply impressed by her beauty, her genius, and her lofty spirit ; she, in her turn, acknowledged the excellence of his character—his integrity, his fine sense of honour, his passionate love of liberty, truth, and justice. But he was by no means the ideal lover on whom a beautiful and enthusiastic girl like Manon Phlipon might have been expected to bestow her affections. There was as little as possible about him of the Greek or Roman hero. He was much older than herself, tall, and thin in person, with a grave harsh countenance, and cold reserved manners. However, when he sought her in marriage, she does not seem to have refused him ; but for some unexplained reason, her father withheld his consent. Manon had long felt desirous of quitting a home which was scandalised by her father's excesses ; and she seized the opportunity afforded by his interference with her happiness to retire to the Ursuline Convent, where she had previously spent so many happy months in her young girlhood. She could not afford to enter the congregation as a boarder, the small pittance saved from the wreck of her fortune not exceeding £20 per annum ; but she rented a small garret, where she cooked her own meals, consisting chiefly of the cheapest vegetables. Such

privations as these, however, affected her but little ; since she could still enjoy the luxuries of a cultivated mind, books and music and drawing.

After a decent interval, M. Roland again pressed his suit, and in 1781 they were married. Do not suppose that Manon was under any delusion as to the nature of her feelings towards her elderly husband. She did not love him ; but she esteemed him, and was resolved to do her duty as his wife, according to her own lofty conception of it. M. Roland, on his part, was passionately attached to this beautiful and noble woman ; but not without a base alloy of selfishness. He was jealous even of the few friendships of her youth ; he wanted to be not only first but alone in all her thoughts and cares. Such a temper would have hopelessly alienated from him the respect and sympathy of many wives, perhaps of most ; but Madame Roland remembered his conspicuous virtues, his absolute devotion, and what was due to her own honour, so directing her course that their domestic felicity met with no serious interruption. A year after her marriage, M. Roland removed to Amiens, where he had been appointed inspector of several important manufactories. There his wife gave birth to her daughter and only child, Eudora, upon whom all her stores of love were freely lavished. Meanwhile, what leisure she had was given up to her husband, whom she assisted in his literary labours ; transcribing his manuscript, correcting his proofs, and occasionally vivifying with the glow of her quick imagination the dry bones collected by his industry.

From Amiens, after a four years' residence, they removed to the Clos la Platière, near Lyons, the home of the Roland family. There she still pursued the even tenor of her way, though at first much harassed by the constant interference of her mother and brother-in-law. Her tranquil firmness and admirable patience conquered them at last ; her generosity, her active charity, and her medical skill gained her the golden opinions of all the countryside. She would at any time go three or four leagues to carry help and comfort to a sick peasant. At home her self-sacrifice was not less eminent. When, in 1789, her husband was stricken with a dangerous illness, she watched over him for twelve days and nights with but brief intervals of rest, and, undoubtedly, saved his life at the hazard of her own.

But from this life of quiet domestic duty she was called to bear her part on a world-wide stage, and to advocate by her

heroic example the great principles of liberty and humanity which had always received her enthusiastic adhesion. France, in 1789, was already on the verge of the Revolution. The oppressed were turning on their oppressors; and tongues which had been taught to acknowledge the exorbitant claims of the monarchy, the noblesse, and the priesthood began to repeat freely the watchwords of the new regime—Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity. To minds like those of Madame Roland and her husband, it seemed that the glow in the sky was that of the dawn of a Golden Age. Alas, it was the prelude to a conflagration in which all the institutions of society narrowly escaped destruction! Not that Madame Roland's clear intellect was wholly blind to the dangers which must necessarily accompany every great popular movement of revolt against established tyrannies. "Blood may be shed," she wrote to a friend, "but despotism will not be re-established; its iron throne is tottering throughout Europe. The efforts of the despots will but precipitate its fall. Let it fall! even though we should perish beneath its ruins. A new generation will arise to enjoy the freedom we shall bequeath to them, and to bless us for our sacrifices on their behalf."

The advanced political opinions of M. Roland secured his election as deputy for the city of Lyons to the Constituent Assembly, and early in 1791, the Rolands repaired to Paris. His wife, who was gifted with a rare political sagacity, perceived that the dismal condition of the State could be cured only by drastic remedies; but she was by no means reluctant to contribute her efforts to the establishment of a Constitutional Monarchy on the English model. When Louis XVI. called to his councils what was flatteringly designated a Patriot Ministry, though its chief, General Dumouriez, was as unprincipled a self-seeker as he was a gallant soldier, she did not dissuade her husband from accepting the post of Minister of the Interior. And she persuaded his friends and allies in the already influential party of the Girondists*—Vergniaud, Barbaroux, Brissot, and others—to give it their support. It is said that when Roland, who was as simple in his dress as he was severe in his manners, and was therefore nicknamed the *Quaker Endimanch*, or Sunday Quaker, repaired to the Tuileries to kiss the King's hand on accepting

* So called because their leader, Vergniaud, was from that part of France known as the Gironde.

office, he wore a round hat, a black coat, and dusty shoes without buckles. The Court Chamberlain was horrified at this audacious violation of *les convenances*, and complained of it to General Dumouriez—"M. Roland wears no buckles to his shoes!" "All is lost, then!" exclaimed the soldier humorously; "no more etiquette, no more monarchy!"

I find a graphic sketch of Madame Roland at this period of her life in Carlyle's picturesque pages. "She now removes," he says, "from her upper floor in the Rue Saint Jacques to the sumptuous saloons once occupied by Madame Necker. . . . Equal to either fortune, she has her public dinner on Fridays, the Ministers all there in a body; she withdraws to her desk (the cloth once removed), and seems busy writing; nevertheless, loses no word; if, for example, Deputy Brissot and M. Clavière get too hot in argument, she, not without timidity, yet with a cunning gracefulness, will interpose. Envious men insist that the wife Roland is Minister, and not the husband; it is happily the worst they have to charge her with. Serene and queenly is she here, as of old in her own hired garret of the Ursulines' convent! She who has quietly shelled French beans for her dinner, being led to that, as a young maiden, by great insight and computation, and knowing what that was and what she was; such a one will also look quietly on ormolu and veneering, not ignorant of these either." M. Roland's apartments were rich in gilding and curious and costly furniture, provided by former and more affluent tenants.

The Patriot Ministry and Louis XVI. soon disagreed. Madame Roland from the first placed little confidence in his resolution, though she did credit to his good intentions, and the despotic sympathies of Marie Antoinette provoked her indignation. As to Dumouriez, she conceived that he was playing a twofold game, and that his chief concern was for his own aggrandisement. To some extent she was unjust; her enthusiasm made her suspicious of all whose aims were less lofty than her own. At length the Ministers demanded that Louis should sanction certain decrees of the Assembly for the exile of malignant priests and the establishment of a civic force, and were met with a refusal. Thereupon Madame Roland advised her husband to address the King in a letter of remonstrance; if it failed to have any effect on the Sovereign, it would be a guarantee to the people of the Minister's sincerity. It was written by her forcible

pen, and was as unanswerable in its reasoning as it was vigorous in its style; but a Minister arguing with his King on matters of public policy might advantageously have adopted a milder and more respectful tone.

Louis received the reprimand in silence, but the next day dismissed his Cabinet. M. Roland, who, according to Thiers, was not wanting in courage to execute whatever his wife's bold, quick intellect dictated, proceeded immediately to lay before the Assembly his letter of remonstrance. It elicited an outburst of applause. The deputies almost unanimously ordered that it should be printed and circulated throughout France, and passed a resolution declaring that the displaced Ministers enjoyed the national confidence (June 13, 1792).

Madame Roland retired from the splendours of the official residence to her former modest apartments in the Rue St. Jacques, carrying with her the social influence she had acquired by her genius, her courage, her virtues, and her beauty. She became the virtual leader of the Girondists, and kept them together by the force of her unselfish enthusiasm. Brissot and Vergniaud, Buzot and Clavière listened with admiration, if not with conviction, to her glowing dreams of the approaching regeneration of humanity. Among those who hung enchanted on her eloquent lips was the handsome and impetuous Barbaroux, who saw in this lovely and accomplished woman an impersonation of the Goddess of Liberty, while she in her turn beheld in him a realisation of her early fancies of Greek heroism. On neither side, however, was the admiration tainted by any unworthy feeling, and calumny never dared to asperse the pure fame of Madame Roland.

I am not about to attempt a history of the French Revolution, but at those incidents of its tremendous course which influenced the fortune and fate of my heroine I must briefly glance. In their anger at what they conceived to be the King's perfidy, and their conviction that France could be saved only by the establishment of a republic, the Girondists united with the more violent faction—the Mountain*—to effect the overthrow of the monarchy. History has recorded their success and its consequences. On the 20th of June, the mobs of Paris, with wild shouts and angry gesticulations, paraded in front of the Tuileries

* So called because, in the Assembly, its members occupied the topmost seats, or *la Montagne*.

and rejoiced in the humiliation of their Sovereign. A month later, Barbaroux brought up a band of six hundred partisans, and on the 10th of August the palace of the Tuileries was assaulted and stormed. The Swiss Guards, as everybody knows, bravely did their duty, but were massacred to the last man, and on that day of slaughter the French monarchy ceased to exist.

Victory did not bring to the Girondists the felicity on which they had counted. Instead of having accomplished an era of peace and lofty patriotic motive and progressive freedom, they discovered that they had put power into the hands of the apostles of anarchy and bloodshed. Soon they recoiled from the violent projects of the Mountain, but its leaders had at their disposal the passions of the multitude, and were not to be stayed in their impetuous career by the moderate counsels of the Girondists. Roland, who had been appointed Minister of the Interior, was soon compelled to own that the Parisian commune ignored his authority, and the Girondists were every day made to feel the magnitude of their fatal error. Impatient of their hesitation, and indifferent to their remonstrance, Danton, who was then the leading spirit of the Mountain, consummated what is known as the massacre of the 2nd of September—that red Sabbath Day in 1794 which occupies in history a place beside the Sicilian Vespers and St. Bartholomew's Day—and placed a river of blood between himself and the Girondists. It is true that an attempt was made to reconcile the two parties, but it failed, Barbaroux loftily declaring that between crime and virtue no alliance was possible. The Republic was formally proclaimed on the 22nd, and in the evening of that day the Girondist leaders assembled at Madame Roland's. After supper, the hostess, in imitation of an antique custom, scattered rose-leaves over the wine, a pretty and poetical touch, which puts one quite in sympathy with these political visionaries. Vergniaud seems to have felt that it was scarcely in keeping with the grim realities of the time, and remarked to Barbaroux: "It is not rose-leaves but cypress-leaves we should steep in our wine to-night. Who knows but that in pledging a republic, the birth of which is so stained with blood, we are drinking to our own deaths? Not the less, were this wine my life-blood, I would drain it to Liberty and Equality."

His forebodings were quickly justified. Danton, Marat, Couthon, Robespierre, however they might differ in their objects and policy, were united in hatred of the Girondists, and

made a great effort to crush them by the forces of calumny and slander. Madame Roland, an enthusiast in the cause of human regeneration, regarded the impetuous and unscrupulous genius of Danton with horror, and boldly denounced his schemes of audacity. She employed her passionate eloquence and fervid thought in the noble but hopeless enterprise of staying the Revolution in its bloody course. As the heart and soul of the Moderate party, she drew down upon her head the bitterest denunciations of the Jacobins. Her life and her husband's life were continually in danger. She slept with a pistol under her pillow. Her friends would have had her escape, but she firmly refused. If the need arose she was prepared to sacrifice herself at the shrine of Liberty, in the hope that such an act of patriotic devotion might awaken her country to a sense of its degradation and its peril.

At her instigation the Girondists delivered an attack upon Robespierre; and Louvet, in a speech of remarkable force and directness, exposed and denounced his crafty and ambitious designs. But the attack failed, and its failure still further weakened the position of the Girondists. They attempted to save the King from the guillotine, and again were defeated. "Alas!" exclaimed Roland, "the Convention is both accuser and judge; it is dishonourable!" In their eager desire to ruin a woman whom they feared for her intellectual power, and the purity of whose patriotism they felt to be a constant reproach, the Jacobins endeavoured, through the agency of a worthless spy named Viard, to involve her in a fictitious Royalist conspiracy. She was summoned before the Convention. She came, in "her high clearness," and with a few strong words "dissipated this Viard into despicability and air." The members warmly applauded her eloquent self-vindication, and the President decreed that the honours belonged to her. The Jacobins in the galleries, however, maintained a gloomy silence. Marat rose, and pointing to them, exclaimed, "Look at the people; they are wiser than you are."

On the 23rd of January, 1793, two days after the King's execution, Roland resigned his office of Minister of the Interior, unwilling to appear even nominally implicated in deeds which he strongly condemned and bitterly regretted. His wife lived in melancholy seclusion, while the Jacobin press assailed her with continual calumnies, and Danton stigmatised her as "the

Circe of the Republic." Though the storm was gathering round them on every side, the Girondist leaders continued to rely on the personal inviolability guaranteed to them as members of the Convention by the same Constitution which they had openly violated in the execution of the King. Their confidence in themselves was restored by their success in carrying one of their number as Mayor of Paris by a considerable majority, and this success emboldened them to impeach Marat, as leader of the Anarchists, before the Revolutionary Tribunal (April 10th, 1793). They obtained the impeachment after a sitting of twenty-four hours, but it was their last victory. The Revolutionary leaders immediately proclaimed war to the knife—" *la guerre*," as Danton put it, "*ni trêve ni composition*"—and, after four days of tumultuous contention, the struggle ended in Marat's acquittal by the Tribunal.

On Friday, the 31st of May, the ringing of tocsins and the roll of drums announced that Paris was in a state of insurrection. The pikemen of the Faubourgs, baffled in their design of plundering the rich warehouses of the Palais Royal by the bold attitude of the citizens, swept onward to the Tuileries, where the Convention held its sittings, to demand the proscription of the twenty-two leading Girondists. They were vigorously supported by Robespierre and the Mountain, who accused the Girondists of plotting against the Republic, and called for their immediate punishment. But for the time the Convention eluded the demand.

On the 2nd of June, however, a more formidable state of affairs prevailed. The Convention was surrounded by a hundred thousand armed men, with one hundred and sixty pieces of cannon, under the command of Henriot. "There are horse, foot, artillery, sappers with beards; the artillery one can see with their camp furnaces in this National Garden, heating bullets red, and their matches lighted. Henriot (their commandant) in plumes rides amid a plumed staff; all posts and issues are safe; reserves lie out as far as the Wood of Boulogne, the choicest patriots nearest the scene. One other circumstance we will note: that a careful Municipality, liberal of camp furnaces, has not forgotten provision carts. No member of the sovereign people need now go home to dinner, but can keep rank, plentiful victual circulating unsought. Does not this people understand insurrection?"

With nothing less than the proscription of the Girondists would these armed thousands be satisfied. Deputation after deputation pressed this demand upon the Convention. With their President at their head, the Deputies attempted to leave the Tuileries, but were prevented by Henriot's men, with their pikes and muskets, and, driven back into their hall of assembly, were compelled to pass a decree for "the arrestment in their own houses" of the Girondist leaders, two-and-thirty in all, but Roland had already escaped into the country. At first they were placed "under the safeguard of the French people," next under the more effectual safeguard of a couple of gendarmes each. In the interval between their arrest and trial, some of them broke away into the provinces; and Louvet, Lanjuinais, and two or three others, after passing through adventures which, in the pages of a Romancist, would be deemed incredible, eventually defied pursuit. The remainder, twenty-two in number, were accused of high crimes and misdemeanours before the Revolutionary Tribunal, in October. For nine days they conducted their defence with equal energy and eloquence, when the jury abruptly declared that they would hear no more, and brought in a verdict of guilty. This was on the 30th. Next day the tumbrils conveyed them to the place of execution. At the foot of the scaffold they raised the "Hymn of the Marseillaise," the chorus growing weaker—dropping to three voices, to two voices, to a solitary voice, and ending in abrupt silence—as, in swift succession, they laid their heads under the knife of the guillotine, and passed into the Eternal.

Madame Roland had been arrested on the 31st of May. In the pride of her innocence and the strength of her enthusiasm, she had refused to fly, though she had insisted that her husband should make *his* escape. Spent with toil and anxiety, she had retired early to her room on this particular evening, in the hope of enjoying a little additional repose. Her servant suddenly entered, and, with pale face and terrified looks, informed her that some armed men demanded her attendance. Knowing how many and how envenomed were her enemies, she listened to the summons without surprise. She rose, dressed herself with more than her usual care, and appeared before the gendarmes. They showed her their warrant for her arrest: it was illegal, but she knew that resistance was hopeless. Having

completed her preparations with the utmost composure, she took a fond farewell of her daughter, and passed out into the darkness and the night.

A shouting, yelling, struggling crowd had by this time gathered round her *fiacre*, and, as it drove away, raised hoarse cries of "À la guillotine!" One of the guards, moved to admiration by the superb calmness of her demeanour, inquired, "Shall we draw down the blinds?" "No," she answered, "oppressed innocence must not assume the aspect of crime. I fear the looks of none." "You have more strength," said the gendarme, "than many men." "Yet I sigh for my country," she rejoined, "and I regret the error which made me think it worthy of happiness and freedom." "Wait patiently, and justice will be done you." "Justice!" she exclaimed, with lofty scorn, "were justice done to me I should not now be here; but I shall walk to the scaffold as calmly as I enter this prison."

And the heavy doors of the Abbaye closed upon the noble enthusiast, whose dreams of human regeneration had sunk in a sea of blood.

She was fortunate in a sympathetic gaoler, who did all he dared to mitigate the rigour of her captivity. And he was fortunate in a prisoner of the most courageous temper, who uttered no complaints, and obeyed almost passively the prison regulations. After lodging a formal remonstrance with the municipal authorities against the illegality of her arrest, and addressing a similar protest to the National Convention, she accepted her harsh fortune with her usual serenity of temper. She had obtained a small supply of books, including Thomson's "Seasons," in whose fresh pictures of rural scenery she revived and refreshed her love of Nature; Plutarch, whose pages, familiar to her of old, reminded her of the heroic deeds of the illustrious ancients; and the great historian Tacitus, who furnished her with abundant materials for reflection upon policy and government. With characteristic energy, she began the study of Hume's "History of England," and, with the help of Sheridan's "Dictionary," sought to improve her knowledge of the English language. Her gaoler embellished her cell daily with fresh flowers, and she was occasionally gratified by the visits of a few friends, through whom she arranged for the future well-being of her beloved daughter, and obtained some information of the progress of the Revolution. She learned that her name was

inscribed in Robespierre's fatal lists of proscription; but as from the first she had known that her enemies were powerful, the intelligence caused her neither surprise nor anxiety.

After an imprisonment of four-and-twenty days, she was suddenly released. Freedom is welcome to all of us—"a noble thing," as old Barbour sings of it; and 'tis no reflection on Madame Roland's courage and enthusiasm that she quitted her prison in a transport of delight, and hastened to her home "as if on wings." But by a refinement of cruelty, her persecutors had arranged that the moment she crossed the threshold she should be re-arrested. The son of her landlady boldly denounced this act of injustice, and suffered for his generous courage on the scaffold. Madame Roland was not taken back to the Abbaye, but removed, as a further insult, to Sainte Pélagie, a prison usually reserved for women of lewd lives and abandoned characters. At first her courage yielded before this unexpected blow, but she quickly recovered her self-command—"that power," to use her own words, "which a strong soul preserves even in chains, which above all things disappoints the malice of one's enemies."

Madame Bouchaud, the wife of her gaoler, was deeply moved by the calm fortitude of this noble lady: as a Frenchwoman, she could understand her devotion to a sentiment, an idea—could admire the heroism with which she prepared to sacrifice herself in the cause of freedom. She contrived that Madame Roland should be placed in a more comfortable chamber than she had at first occupied: the tendrils of the starry jessamine twined round the iron window-bars; vases of flowers shed abroad bloom and sweet odours; a piano enabled her to gratify her love of music. Rejoicing in these kindly alleviations of her lot, Madame Roland proceeded to make good use of such time as might still be hers, and began (on the 9th of August, 1793) those "Memoirs" "which all the world still reads"—or ought to read—for they reflect, as in a mirror, one of the purest, noblest souls that ever God created! Her object in these profoundly interesting pages is to clear her fame from the aspersions of unscrupulous and malignant calumniators, and she explains the whole course of her life from her earliest years with a touching and attractive simplicity. They are not without signal literary merit, for the style is picturesque, fervid, eloquent; but the great charm of Madame Roland's autobiography, at least to me,

lies in its obviously truthful portraiture of a beautiful character—sympathetic, enthusiastic, generous; of a heart animated by the purest feelings, of a mind at home among lofty ideas. Written in the shadow of death and on the threshold of the grave, it is as free, nevertheless, from the bitterness of reproach as it is from the weakness of self-pity.

Helen Maria Williams, a cultivated Englishwoman, who in her day and generation enjoyed some small celebrity, has described a visit which she paid to Madame Roland at Sainte Pélagie.

“She conversed with me,” writes the poetess, “with as great a cheerfulness in her little cell as ever she preserved in the *salons* of her husband’s hôtel. She had supplied herself with a few books, and I found her reading Plutarch. She told me that she knew well she should die, and the smile of placid resignation with which she said it convinced me that she was prepared to meet death with a firmness worthy of her exalted character. When I inquired after her daughter, she burst into tears; and at the overwhelming recollection of her husband and child, the courage of the martyr of liberty was lost in the feelings of the wife and the mother.”

There is reason to believe that Madame Roland might have escaped from prison, but she refused to make the attempt. She feared to bring disgrace on the good cause to which she was devoted, and believed, or hoped, that her death might rouse the people of France into revolt against the Terror which oppressed them. Her old conventual friend and companion, Henriette Caumont, implored to be allowed to change dresses with her, and take her place; but Madame Roland would never at any time have consented to profit by a friend’s self-sacrifice. “They would kill thee, my good Henriette,” she exclaimed, “and thy blood would rest for ever upon my soul. Sooner would I suffer death a thousand times than have to reproach myself as being the author of thine!”

On the dark day that her friends and fellow-labourers, the leaders of the Gironde, were hurried to the guillotine, Madame Roland was transferred to the Conciergerie, the prison which they had just left. Thenceforward she was treated with unrelenting cruelty. Her dungeon was damp and ill-lighted; she was without a bed until a prisoner gave up to her his own; and

though the weather was cold, no coverings were provided. The adjoining cell was that in which Marie Antoinette had been confined previous to her execution. These two women—the proud and brilliant queen, the brilliant heroine of the *bourgeoisie*—may be taken as types of the opposing currents or destinies of the French Revolution. The one represented the old order, with its feudal tyrannies, its pride of rank and birth, its contempt for the people, its aristocratic privileges and pretensions, its arrogance, its luxury, its self-indulgence; the other, the new order, with its rose-coloured dreams of fraternity and liberty and the equality of all men, with its impatience of tradition, its popular sympathies, its visionary but beautiful theories, and its aspirations after a reconstitution of society. Alas, alas! that both should be united only in the bonds of death! that the queen and the enthusiast should perish under the same guillotine! It seems such a pitiful waste of life—such a pitiful waste of brave and noble womanhood. For what has come of it? The old order lies a wreck upon the shore, but for the new order men are still hoping and striving, and it is still such a long way off! Sanguine spirits—sanguine as Madame Roland—ever and anon profess to catch sight of the rose of dawn breaking over the mountain tops, and sending its healing rays nearer and yet nearer to wistful, suffering humanity; but, ah! the sun seems to halt in its course, and this auspicious, hopeful morning is slow to expand into that day of perfect love and light—that “golden year”—which men have so long and with such anxious hearts desired.

There was never any sign of timidity or weakness on the part of the imprisoned Enthusiast, except, indeed, when her feelings of motherhood were touched, and then she could not always restrain her tears. She was frequently seen in her prison by the philosopher Riouffe, and to his sober observation she appeared always and under all circumstances heroic. “Something more than is usually found in the looks of women,” he writes, “shone in her large black eyes, so sweet and so expressive. She often spoke to me at the *grille*,”—the iron grating which divided the women’s prison from the men’s—“and we all of us listened attentively, in a sort of admiration and wonder. Her speech was dignified but animated, free and brave as that of a great man. She expressed herself, moreover, with a purity and a harmony that made her language like music,

of which the ear could never hear enough. She never spoke of the Girondists who had perished but with deep respect; yet, at the same time, without any effeminate pity. She deplored that they had never adopted sufficiently vigorous measures. She referred to them generally as '*nos amis*.' She frequently sent for Clavière, and conversed with him. Sometimes she yielded to the natural feelings of her sex, and traces of tears showed that she had been weeping at the recollection of her child and her husband. The woman who attended upon her said to me one day: 'In your presence she summons up all her strength; but in her own room she will sometimes sit for two or three hours, leaning on her window-sill and shedding tears.'" Tears, divine tears! For my part, I honour, I reverence them, for they show that the Woman was not lost in the Patriot and the Enthusiast; that her devotion to matters of public policy and the national welfare had not conquered the tender and holy feelings of the wife and the mother. She was no sexless agitator of the type of the modern communiste and pétroleuse, but a "divine being all dipt" in the purest, most living instincts, "breathing Paradise."

She prepared for her trial by making notes, collecting evidence, and drawing up a formal defence. This she considered to be a duty, though she had little expectation that her enemies would grant her justice. To her few intimate friends, and to her beloved daughter she addressed farewell letters of the most touching character. The day before that appointed for her trial she had an interview with her counsel, Chauveac de la Garde, who had defended both Marie Antoinette and Charlotte Corday. As they parted she pressed upon his acceptance a ring, and said—"By this time to-morrow I shall be no more. I know the fate which hangs over me. Your kind assistance will avail me nothing, but it may endanger you. I beg of you, therefore, not to appear before the tribunal, and to accept of this last token of my regard."

Early on the following morning, the 6th of November, 1793, "clad in white, with her long black hair hanging down to her girdle," she stood before the Revolutionary Tribunal. Her noble beauty seems to have exasperated the malignity of her enemies, and the public prosecutor, Fouquier-Tinville, unenviably distinguished himself by the brutality of his interrogations. His invectives against her political action she endured with con-

temptuous indifference; but when he attempted to defame her as a woman, her whole nature seemed to rise in arms. At first she wept, but recovering herself instantly, she broke out into a strain of such indignant eloquence, that the judges silenced her, apprehensive of the effect it might produce upon the public. She boasted that she was the wife of Roland, and the friend of the murdered Girondists. She gloried in all she had attempted or achieved for the liberty, happiness, and regeneration of France. She accused her persecutors of having betrayed the Good Cause to serve the purposes of their own base selfishness, greed, and vulgar ambition.

The case against her was so weak that even the judges of the Revolutionary Tribunal hesitated to condemn her upon it. She was, therefore, remanded that some fresh charge might be invented. On the 8th she was again placed at the bar, and the prosecution demanded that she should reveal the place of her husband's concealment. He was a traitor to his country, and whoever screened him from justice was as guilty as himself.

"There is no law," exclaimed the outraged wife, "which can compel a betrayal of the holiest feelings of our nature!"

"With such a babbler," growled Fouquier-Tinville, "we shall never have done. Close the interrogatory—questions are useless. She has proved herself an enemy of the Republic."

"How I pity you!" she cried; "you can send me to the guillotine, but you cannot take from me the safeguard of a satisfied conscience, nor the assurance that posterity will acquit Roland and myself of all reproach, while it dooms you and our enemies to everlasting infamy."

The Tribunal pronounced her guilty of contumacy and treachery in concealing the hiding-place of an enemy of the Republic. Immediate execution was ordered.

Her friends stood without, waiting to receive her. She drew her finger across her neck, to intimate that she was condemned to death, and then retired into her cell to spend the few hours of life still left to her in devout meditation and prayer. For she had long abandoned the dreary negations of atheism, and accepted the consolations of the Christian believer's creed.

On that sadly memorable day, the tumbril, or death-cart, had already made several journeys between the prison and the scaffold. When it took that dreary road for the last time, it carried Madame Roland, together with an infirm old man named

Lamarcke, ex-Director of Assignat Printing. As it drew near the gaunt frame of the guillotine, which stood black and bare in the centre of the Place de la Révolution, afterwards known as the Place de la Concorde, the old man wept and moaned bitterly, while Madame Roland endeavoured to strengthen and encourage him with words of lofty meaning. At the foot of the guillotine she sprang lightly from the cart, close beneath a huge clay statue of Liberty—call it rather a Moloch, it had witnessed the sacrifice of so many victims!—and asked for pen and paper “to write down the strange thoughts that were rising in her”—thoughts, doubtless, both of the past and the future, of the life that was so nearly ended and that other life which was so soon to begin—the life of Time and the life of Eternity! Her request was ignored, and the executioner proceeded to drag her by the arm towards the scaffold. “Stay,” she said, with that tender thoughtfulness which had always distinguished her. “I would ask a favour of you, though not for myself. That poor old man yonder—spare him the pain of seeing me die.” “It is contrary to my orders,” answered Samson. With a radiant smile, she said—“You cannot refuse the last request of a lady,” and the executioner complied.

A moment, and in her turn she ascended the scaffold. Gazing on the great clay image, and bowing gravely before it, she exclaimed, with a sigh,—“O Liberty, Liberty! what crimes are done in thy name!” Then she submitted herself to the executioner, and in a few seconds . . . Alas, alas! that humanity should be disgraced by deeds so foul!

“Noble white vision,” cries the historian of the Revolution, “with its high queenly face, its soft proud eyes, long black hair flowing down to the girdle, and as brave a heart as ever beat in woman’s bosom! Like a white Grecian statue, serenely complete, she shines in that black wreck of things—long memorable. Honour to great Nature who, in Paris city, can make a Jeanne Philipon, and nourish her to dear perennial womanhood. Biography will long remember that trait of asking for a pen ‘to write the strange thoughts that were rising in her.’ It is as a little light-beam, shedding softness and a kind of sacredness over all that preceded: so in her, too, there was an unnameable; she, too, was a daughter of the Infinite; there were mysteries which philosophism had not dreamt of!”

Thus perished, in her thirty-ninth year, Jeanne Marie Roland.

In French history I find but one woman of as pure and lofty a character—Jeanne Dare, an enthusiast like herself, and like herself crowned with the crown of martyrdom. France may well be proud of her heroines: to have bred two such women at her bosom as Jeanne Dare and Jeanne Marie Roland—the patriot who rescued her country from the yoke of foreign conquest, and the patriot who would fain have crushed every form of tyranny and injustice—is a glory of which nothing can deprive her. The holy enthusiasm of good which inspired Madame Roland's every thought and deed consecrates the page of history which records it, and shines across the darkness of the time, like a ray of sunshine on the background of a storm. Selfishness of aim or purpose, meanness of motive or desire, was impossible to her: she lived always "in the difficult air of the iced mountain-top," far above the rank atmosphere in which little minds move and have their being. Her political theories, no doubt, were vague enough; but they were based on a great truth, that the end of all government is the moral as well as material welfare of the many, and her whole career had the happiness of others as its object. Her distinctive virtue, perhaps, was her love of truth—a more transparently truthful soul this world has never known; a lie was hateful to her. This profound regard for veracity you may recognise in all her writings, while it made the complexion of her daily life, and animated all her speech and action. It should be noted—though on this, it is true, I have already commented—that the brilliant part she played in the stormiest and most tragical scenes of the great Revolution drama, with all their astonishing incidents of discrowned kings and queens, tumultuous mobs, showers of bullets, contention in the senate and riot in the streets, and the guillotine reeking with blood, in no wise hardened her tender womanly nature, and the heroine of the Gironde, whose eloquence and energy were the motive-power of a great political faction, remained to the last a loyal wife and a devoted mother.

Madame Roland had predicted that her husband would not long survive her, and so it befell. The news of her death soon reached him at Rouen, where he was lying concealed, and went straight to the heart of the apparently impassive Republican. In his first frenzy he would have returned to Paris, and in the Convention itself have hurled his denunciations at the murderers

of his wife,—to perish, like her, upon the scaffold. But he remembered that if he were tried and judicially condemned, all his property would be forfeited to the State, and his daughter doomed to a life of poverty and privation.

On the 16th of the month, by the way-side on the Paris road, some four leagues from Rouen, and near Bourg-Baudoin, there was seen sitting at the foot of a tree, with his back supported by its trunk, the figure of an old and apparently care-worn man. Some passers-by, drawn towards him by curiosity, found to their astonishment that he was stiff and cold in death, with a cane-sword run through his heart; the expression of his pale face and his whole attitude were tranquil and composed—the tranquillity and composure of sleep. A paper pinned to his breast explained who he had been, and why he had ceased to be:—“Whoever thou art that findest me lying here, respect my remains; respect them as those of a virtuous man, who consecrated all his life to the service of his fellows, and died as he had lived—virtuous and honourable. Not fear but indignation drew me from my retreat on learning that my wife had been murdered. I wished not to remain longer on an earth polluted with crimes.”

It was in this way—a truly French way—that Citizen Roland, ex-Minister and Republican, ended his career.



PART II.

WOMAN AS THE RELIGIOUS ENTHUSIAST.

MARGARET, QUEEN OF SCOTLAND.

ST. ELIZABETH, QUEEN OF HUNGARY.

ST. CATHERINE OF SIENA. (*La Beata Popolana*).



MARGARET, QUEEN OF SCOTLAND.

MARGARET, QUEEN OF SCOTLAND.

MALCOLM CANMORE (that is, Cean-mohr) was crowned King of Scotland at Scone, on St. Mark's Day, 1057.

History represents the first part of his reign to have been comparatively uneventful. It is supposed, but not on unimpeachable authority, that he was married at this time to one Ingibiorg, the widow of Thorfin, Earl of Caithness, and the mother, it may be, of the Duncan who succeeded him. He made sundry forays southwards, which may have resulted in some accumulation of plunder, but led to no acquisition of territory; and, according to an extravagant legend, he summoned all his chiefs to a great council, at which he distributed among them the Scottish lands, reserving for himself and his heirs only the Moot Hill of Scone. The second period of his reign dates from the Norman Conquest of England, which exercised a powerful though an indirect influence on the fortunes of Scotland. No inconsiderable number of Englishmen fled across the Border, where, in the lands south of the Forth, they found a people of their own race, speaking their own language; and these immigrants, marrying and settling in their land of refuge, helped to erect a barrier against the extension of the Norman power across the Tweed.

Among them came, in 1068, Edgar the Atheling, the heir of the old English dynasty, with Agatha his mother, and Margaret and Christina his sisters, escaping from the cruel ambition of the Conqueror. King Malcolm received them courteously, and was so subdued by the gentle graces of the Lady Margaret that soon afterwards he made her his queen. Thereafter, to assert his brother-in-law's rights to the English throne became the

main drift of Malcolm's policy, and he made a descent upon Northumberland which was unparalleled for ferocity. In retiring he bore off as part of his spoil a number of thralls, or slaves, whom he seems to have distributed among the border villages. William marched hastily in pursuit of the bold invader, and crossed the Tweed. How far he advanced into Scotland is uncertain; but Malcolm was cowed into making peace with him, giving hostages for his good behaviour, and becoming "his man"—a dubious expression which has supplied contending writers with an inexhaustible subject of controversy.

Continuing this brief summary of Malcolm's reign, I may note that in 1079—1080 he resumed his devastating raids, and advanced southward as far as the Tyne; that in 1085 he abandoned the cause of the Atheling, who made his peace with William; and that in 1091 he took advantage of the absence of William Rufus in Normandy to invade England, penetrating as far southwards as "the district of Leeds." Here he was met by William Rufus, who had hastily returned from Normandy, and Count Robert, through whose interposition, and that of the Atheling, the two kings were reconciled, so that "King Malcolm came to the English king and became his man, with all such obedience as he had before paid to his father, and that with oath confirmed."

Two years more, and we arrive at the end of this reign of turbulence and bloodshed. In 1093, the old English chronicler records that Malcolm sent to the English king demanding fulfilment of certain conditions agreed upon between them. Whereupon "King William summoned him to Gloucester, and sent him hostages to Scotland, and Edgar Atheling afterwards, and the men back again, who brought him with great worship to the king. But when he came to the king he would not be held worthy either the speech or the conditions that had previously been promised him; and therefore in great hostility they parted, and Malcolm returned home to Scotland. But as soon as he came he gathered his army and marched into England harrying with more animosity than ever behoved him. And then Robert, the Earl of Northumberland, ensnared him with his men unawares, and slew him. With him also was slain his son Edward, who should, if he had lived, have been king after him." He was buried at Tynemouth, but at a later date his bones were removed to Dunfermline.

Thus closed, in storm and disaster, a reckless reign extended over six-and-forty years.

What manner of man this Malcolm, the Great Head, was, the chroniclers give us but little assistance in determining. We know from his acts that he was strong-brained and strong-handed, with a great lust for territory and an unappeasable craving after power. It is such men as these who make nations and build up empires—men of fierce temper, remorseless, unscrupulous—men of a resolute will, who when they set their feet down can be made to move them only by superior force. But from the rhapsodical biography which does honour to the virtues of his queen, we learn that he was a faithful husband, and devoted with all the strength of his nature to the fair sweet woman who was in all things so complete a contrast to this stormy, restless, strenuous man. His great affection for her is the redeeming feature of his wayward and ferocious character; though if it impelled him to adopt her counsel in matters relating to the Church, it did not induce him to allow her any share in the government of the country. It disposed him, no doubt, to deal gently with her weak, incompetent brother, the Atheling; and she probably encouraged in him a liking for regal splendour and picturesque pageantry. What we may be sure of is, that a good true woman's influence is never wholly wasted. But this restless, semi-barbarous, semi-chivalrous king of men, in whose veins some of the old Norse blood seems to have flowed, possessed an individuality too inflexible to be moulded even by the power of his strong affections. He sunned himself awhile in the warm glow of his happy domestic life, and then strode forth into the world again, and went his way in storm and battle.

I now turn to his queen, St. Margaret of Scotland, the subject of this biography. Our knowledge of her is chiefly derived from the life, written in Latin, by her confessor Turgot, a monk of Durham, or by some person not less closely connected with her court. Of this narrative a very different estimate is formed by two recent historians. Dr. Hill Burton, for instance, regards its statements with evident doubtfulness, and regrets that it does so little to bring St. Margaret before us in her habit as she lived. On the other hand, Dr. Joseph Robertson accepts it as authentic, and affirms that no nobler picture can be found in the

Northern annals than that of St. Margaret, "illustrious by birth and majestic in beauty, as she appears in its unaffected pages." For my part, I think that a just criticism will strike the mean between these two extremes. The charm and the grace of the Memoir are due to St. Margaret; its deficiencies are the fault of its author. He writes honestly, but too diffusely; he plunges into exaggeration; but this is from want of a practical judgment, he does not purposely record fictions. He writes with a profound admiration of the saintly queen, which, indeed, everybody must feel, but lacks the skill to place her as a real and living figure before the reader. The picture which Dr. Robertson sees in the monk's "artless pages" can be realised only by an attentive student, accustomed to analysis and comparison. Turgot paints with a broad brush and glowing colours; you must "decompose his materials, and put them together again in accordance with the canons of criticism," before you can gain an accurate and distinct idea of this noble woman—St. Margaret of Scotland.

At Dunfermline, on a wooded knoll which overhangs somewhat steeply a clear and winding burn, may still be seen the mossy ruins of an ancient tower, formerly the residence of King Malcolm Canmore. Here he was living in the winter of 1068, when, one day, a messenger arrived with the intelligence that a strange ship had furled her sails, and dropped anchor in the bay of the Forth, about three miles distant. He immediately despatched his officers to learn whence the vessel came, and whom she had on board. They returned with the information that she was of longer and goodlier build than other ships, but nothing more. Officers of higher rank were then sent to satisfy the curiosity of the king. Being received on board the stranger vessel, they were much impressed by the tall stature of the men and the sweet comeliness of the women,* and, after

* Fordun, the old historian, following Turgot, says:—"These, being welcomed as ambassadors from the King's Majesty, carefully, and not without admiration, noted the lordly bearing of the men, and the fine breeding of the whole family. . . . And one of them informed the king, 'I saw a lady there, whom, mayhap, from her unsurpassed loveliness and the ready flow of her agreeable eloquence, graced as she was, moreover, with other qualities, I declare to thee, O King, I suspect to have been the mistress of that family, whose admirable beauty and gentleness one must wonder at, I think, rather than describe,' "

an interchange of courtesies, returned to Malcolm with the surprising intelligence that they were the survivors of the old royal line of England, Edgar the Atheling, his sisters Margaret and Christina, and their mother Agatha. They were accompanied by Gospatrick and other Northumbrian nobles, who had never swerved from their allegiance to the ancient dynasty, and were bound for the continent, to seek an asylum in Hungary, Agatha's native land. But a great storm had driven them into the Forth, and they had been glad to take refuge in the sheltered haven since known as St. Margaret's Hope.

King Malcolm immediately hastened to the shore, and greeted the fugitives with a hearty welcome. He conducted them to his stronghold, and entertained them as honoured guests. The beauty and graces of the Princess Margaret speedily won upon the royal warrior's heart, and she in her turn was impressed by the manliness of his character. They were wedded; the marriage ceremony being celebrated, some time in the year 1070, at Dunfermline, where the queen afterwards erected the Church of the Holy Trinity, to commemorate an event which had brought so much happiness to herself and so much prosperity to her people.

The neighbourhood of Dunfermline, I may note, is rich in associations that recall the name and fame of the good queen. The passage across the windy Firth is known as the Queen's Ferry, and the gossips point out a large grey boulder, on the north side of the road from the Hope to the town, as St. Margaret's Seat, where she rested on her way to King Malcolm's tower. Besides Holy Trinity Church she founded a Benedictine monastery, filling it with monks who came from Archbishop Lanfranc's Cathedral at Canterbury. Its site may still be traced.

It is said that in honour of St. Columba, the great apostle of the Picts, she rebuilt his monastery at Iona, which had been destroyed in an invasion of the Northmen.

Margaret appears to have been gifted with a fine taste for the beautiful and becoming. Her church at Dunfermline was enriched with vessels of gold and silver, and with a rude image of the Saviour made of the precious metals, and studded with precious stones. Her rooms in the palace were splendidly adorned, and she and her ladies spent their leisure in various kinds of costly and delicate embroidery. She prevailed upon

her husband to introduce something of royal state into his daily life, and encouraged foreign traders to import silken and velvet stuffs, and garments of goodly design and rich colours, in which she persuaded the King and his nobles to array themselves. The dishes used at the royal table were either of gold and silver, or gilt ; and when she went abroad, she wore right royal robes of sumptuous texture, as became her rank. In all this, however, she was animated by no personal vanity or ostentation, for in truth, her humility was almost excessive, and she never forgot that "our life here is a vapour, and that at the end comes the great accompt." But she knew that such things exercised a refining and humanising influence on the rough nature of a warlike and half-civilised people ; moreover, that by encouraging art and commerce she was increasing the resources of her husband's kingdom.

A woman of great beauty, with a stately person, she attracted the love and yet commanded the reverence of all who came in contact with her. As the perfume of the rose gradually blends with the atmosphere of the chamber in which you cherish it, until its subtle breath steals into every corner, so the sweet and saintly character of Queen Margaret shaped in due time the natures of the men and women who constantly enjoyed communion with her, until they exhibited something of the same purity. It was impossible not to admire her ; it was equally impossible not to venerate, such was the beautiful serenity of her spirit, such the soft gentleness of her manners, and such the holiness of her daily life.

She bore to King Malcolm six sons and two daughters, who were all baptized by good old English names. She watched over their education with affectionate care. Profound as was her attachment to them, she did not allow their most trivial faults to pass unnoticed. She insisted that their tutor should punish them for any impropriety of behaviour, and was rewarded for her firmness of discipline by their admirable conduct as they grew in years, for in like manner did they grow in affection and consideration for one another. She always made it a rule that the younger should pay due deference to the elder, and when they accompanied her and the King to the service of the Mass, they walked behind them according to the order of their seniority. She frequently called them to her knees, and in language suited to their years explained to them the prin-

ciples of the Christian faith. "Fear the Lord, O my children," she would say, "for they who fear Him shall never want. And if you love Him, prosperous shall you be in this present life, and eternal happiness with the saints shall be yours in that which is to come."

I may add that her children proved not unworthy of this wise and affectionate regimen. Three of her sons ruled Scotland in succession—Edgar, Alexander, and the pious David—and left good memories behind them. Maud, one of her daughters, married Henry I. of England, and was known, like her mother, as "the Good Queen"; the other, Mary, married Eustace, Count of Boulogne, one of the heroes of the First Crusade, and was revered for her virtues.

While thus attentive to her husband's court, her household, which she governed prudently, and her children, Margaret never neglected her own spiritual edification. She was assiduous in her daily study of the Scriptures; and in her desire to understand them thoroughly would put searching questions to Turgot and her confessors—questions which they were not always able to answer; so that they often rejoiced at the light her strong intelligence would throw upon obscure or apparently contradictory texts.

Summing up all the graces of this pure and beautiful life, her biographer exclaims:—"Let others admire the miracles many saints have wrought; much rather will I admire Queen Margaret's works of mercy. For signs and wonders may be wrought both by good and evil spirits, but deeds of piety and charity only by the good. Signs (*signa*) are sometimes indications of holiness; but good works are holiness itself. And more fitting is it that we should admire in Margaret the works which made her holy, than miracles which, if she had worked them, would simply have declared her sanctity to others."

Up to the epoch of his happy marriage, King Malcolm had given no thought to religious duties; but, despite his love of war, he was a man of noble nature, with an instinctive reverence for goodness and beauty, and his love for his saintly queen soon led him onward and upward to a loftier love. Tradition records that in the earlier days of their wedded life, Margaret was accustomed to quit the palace at frequent intervals, and retire to a neighbouring cave on the sea shore. Malcolm ob-

served these movements. Ignorant of their cause, he was troubled by jealous suspicions, and on one occasion followed her to her retreat, prepared to avenge his honour if he found her faithless. Looking in, however, he saw that she was upon her knees, absorbed in prayer; and ashamed of the wrong his thoughts had done her, he made what amends he could by ordering the cave to be fitted up for her use as an oratory. Traces of chiselling may still be seen on the rough freestone walls, and it is said, that down to a comparatively late period, the cave contained a stone table or altar, on which was carved a crucifix.

Living with such a woman, Malcolm could hardly fail to become in some things even as she was. As Turgot tells us, he was inspired by her influence and example to the practice of "righteousness, mercy, alms-giving, and all good works. He learned from her the habit of frequent devotion, so that he often passed the night-watches in fasting, and opening his heart to God. From her he learned to give with a generous hand. From her he learned to delight in the services of the Church. I have often," says Turgot, "wondered at the marvellous goodness of God, when I have seen such a glow of devotion in a king, and such religious penitence in one who mingled with the world." Husband and wife were bound together in a most delightful union of heart and mind and soul. What Margaret loved, the King loved; what was distasteful to Margaret was distasteful to him. Malcolm was unable to read; but he took a singular pleasure in handling and turning over his wife's missals and "Books of Hours." Any one which he thought to be a special favourite of hers, he would take up stealthily, and press it again and again to his lips. Or he would secretly carry it away, and cause his goldsmith to enrich it with gems and platines of gold before he returned it to her.

Though her bounteous hand never rested, he set no limit to her expenditure. She gave of his treasures freely, but always with his sanction and goodwill. Sometimes she would take away the gold pieces which he had put aside for his oblations at Mass, or on Maundy Thursday, and bestow them on her necessitous supplicants; and the King loved to seize her hand with the coins still in it, that he might playfully accuse her of the sweet thefts which, in his eyes, invested her with an additional charm. When she had given away all she possessed

of her own, she would borrow from her attendants—who had no scruple in lending, because they knew she would repay them double.

Never, perhaps, was a life more entirely devoted to good thoughts and good deeds than that of Queen Margaret of Scotland. Yet we must remember that it was to some extent marred by an unwisdom of zeal, which prompted her to indulge in ascetic practices, and thereby injured her health irreparably. It may be that her example of “mortifying the flesh” was necessary and profitable in an age and among a people which carried sensual pleasures to an excess. Fasting, or even temperance, was the virtue which the Northern nations, with their love of strong drink and high feeding, were the least disposed to cultivate; and it must have needed all the force of Margaret’s constant practice of it to have made it tolerable in the eyes of her subjects.

Margaret’s profound sympathy with the poor was, however, the salient feature of her character. The exquisite tenderness which she showed towards struggling poverty was, in her time, so exceptional as to provoke general wonder; though in ours it has come to be regarded as the natural offspring of the religious sentiment. She was never happier than when ministering to the poor, the sick, and the destitute. Her sympathy sometimes took a direction, it is true, which political economists nowadays would strongly condemn, or one which our social customs would prohibit, but none need doubt its simple force and reality. In her seasons of fasting—which, as I have hinted, were far too frequent and prolonged for her bodily well-being—she was wont, with her own hands, to supply her pensioners with food, and to wash their feet. The latter service she omitted on ordinary occasions; but no doubt it was useful as a lesson in cleanliness. Every morning, after her devotional exercises, she received nine orphan children in her chamber, and on her knees fed them with meat and drink specially prepared. Next, three hundred poor were assembled in the great hall, or *regia aula*, and arranged in rows; then, the doors being closed, Margaret, with her husband and a few attendants, went round to each with a mess of pottage and some words of kindly greeting, which perhaps were even more highly valued.

Thus she ministered to Christ in the persons of the children whom she loved and the poor whom she compassionated.

After attending matins she entertained another indigent company, twenty-four in number ; and then, for the first time that day, broke her fast, though so sparingly as never wholly to satisfy the natural appetite. No doubt in all this she was not free from error, since such ascetic self-sacrifice undermined her constitution, prematurely incapacitated her for the discharge of important duties, and untimeously cut short a valuable life. And yet, one can hardly regret it, when one thinks of the immense power for good which such an example of self-control and self-conquest, such an ideal life of saintly beauty must have exercised !

On Queen Margaret's ecclesiastical labours I do not intend to dwell. Church historians speak of them with warm praise ; go so far, indeed, as to speak of her reformation of the Scottish Church, of her cleansing it from its corruptions, and awakening it from its lethargy. In matters of ritual and usage she brought it into harmony with the Western Church ; and she contrived to enforce a more stringent and regular observance of the Lord's Day.

In the year 1093 the health of the Good Queen, which had for some time been declining, grew exceedingly feeble, and she became conscious that the end could not much longer be delayed. It does not seem that Malcolm knew this, or perhaps, in the fervour of his love, he refused to know it, and buoyed himself up with a fond but delusive hope. Early in the autumn she was called upon to part with her tried and faithful counsellor, Turgot, who, as Prior of Durham, was recalled to England to assist at the foundation of a new cathedral of St. Cuthbert. At their last interview she addressed him in pathetic words :—

“ Farewell,” she said, with many tears, “ farewell, I have not long to live, and you will doubtlessly survive me. Two things I would fain ask of you ; first, that you will not fail to remember my soul in your prayers ; second, that you will take affectionate charge of my children, teaching them before all things to love God and fear Him, and teaching them this continually. And when you shall see any one of them lifted up to the height of earthly greatness, do thou become his vigilant father and instructor. If need be, warn him ; if need be, reprove him ; lest through covetousness he sin against God, or worldly honours puff him up with pride, or in his great prosperity he forget the life ever-

lasting. These things, in the presence of Him who is our sole witness, do thou promise to perform."

Turgot willingly gave the required pledge and took his leave. The Queen's face he saw no more.

The touching incidents of her last days he records on the authority of the priest who succeeded him as her confessor and chaplain, and whose great piety and ingenuous disposition secured the Queen's full confidence. After her death he returned to Durham, where he never wearied of repeating his simple story.

At this time Malcolm was engaged in his last campaign.

"Malcolm was oure Kyng off were,
In England past wyth hys powere,
And wasted all Northumbyrland."—(*Wyntoun.*)

For six months Margaret had been unable to mount her horse, and retiring to the castle of Edinburgh—then known as the Maiden Castle—she waited patiently for news from her warrior-lord. On the day of his death (at Alnwick) a foreboding of disaster weighed upon her mind, and she said to her attendants: "Some evil is to-day befalling the kingdom of the Scots; such evil as has not happened for long." Four days afterwards, on the morning of the 16th of November, her malady having a little abated, she entered her oratory* to hear Mass, and to strengthen her soul for its passage through the Valley of the Shadow of Death by partaking of the Holy Sacrament. When the service was over her pains returned, and became so intense that she had to be carried to her bed.

In the throes of her bodily agony she exclaimed: "What can I do? Why do I linger here? Can I, O Lord, put off death and prolong life, that thus I dread the end? 'All flesh is as grass, and all the glory of man as the flower of grass. The grass withereth, and the flower thereof falleth away.'"

The pallor of death was on her face when she besought her confessor and the attendant priests to commend her soul to Jesus Christ. She requested them also to bring to her the Black Rood, which she held in special veneration—the famous cross of ebony, with the figure of the crucified Saviour on it, for the preservation of which King David afterwards founded the

* Generally identified with the small chapel on the Castle Rock, restored about twenty-five years ago.

Abbey of Holyrood. The casket containing the precious relic could not at first be opened. "O wretched sinner that I am," she exclaimed, "am I not worthy to look once more upon that sacred cross?" When it was brought she clasped it to her bosom, and pressed her cold lips upon it, and her trembling hands endeavoured to sign with it her face and eyes. The death chill crept over the whole body, but she continued to pray, and lifting the Rood so that her straining gaze could still discern it, murmured the 51st Psalm, "Miserere mei, Deus."

At this juncture her son Edgar entered and stood by her side. He had just returned from the defeat of the Scottish army, and gloom was on his brow and sorrow in his heart. Gathering up her failing energies, the dying Queen inquired, "How fares it with your father and brother?" Afraid to make known the fatal news, he replied in Scripture phrase, "It is well with them." Sighing deeply she exclaimed, "I know, my son, I know. By this holy cross—By the love you bear your mother—I command you tell me the truth." Thus adjured, he withheld nothing. His father and his brother Edward had perished in the lost battle; the Scottish army was routed, and in full flight. Raising her hands and eyes to Heaven, she cried: "I praise and thank Thee, Almighty God, that thou hast been pleased to lay on me this burden at the last, and through this suffering to purge me in some measure from the stains of my sin." Shortly afterwards she began the prayer which the priest used to recite after the reception of the consecrated elements: "O Lord Jesus Christ, who, by the will of the Father, and through the Holy Spirit, by Thy death hast given life unto the world, deliver me!" These were her last words. As they fell from her lips she passed away.

Even whilst she lay dying, Donald Bane, a brother of Malcolm, with a wild host of fighting men from the Hebrides, laid siege to the Maiden Castle, and claimed the crown of Scotland. So the monks and the royal attendants secretly conveyed the dead queen from "the blessed Margaret's chamber," as it was ever after called, and through the west postern, down the abrupt rocky descent. Under the cover of a thick mist, which Fordun describes as "miraculously sent to protect them from the gaze of all their enemies," the long train of mourners traversed the open fields between Edinburgh and the sea, and

safely crossing the hazy frith, interred the Queen's remains in front of the high altar in her Church of the Holy Trinity at Dunfermline. There, too, was soon afterwards laid the body of her royal husband. In 1246, after the usual formalities, Margaret was canonised by Pope Innocent IV., and it was then determined to remove her remains from their resting place in what is now the nave to a position of greater honour in the new and splendid choir. This translation was effected on the 19th June, 1250, when in the presence of King Alexander III. and a large company of prelates, priests, and nobles, the relics of the sainted Queen were exhumed, carefully enclosed in a shrine of deal, ornamented with gold and silver and precious stones, and by the hands of princes and earls borne slowly and solemnly towards the sanctuary.

But when the procession had reached the chancel-arch (so runs the story) the shrine suddenly became so heavy, that its supporters could scarcely keep their feet. To their excited fancy it seemed that the Queen's body refused its new place of sepulture unless it was shared with the remains of her husband. At the suggestion of a bystander, the tomb was opened, the King's bones were placed in a similar casket to that of the Queen, and then both shrines were carried without difficulty into the choir, and reverently laid in a stately tomb at the eastern end.

The tomb is still extant, though now exposed to the dews of heaven; and you may see the sockets of the silver lamps that for centuries were kept burning night and day. But it has long been empty. At the Reformation the head of St. Margaret was removed to Edinburgh Castle by desire of Queen Mary, after whose flight to England it found several custodians in succession, and eventually disappeared. The rest of the Queen's remains and those of Malcolm were placed by Philip of Spain in the church of St. Lawrence at the Escorial. But "oblivion wraps them about," and to identify them now would be impossible.

ST. ELIZABETH, QUEEN OF HUNGARY.

OF religious enthusiasm mediæval history presents, I think, no more notable or touching example than St. Elizabeth of Hungary. From our modern point of view she may seem, perhaps, to have erred sometimes on the side of excess; to have been mistaken, or to have expended it in unprofitable directions; but as to the beauty and sacredness of it there can be no question. It was absolutely free from selfishness, meanness, or worldliness in its objects as in its origin. It was of that firm and lofty character of which humanity seems never to have been capable until it was touched to "fine issues" by the inspiration of the Gospel of Christ.

Elizabeth was the daughter of Andreas II., King of Hungary, and his wife Gertrude. She was born in 1207. When she was four years old, an embassy arrived at her father's court from Hermann, Landgrave of Thuringia and Count Palatine of Saxony, a powerful prince, whose sway extended from the Lahn to the Elbe, demanding her in marriage for his son Lewis. It is said that in seeking this alliance Hermann was guided by a prediction of Klingsohr, the famous minstrel and magician. After brief consideration, King Andreas accepted the proposal, and the lovely child, arrayed in a silken robe which shone with gold and silver embroidery, and seated in a kind of cradle made of solid gold, was brought into the audience-chamber and presented to the Thuringian nobles. "I confide her to your knightly honour," said the king to the Lord of Varila, who was chief among them. Three days were spent in feasts and tournaments and merry-making, after the fashion of the time; and then the envoys returned home, carrying with them the child-



ST. ELIZABETH, QUEEN OF HUNGARY.



princess, who was immediately betrothed to Count Lewis, then a boy of eleven, and the two were brought up together, learning to love each other with a very sweet and true affection, and calling one another by the gentle names of brother and sister.

Even in her early years Elizabeth evinced a profound attachment to religious exercises, and an earnest desire, unusual in one so young, to attain to the spiritual life. Her whole soul and mind seemed centred in contemplation of the eternal hereafter ; and if she lived at all in this present world it seemed to be that she might practise a boundless charity. An ample yearly income was provided for her maintenance by her father ; so much of it as belonged to her private purse she gave to the poor. And when she had no more to give she lingered about the kitchen and pantry of the palace—much to the annoyance of the officers of the household—to collect the fragments of broken meat for the relief of the hungry and destitute. The springs of benevolence never ran dry in Elizabeth's bosom.

She was in her ninth year when the Landgrave Hermann died, and her betrothed succeeded to the prematurely-vacant throne. He was, however, still too young to take up the reins of power ; and Elizabeth was exposed to the harsh treatment of Sophia, the Landgrave's widow, and her daughter Agnes—both of whom detested the little Hungarian princess, whose example was a constant reproach to their worldliness, and whose humility, modest reserve, and sympathy with the poor were virtues which excited the ridicule rather than the admiration of the Thuringian courtiers. Even in our own day one may observe that they are not at all fashionable virtues—as, indeed, how should they be ? Once, on the festival of the Assumption, the Princess Sophia summoned Agnes and Elizabeth to accompany her to the church of Our Lady at Eisenach, “ to hear the fine Mass of the Teutonic Knights,” and she bade them wear their royal mantles and coronets of gold. On entering the church, the young princesses fell on their knees. A large crucifix stood before them, and as soon as she saw it Elizabeth took off her crown and prostrated herself bareheaded. The Princess Sophia reproved her sharply, and asked if she found the crown too heavy. “ Be not angry with me, my dear lady,” meekly replied Elizabeth ; “ there, before my eyes, is my God and King, the mild and merciful Jesus, crowned with thorns. Shall I, who am only a vile creature, remain in His presence crowned with

gold and precious stones, and by my crown seem to make a mock of His ?” And she wept, and again bowed herself to the ground, and the Princesses Agnes and Sophia were constrained to follow her example.

The beauty of her daily life so angered these haughty ladies that they came to hate her more and more bitterly, and strove their utmost to prejudice the young Landgrave against his betrothed. Had Lewis been of the ordinary temper of young manhood, they might have succeeded ; but his grave and serious nature was attracted by the very qualities which his mother and sister despised and disliked, and there was in him so much of the higher spirit of chivalry that he loved her all the more deeply because she was treated with injustice. He steadfastly refused to recede from his plighted faith. In private he consoled and sustained her by his sympathetic tenderness ; and every time that he returned from his foreign travels, he brought with him some new token of his affection—some little gift which proved that her image had been his constant companion. On one occasion, indeed, when he had been travelling with some stranger knights, the usual gift was not forthcoming, and Elizabeth grieved deeply at what she feared might be an omen of waning love. She confided her fear to her old friend, the Lord of Varila, who, when out hunting with the prince, took advantage of their halting for a few minutes’ rest among the green shadows of the pine-forest, to say to him : “ My lord, may it please you to answer a question I would fain address to your Highness ? ”

“ Speak freely,” replied the Prince, who was never accustomed to take refuge behind the formalities of etiquette.

“ Do you seriously propose to wed the Lady Elizabeth, whom I brought here to you, or will you send her back to her father ? ”

Lewis sprang to his feet, and, pointing to the great Ingelberg peak which, in the distance, outlined its huge bulk against the blue of heaven, exclaimed in impassioned tones :—“ Seest thou yonder mountain ? Were it of pure gold from base to summit, and were the whole mass of it to be mine on condition that I renounced my Elizabeth, I would refuse to do so. Let men revile and calumniate her as they will, this I say—I love her, and her alone. She shall become my wife and the joy of my bosom ; she is dearer to me, with her sweet virtues

and surpassing graces, than all the lands and riches of this world."

The Lord of Varila obtained the Prince's permission to repeat these reassuring words to the Lady Elizabeth; and Lewis sent to her, as a token of his fidelity, a tiny mirror encased in silver, beneath the glass of which lay an image of the crucified Saviour. No gift could have been more acceptable than this, which reminded her at once of her earthly and her heavenly love—the former so exquisitely pure and true as in no way to profane or dishonour the latter.

In 1218 Lewis received the golden spurs and belt of knighthood, and in 1220 he was married to Elizabeth. This consummation of his earthly happiness he celebrated by the most splendid festivities, including a three days' tournament, open to all the chivalry of Europe. They were a young couple—the bridegroom only twenty, the bride only thirteen; but in those days of storm and stress men and women—at least, in the higher ranks—matured early, and both Lewis and his bride had gained a knowledge of life and its duties which could not be measured by months and years. They were a handsome couple: Lewis was tall and well-knit, with a gracious countenance, long fair hair, calm earnest eyes, and a general air of dignity and chivalrous manhood. Elizabeth, too, was tall—with a very graceful and noble figure, and a face which to look at was to love—so sweet, so true and tender was its expression. Though she was a child of the North, her beauty was of the Southern type—dark hair and eyes, and an olive complexion, which, at the slightest emotion, the warm blood tinted with a delicate rosy flush.

I can give no higher praise to Lewis than to say that he was worthy of his bride. His life had been absolutely unstained by passion. He had taken as his motto the three eloquent words "Charity, Justice, Piety," and these formed the standard—the inspiration—the guiding and controlling power of all his thoughts and actions. All that chivalry meant in its loftiest and finest sense was he; a very perfect, gentle knight; almost a realisation in human flesh and blood of the ideal King Arthur; faithful to his God, devoted to his love, just towards his people. In devout exercises, in the services of the Church, in charity to the sick and destitute, in conversation with scholars and learned priests, he greatly delighted. But with all this he had a man's

manliness, and could hold his own in the tourney or any other chivalrous pastime; while it is told of him that unarmed, and by the mere force of his stern gaze and undaunted mien, he subdued the wrath of an escaped lion, and compelled it to crouch at his feet like a dog. Brave soldier and accomplished knight, he was nevertheless as modest as a virgin; and no lewd word ever passed his lips, nor was he ever betrayed, though his courtiers sometimes tempted him, into licentious indulgence. As a ruler he was magnanimous, generous, and just. Thuringia prospered under a sway which was firm without being rigid, and mild without being feeble; and for long after his death the common people visited his tomb as if it had been a shrine, and canonised him in their affections as "Lewis the Saint."

The story told of the wedded life of Lewis and Elizabeth reads like an idyll. They were never happy except when they were together; they rode together, they studied together; contrary to the mediæval etiquette, they sat by one another at table. Elizabeth always accompanied her husband on his less distant journeys, shrinking neither from summer heat nor winter cold, from deluges of rain nor drifts of snow. In his absence she assumed a widow's habiliments and lived in complete seclusion, emerging, on his return, to greet him with all the freshness of a young bride's embrace. Lewis's fidelity, I have said, responded to this passionate devotion. On one occasion he was subjected to an experiment on his continence like that which Scipio happily surmounted, a beautiful young girl having introduced herself into his apartment. Whereupon the young Landgrave sent for the Lord of Varila:—"Take away this woman quietly, and give her a mark of silver to buy herself a new cloak, so that poverty shall no longer lead her into sin. My lord, were not unchastity a sin against God and a scandal among men, yet would I hold myself free from it, if only for the love of my dear wife, and to save her from anxiety and shame." When the Lord of Varila repeated these words to the Princess in the Landgrave's presence she threw herself at her husband's feet, exclaiming—"Who am I to be blessed with so noble a husband? Lord, help us both to keep the sanctity of wedded life, that throughout eternity we may together dwell near Thee."

There was, of course, some exaggeration in all this. A husband hardly merits such rhapsodies simply because he is

faithful to his marriage-vow. But mediæval manners and passions must not be judged too strictly from a modern standpoint; and in the Landgrave's time such acts of self-control as his were rare enough among men of his rank, whose notorious infidelities called forth no public rebuke, not even from the authorities of the Church.

Like St. Margaret of Scotland, Elizabeth was filled with a boundless pity for the poor, and though her husband set no restriction upon her benevolence, she was always in want of money. Several times, when the Landgrave's Court was visited by foreign princes and ambassadors, Elizabeth remained secluded in her apartments, because she had distributed all her rich dresses among the needy. One day as she rode down from her castle of Wartburg to the town, royally attended, with a diadem on her head—why she went forth in such state, her biographer omits to tell us—she was hemmed in by pale-faced mendicants, to whom she gave all the money her purse contained. Yet another poor man came up and asked for help. Having no more gold or silver coins to dispose of, she took off her richly embroidered and jewelled glove, and gave it to him. A young knight, who had observed the action, tarried behind, and purchasing the precious glove from the beggar, fastened it in his helmet. Thenceforward, whether in battle or the tilt, he was always successful. He assumed the cross, and went to fight the Paynim in the Holy Land; passed through the war uninjured, and returned home covered with glory, entirely, as he believed and asserted, through the potent influence of the relic of the saintly Princess, which he wore with pride, and preserved with religious care.

Constant in well-doing, Elizabeth moved among the poor like an earthly Providence, discharging their debts, where not due to vice or folly, ministering to pallid-faced mothers, clothing new-born babes, comforting the dying with words of good cheer and Scriptural encouragement, following to the grave the pauper's unattended funeral. She fed the hungry, she healed the sick, she spun wool for their clothing; she built houses for their accommodation. She had taken into her warm heart an exalted ideal of the humility practised and preached by her Saviour. Putting on the torn veil and grey cloak of a woman of the lower classes, she would say to her ladies, "Even thus should I go to and fro, if I were a poor friendless mendicant."

Once, when about to start with her husband on a long journey, she could find nothing to eat except a crust of brown bread, which had to be steeped in hot water before it could be made edible. One night when both she and her husband were wakeful, she said to him: "Sweet sir, if it will not weary you, let me tell you the manner of living by which we might best serve God." "Speak, dear love, and let me know what is in your mind." "I should wish," said Elizabeth, "that we had just enough land to support you and me, and to pasture about two hundred sheep. Then you would plough the ground and lead the horses, and do all for the love of God, while I would tend the sheep and shear them." "Gentle sister," rejoined the Landgrave, "if we had so much land and so many sheep, we should not be very poor. Many, indeed, would certainly think us rich." He might have added that it would be better for her and wiser to be content with the station in which God had placed her—a station with opportunities for well-doing such as no humble lot would ever supply. Elizabeth's desire for a life of poverty sprang from noble and beautiful feelings, but was not the less a mistake.

The enthusiasm of charity which possessed this sweet innocent woman's tender heart was almost beyond belief. Leprosy was the curse of society in the Middle Ages; a disease as common as it was frightful, it necessitated the exclusion of its victims from intercourse with their fellow men, and was aggravated by "social disabilities which seem to have originated in the religious view of it as typical of sin." The leper was like one dead; he was shunned by all his neighbours; his own kith and kin held themselves aloof. But, following in the footsteps of St. Francis of Assisi, the young Landgravine went boldly into the lazars, and conversed with their unfortunate inmates, brightening their wretched lives with the welcome ray of human sympathy, and rendering such practical help as was in her power. We are told—but alas, we must reject the story as an invention!—that she once washed a poor leprous child, named Elias, whom she found treated as a pariah, with her own hands, and then placed him in her own bed, during her husband's absence. The Landgrave on his return, could not conquer his repugnance to the disease, and was almost tempted for the first time to reproach his wife: but on his going up to the bed, "the eyes of his soul were opened," and instead of the leprous child, he saw

the child Jesus instead. The legend—for such of course it is—has a fine moral, illustrating the Saviour's saying that whosoever doth a good deed in Christ's name doth it to Christ Himself. What seems certain is, that the Landgrave permitted his wife to build a lazaret house or house for lepers on the slope of the hill which is crowned by the castle of Wartburg. It accommodated twenty-six patients, who were daily visited by the Landgravine—the Lady of Mercy, as she might have been called—the Thuringian Santa Filomena, “a noble type of good heroic womanhood.”

“Lo! in that House of Misery
A lady with a lamp I see,
Pass through the glimmering gloom,
And flit from room to room.

“And slow, as in a dream of bliss,
The speechless sufferer turns to kiss
Her shadow as it falls
Upon the darkening walls.”

Similar errands of charity frequently took Elizabeth from the castle to the town; and to avoid the gaze of the curious, she generally followed a secluded and difficult path, still known as “the breakneck.” Once upon a time, says a popular legend, as she was descending by this route, with a store of bread and meat and eggs wrapped up in the folds of her mantle, she was met by her husband, who, sportively laying hold of her cloak to see what it contained, found it fragrant with red and white roses.

In the year 1226, when the Landgrave was attending the Imperial Diet, Thuringia was afflicted by one of those terrible famines which were then so frequent in Europe, owing to the ravages of war and imperfect and irregular tillage. The poor, as is always the case, were the chief sufferers, being compelled to feed upon roots and berries, and the carcasses of horses, upon rats and mice and dogs, upon scraps of leather, and yet lining the highways with their dead bodies. Oh, how the heart of Elizabeth ached at the sight of so much agony! Though opposed by the officers of state, she insisted upon distributing all the money in the Landgrave's treasury, and all the corn in his granaries, while she caused as much bread to be baked daily as

the ovens of the castle would hold, and gave the loaves to every comer. She founded at Eisenach a couple of hospitals for the sick, which she took under her thoughtful charge. She visited the poor in their squalid homes, and saw that the children were provided for. She sold all her plate and jewels and ornaments to raise funds to meet the overwhelming distress. And when the harvest-time came round, she equipped the labourers with new scythes, and shirts and shoes, and sent them out into the fields to gather up God's blessings. On the return of the Landgrave, his officers went forth to meet him, to deprecate his anger, and enlarge on the princess's boundless charity, so contrary, you know, to the principles of political economy. "Tush, tush," said the prince, "is my wife well, is she well? What more do I want to know?" And when assured of her health, he continued, "Let my dear little Elizabeth give away what and as much as she will; help her, and never attempt to hinder her. So long as she leaves us Eisenach, Wartburg, and Naumburg, I care not. God will restore me the rest in His own time. Alms will never ruin us!" You may imagine the joy of that meeting, when husband and wife, who had been parted for a much longer period than usual, embraced each other with the passionate fulness of a true pure love. "Dear sister," said the Landgrave, when the first greetings were over, "how have thy poor people fared during this year of misfortune?" "I gave back to God," she said, softly, "what belonged to Him, and He preserved for us what was thine and mine."

Seven years of happy wedded life had Elizabeth enjoyed—seven years of such happiness as is seldom vouchsafed to poor humanity. She was surrounded by an atmosphere of love and honour; by the devoted care of her husband, by the smiles of her three children, by the blessings of the poor, by the reverence of all good men. It must needs be that the shadow should creep across this broad tract of golden sunshine, for such is the law of life and the fashion of this world. In 1227 the warriors of Christendom were once more summoned to a crusade against the Moslem—the Emperor Frederick undertaking an enterprise for the deliverance of the Holy Sepulchre from the grasp of infidels. Among others, Lewis, Landgrave of Thuringia, responded to the imperial call—partly, perhaps, as a thanks-

giving to God for his wonderful felicity. He hesitated, however, to make known his resolution to his wife, who was then pregnant with her fourth child; and instead of wearing the cross openly on his person, he carried it in a pouch suspended from his girdle. One evening, when they were sitting side by side, Elizabeth playfully seized the pouch, and discovering the significant token, fell into a swoon. On her regaining consciousness, her husband endeavoured to console her; and with a great effort she rallied herself, conquered her emotions, and in sweet tones of resignation exclaimed:—"If you have made a vow to God, it must be kept; go, my husband, and my prayers shall accompany you."

The time for his departure soon arrived, and he warmly recommended his wife to the watchful affection of his mother, brothers, and high officers. "I know," said the grand senechal, "that the Lady Elizabeth will give away everything she can find, and plunge us into misery."

"That does not trouble me," replied Lewis, "for God will know how to replace what my wife gives away."

She accompanied her husband to the frontier of his territories—then a day's journey beyond—and then another; and still she was loth to leave him, until the Lord of Varila interposed, and showed that it would be imprudent for her to travel any farther. So, tearful and silent, and with prayer in her heart, she returned to Wartburg, and immediately put on widow's weeds. The omen was fulfilled; Lewis died before he reached the Holy Land;* but his death was not made known to Elizabeth until after the birth of her child. Then one day, as she sat in her apartment, thinking of the absent one, her mother-in-law Sophia, attended by several ladies, entered.

"Take courage, my beloved daughter," said Sophia, "and be not overcome by what has befallen your husband, my son, through the will of God, to Whom, as you know, he had wholly surrendered himself."

"What! has he been taken prisoner? But oh, with the Divine help, and the help of our friends, he shall be ransomed. My father, I know, will assist us, and I shall soon be comforted."

"Oh, my dear daughter, be patient—be patient, and take this ring which he has sent to you. Alas, alas, he is dead!"

* He died at Brindisi; and the Emperor Frederick's calumniators affirmed that he had brought about the Landgrave's death.

“Madame,” cried Elizabeth, with a terrible sob and gasp, “what do I hear?”

“Alas, he is dead!” repeated the Princess.

Elizabeth turned suddenly white; then the blood rushed back and flushed all her face and neck; her hands fell listlessly on her knees; and, through fast-falling tears, she exclaimed:—“Dead! dead! Oh Lord, my God! Lord, my God! Henceforth the whole world is dead to me—the world and all its pleasures!” And, rising to her feet, she ran, as if seized with a fit of delirium, through the halls and galleries, sobbing out, “He is dead—he is dead—dead—dead!” until, exhausted, she fell against a wall, and wept as if her tears would never cease. When they attempted to console her, she answered only in broken speeches, full of despair. “Do you not see that I have lost everything? Oh, my beloved brother—the partner of my heart—my good and pious husband, thou art dead, and hast left me in misery! How shall I live without thee? Ah, poor lonely widow and wretched woman that I am! May He who forsakes not the widow and the orphan sustain me! My God, my God, support me! Oh, my Jesus, strengthen me in my weakness!” But Elizabeth was too devout and tender a soul not to submit herself to the will of God when the first natural outburst of passionate love and grief and despair was exhausted. She dried her tears and repressed her sobs; and while cherishing in her heart of hearts the memory of her exquisite wedded happiness, and dwelling on the virtues and fine qualities of her dead husband, sought in devout and charitable service, and in the charge of her children, some measure of consolation.

Her husband had bequeathed her to the love and care of his brothers. Unhappily, the trust was not fulfilled. The elder, Henry Raspe (or “the rough”), seized on her son’s inheritance, and she and her children were immediately expelled from Wartburg. He issued the most stringent orders that none should give them shelter; and for a time they were exposed to the severest privations. But their condition at length became known to Elizabeth’s own relations, who interfered to provide her and her children with a home. After residing for awhile with one of her aunts, abbess of the convent of Kitzingen, she received at the hands of her uncle, Egbert, Bishop of Bamberg, the castle of Bettenstein, and settled down there tranquilly to the life of good works which constituted her sole happiness. She

was but one-and-twenty, and her beauty was still in its spring-tide freshness ; so that it was not unnatural her kinsmen should think of another husband for her, and the Emperor Frederick II. was accordingly anxious to stand in this relation. But she could not be won from her spiritual allegiance to her beloved Lewis, even by the temptation of an imperial throne, and to prevent importunity she went on a pilgrimage to the monastery of Andechs, and on the altar of its church laid her wedding robe as a sign that she had put off all thought of conjugal ties.

During her stay at Bottenstein, the procession bearing the remains of her late husband passed by Bamberg on its way to Reinhartsbrunn. The coffin was opened at her earnest request, and she pressed her lips on the clay-cold brow. Then, with eyes uplifted to Heaven, she exclaimed, " I give Thee thanks, O God, that Thou hast deigned to hear the prayer of Thy handmaiden, and granted my ardent desire to behold once more the face of my beloved, whom Thou, too, O God, didst love. I give Thee thanks for bestowing this mercy on my afflicted soul. He had offered himself, and I had offered him, to Thee, for the defence of Thy Holy Land. Nor even now do I regret it, though I loved him with all the strength of my soul. Yes, Lord, Thou knowest how I loved him who loved Thee so much. Thou knowest that his beloved presence I would have preferred to all this world could offer of pleasure. That I would have been happy to have lived with him, and for the joy of living with him, if Thou hadst permitted it, would have begged with him from door to door through the whole world. But now I surrender him, and submit myself to Thy will ; and I would not, if I could, buy back his life with one hair of my head, unless it were Thy will, O Lord ! "

Partly through the influence of the Lord of Varila and other influential nobles who, after the death of Lewis, returned to Thuringia, and partly, perhaps, through some stirring of conscience, Henry Raspe was reconciled to his afflicted sister-in-law, and while he retained the government of Thuringia during the minority of her son Hermann, he fully acknowledged the young Landgrave's future rights. At the same time he assigned to Elizabeth, to enable her properly to maintain her position, the town of Marburg and its revenues.

Elizabeth then took up her residence at Marburg, but th

revenues she treated as the property of the poor. She lived in a small and humble-looking house, and earned her livelihood by spinning wool, while her bounty secured the happiness of thousands. On one occasion she gathered together a numerous company of the destitute, and went among them, and with an open hand distributed alms. Their hearts overflowed with gladness, like a lark's on a summer morning, and they began to sing. Then said Elizabeth, as she caught their strain of rejoicing, "Did I not tell you that we ought to render man as happy as we can?"

Unfortunately Elizabeth, who was naturally of a gentle and submissive temper, here fell under the influence of a priest named Conrad of Marburg, whom some describe as a Dominican, others as a Franciscan, while others say he was no monk at all. He was a man of "a coarse and uncultivated mind," but with much force of character, and having extorted from Elizabeth a vow of obedience, inflicted upon her a cruelly severe discipline. He persuaded her, in the name of religion, to renounce her children and relations, and withdraw into the hospital she had founded at Marburg, where he compelled her to devote herself to the most rigid ascetic exercises, and to minister to all the loathsome forms of disease. To strengthen his sway over her he forbade her the society of all whom she had known or loved—her former servants, even her old nurse; and, greatest tyranny of all, restricted her in the pleasure of almsgiving. He bade her give to no petitioner more than one farthing at a time. With gentle craft she endeavoured to evade this limitation by coining farthings of silver; and when her pensioners sighed over the smallness of the donation, she said, "I am forbidden to give you more than one farthing at a time, but I am not forbidden to give to you every time you come"—a hint on which they did not fail to act. He would allow her no companions but some "austere" women, who treated her harshly, and invented reports against her; whereupon he actually struck her, and gave her blows on the face, "which, however, she had wished and longed to bear, in remembrance of the Lord's buffetings." It is sad to think of this sweet, saintly woman, impelled by her narrow view of religious duty to submit to such degrading and intolerable tyranny—a tyranny which made her false to the best and purest instincts of her nature. But she could not struggle against the yoke,

however hardly it pressed upon her. She was one of those tender spirits who submit and suffer and make no sign. To assert her own individuality never occurred to her, or, if it had occurred to her, the thought would have been dismissed as a sin. The feeble frame, however, rebelled, though the mind would not or could not; and the princess died of fever, on the 19th of November, 1231, having only just completed her twenty-fourth year.

She died, as some say, in the odour of sanctity; so that, anticipating the action of the Church, pilgrims, immediately after her funeral, began to flock to her tomb, to make offerings, and to experience, through the agency of a lively faith, the healing influence of her sacred remains. She was canonized in 1235 by Pope Gregory IX. The translation of her relics to a statelier tomb drew, it is said, many thousands of spectators; and the Emperor Frederick II., whom, as we have seen, she had refused to marry, placed on the saintly head a crown of gold, saying, "Since I could not crown thee living as my empress, I will at least crown thee to-day as an immortal queen in the kingdom of heaven."

Against the dark background of mediæval history the narrative of this sweet woman's nobly beautiful life shines, as I have said, like the glow of a rainbow against the clouds of a tempest. In all the long procession of characters which that history unfolds I see no brighter, lovelier, or tenderer figure. The exquisite purity and chaste ardour of her wedded love, the intense spirituality of her devotion, the depth and breadth and height of her inexhaustible charity, the radiant cheerfulness of her gentle nature—these produce on the mind an impression which, far from being anxious to dissipate, we are most eager to preserve, because it appeals to our inmost feelings and to those thoughts that lie too deep for tears.

ST. CATHERINE OF SIENA,

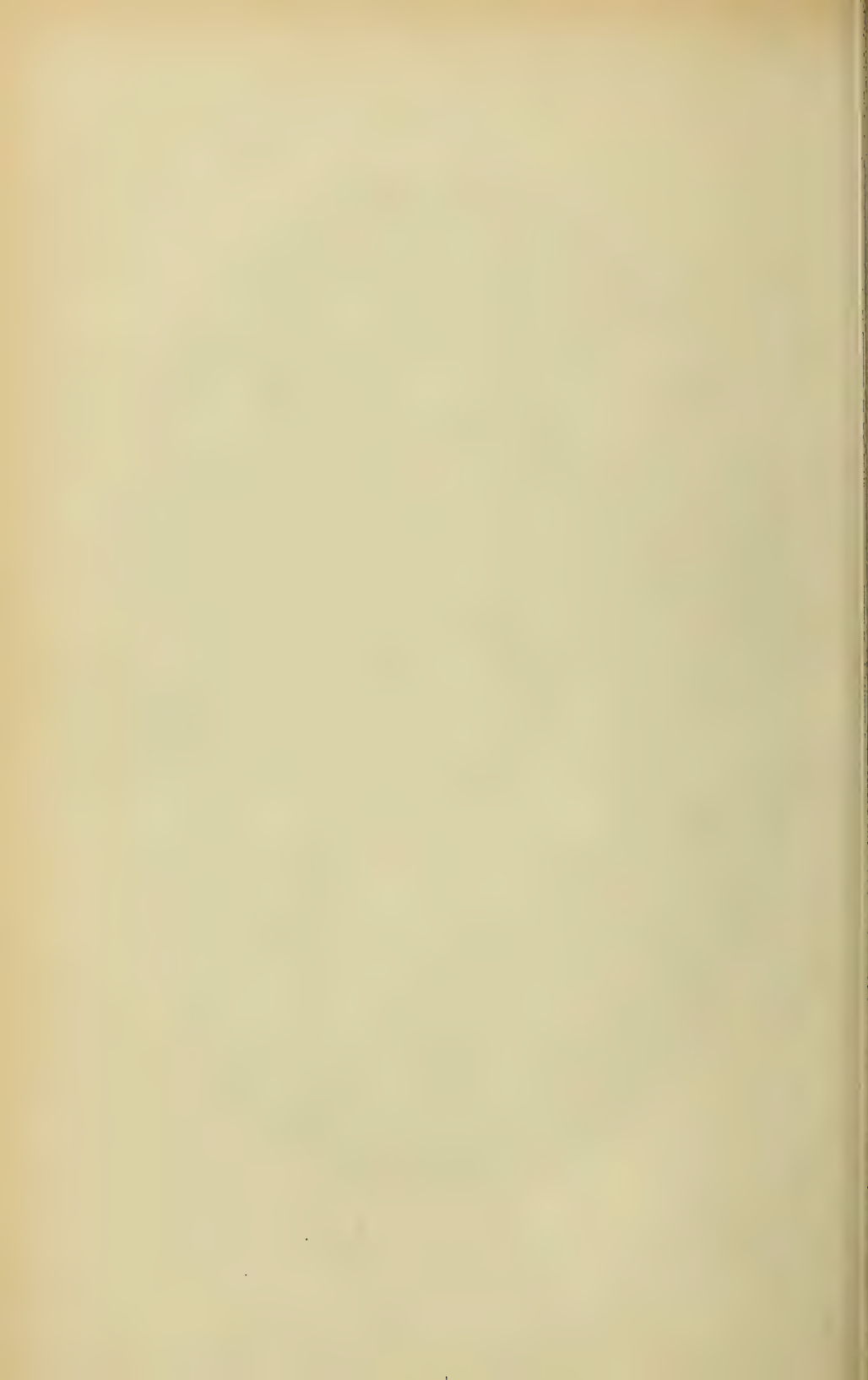
(*La Beata Popolana*).

IN the rich and radiant folds of the Tuscan plain, with the pine forests of the Apennines to the east, and the shining waters of the Mediterranean to the west, is situated the ancient city of Siena, which, in the fourteenth century, was the seat of a republic as proud and almost as powerful as that of Florence, but now presents few evidences of its former prosperity. Its grey walls and old towers cluster on the summit of a hill, whence diverge, in different directions, several beautifully-wooded valleys; while on a lower eminence to the west rises the stately fabric of the church of St. Dominic. The low ground between these two hills, known as the Contrada d'Oca, was occupied of old by the poorer classes of the Sienese population; and there, to this day, the traveller may see the house in which the most famous of the daughters of Siena, Catherine Bonincasa, first saw the light. There, too, stands the chapel erected to her memory, with the legend in golden characters over its door of "*Sposæ Christi Katharinæ Domus.*" The locality is pleasant enough; for the hill-sides are thickly covered with the foliage of the olive-gardens, and a streamlet ripples across the plain.

"Catherine of Siena," says her biographer Raymond, "was to the fourteenth century what St. Bernard was to the twelfth; that is, the light and support of the Church. At the moment when the bark of St. Peter was most violently buffeted by the tempest, God gave it for pilot a poor young girl, who had concealed herself in the little shop of a dyer. Catherine travelled to France to lead the Pontiff, Gregory IX., away from the delights of his native land; she brought back the popes to



ST. CATHERINE OF SIENA.



Rome, the real centre of [Latin] Christianity. She addressed herself to cardinals, princes, and kings. Her enthusiasm, kindling at the sight of the disorders which prevailed in the Church, led her to exert her energies in order to extirpate them. She negotiated between the nations and the Holy See. She brought back to God a multitude of souls, and infused, by the force of her teaching and example, a new vigour into those great religious orders which were the life and pulse of the Church."

The story of the career of this noble woman may be told as follows:—

To Giacomo Bonincasa, of Siena, surnamed *Il Fallone*, or "The Dyer," was born by his wife Lapa no fewer than five-and-twenty children. Of these Catherine was the survivor of twins, born in 1347. Her twin-sister, Jane, lived only a few days; Catherine, as we shall see, lived long enough to do good service to Christ and His Church, though her years scarcely measured out one half the Psalmist's span.

Of Catherine's father, a man of reputable life and character, his wife was accustomed to say that he never gave way to anger, but was always mild in his speech and moderate in his manner. If he saw any member of his family irritated or excited, he would soothe them with gentle words. "Now, do nothing and say nothing unjust or unkind, and God will give you His blessing." On one occasion he was much injured by a fellow-citizen, who had robbed him of money, and by falsehood and calumny had endeavoured to blacken his reputation and ruin his business. But he would not allow his enemy to be harshly spoken of, and when his wife would express her natural indignation against her husband's detractor, he would say, "Let him alone, dear wife, and God will bless you. God will show him his error, and be our defence." His confidence was fully justified; before long the slanderer publicly repented of his wrong-doing.

What better education could a child undergo than that afforded by the example of such a father? In his peaceful, well-ordered home, Catherine developed beautiful qualities of mind and heart, which Bonincasa did not fail to recognise and foster. She grew up a child so gracious that her neighbours took continual notice of her, and so delighted in her happy

ways and bright innocent talk and loving temper, that they called her *Euphrosyne*, meaning joy or satisfaction. It was pleasant enough simply to watch the expression of her face, the smile that so frequently lighted it up including both eyes and lips in its warm glow. Catherine's sympathy was all-embracing. She had a great love for birds and beasts and flowers, as well as for her human fellow-creatures. This sympathy, so profound and wide, we meet with in all enthusiastic natures. It kindled her imagination, so that even in her early youth she began to see visions. Close beside St. Dominic's Church, of which I have already spoken, stood a little chapel, and thither the child frequently repaired, and spent long hours in some mysterious inarticulate communion with her Lord. One evening, when she was in her sixth or seventh year, she was sent, along with her little brother Stephen, on an errand to the house of an elder sister. The sun was sinking as they returned home, and the sensitive fanciful girl, in the richly coloured clouds, the luminous golds and purples and amethysts, which hovered above the gable of St. Dominic's Church, saw (as she supposed) a vision—Oh that such visions could be realised!—a vision of Christ in His most glorious apparel, clothed with majesty and power. As she gazed, He looked tenderly upon her, and stretched forth His right hand in the act of benediction. While she stood, absorbed in ecstasy, her heart throbbing with unaccustomed emotions, her little brother continued the descent of the hill, in the belief that she was close behind him; but, at the foot, turning round to address her, he found that she was still lingering on the summit, in silent contemplation of the marvellous changes of the sunset. He called her: she made no reply. Running back, he took her by the hand, and said, "Come, Catherine, come; why are you waiting here?" Starting from her happy reverie, she exclaimed, with a catch of the breath, "Oh, Stephen, could you but have seen what I have seen, you would never have disturbed me!" But the vision vanished, as it always does, when we are rudely recalled to every-day life; and, weeping, she turned her steps homeward.

Among the spiritual influences which operated upon her imagination in her early years were the lives of the saints; and fascinated by the stories of their piety, and of their withdrawal to savage and remote wildernesses in order to escape the

temptations of the world, she conceived the idea, before she was eight years old, of going on a pilgrimage into the Desert. At first this was represented by some secluded corner near home, where she mused and dreamed away the hours in solitude—not a wise or healthful thing to do, of course, but we must remember her peculiar temperament and the conditions affecting it—until too frequent intrusions provoked her to venture farther away. One morning, therefore, she started forth to reach the Desert, carrying with her a loaf of bread, though convinced in her own mind that, like the prophet Elijah, she would be fed by ravens. Leaving the city behind her, she made her way towards a distant range of hills, which, as they were sparsely sprinkled with houses, she felt convinced must lie on the borders of the Desert. And happening upon a cave, which was partially screened by brambles and ivy, she rested there, and began to pray and to meditate until evening; when God suddenly revealed to her that He designed her for another mode of life, and forbade her to leave her father's house.

We read of her next as gathering round her a congregation of children of her own age, and preaching to them extemporaneously in (it is said) eloquent and forcible language. Then came up the question of marriage; for girls in Italy, at twelve years old, were taught to think of wedlock, and were frequently betrothed or even wedded: but Catherine had already resolved upon celibacy, and proposed to take a vow of perpetual virginity that she might devote herself the more fully and freely to the service of Christ. She was mistaken in supposing that the wife and mother does not as surely serve God in God's own way as the unmarried virgin; but in Catherine's times, and for the work Catherine had to do, she was right, no doubt, in resolving to live a single life. The parents, however, who had no means of anticipating her mission, were not unnaturally indignant at her refusal of a most eligible suitor; and endeavoured to subject her resolution to theirs by a severe discipline. Now it happened that in one of her reveries Catherine, who felt the touch of the spirit-world as keenly as Jeanne Darc, saw the figure of St. Dominic, and heard him say, as he smiled upon her, "Be of good cheer, my child. Fear no let or hindrance, for the day cometh when thou shalt be clothed with the mantle thou so eagerly covetest."

Encouraged by her dream, she assembled the family, and earnestly addressed her parents :—"For a long time you have decided that I should marry, but my conduct has shown you that I do not accept the decision. I have refrained, however, from explaining myself, out of the reverence I feel towards you, my parents. Duty now compels me to break my silence. I must speak frankly, and reveal the resolution I have adopted—not yesterday, but in my early years. Know, then, that I have made a vow of virginity, not lightly, but deliberately, and with full knowledge of what I was doing. Now that I am of maturer age, and have a better knowledge of the purport of my acts, I persist, by the grace of God, in my resolution, and it would be easier to dissolve a rock than to induce me to change my mind. Give up, therefore, your plans for an earthly union for me: it is impossible for me to satisfy you on this point, since I must obey God rather than man. If you wish me to remain as a servant in your house, I will cheerfully fulfil your will to the best of my power; but if you are so displeased with me that you desire to be quit of me, I must still adhere inflexibly to my resolve. He who hath united my soul to His ordereth all the rulers of earth and heaven, and can provide for and protect me."

"God preserve us, dearest child," said her father, whom her earnest words had deeply moved, "from any longer opposing a resolution which, doubtlessly, was inspired by His grace. We are satisfied that you are inspired by no idle fancy, but by a movement of Divine grace. Fulfil unopposed the vow you have taken; do all that the Holy Spirit commands you. Henceforth your time shall be at your own disposal; only, pray for us, that we may become true servants of Him who has called you at so early an age." And, turning to his wife and children, he added, "Let no one contradict or oppose our dear daughter, or seek to turn her from her holy purpose. Let her serve her Saviour in the way she desires, and may she seek His favour and pardoning mercy for *us*. We could never find for her a more beautiful or honourable alliance, for her soul is wedded to her Lord, and it is not a man as her husband, but the Lord who dieth not, whom we now receive into her house."

Such a conversation as this was possible only in a mediæval household, and will strike with great strangeness on the ears of

our readers, who are unaccustomed to regard celibacy as a kind of marriage between the virgin soul and its Lord. I do not seek to excuse or defend its exaggeration ; but, after all, I seem to find in it an elevation, a wholesomeness, and a purity which are wanting too often in our latter-day discussions upon marriage, whether in public or in private.

For three years Catherine prepared herself for such work as God might give her to do by prayer, and meditation, and fasting ; by the sharpest and most persistent denial of the body ; by every kind of privation and self-mortification : her food was of the plainest, and in quantity barely sufficient to support life ; she slept upon the bare boards without any covering ; her garments, always scrupulously clean, were of the coarsest wool. Catherine, I may note, was not one of those saints who identify dirt with devotion. She spent the night-watches in prayer, not retiring for an hour or two of repose until the first chime of the matin-bell. She afterwards acknowledged to Raymond of Capua that her conquest of sleep had cost her more effort and more pain than any other of her struggles. Such victories over self, over our natural human needs and infirmities, have never been absent—as we are reminded by Mrs. Butler—from the lives of those whom we emphatically name “the saints,” those who have left behind them an influence which is of God, and imperishable. “Catherine’s health was delicate, yet she possessed an extraordinary nervous energy, and even a muscular strength which astonished those who saw her exert it in the performance of any generous or helpful act. She suffered all her life from a weakness of the stomach, which made it difficult for her to take any food without pain, succeeded often by violent sickness and vomiting. She was also subject to attacks of faintness and prostration, especially in the spring, which would last several weeks.”

It is clear, however, that to the tension of the nervous system and the cerebral excitement induced by this excessive self-mortification, and especially by the want of sufficient sleep, we must attribute the visions which Catherine and similar enthusiasts have rejoiced in. The enfeebled judgment is no longer able to control the vagaries of the imagination. In the solitary seclusion of the recluse, the brain, stimulated by prolonged efforts of religious meditation, and weakened by the general

physical disorganization, is prepared to accept any passing fancy as a reality, to give form and substance to every fugitive idea. The air is peopled with figures; it echoes with mysterious voices; it brightens with the radiance of spiritual beings; the solitary is surrounded by a world of his own creation, which nevertheless he supposes to be the "other world" of his devout desires. Such a condition of prolonged excitement, in which the heart and the brain are both profoundly affected, necessarily proves fatal to the physical, and perhaps the mental, health of its victim. To a premature grave is hurried the incomplete life—if, indeed, that life can be called incomplete which has fulfilled the Divine will. Catherine of Siena died at the early age of thirty-three; and to our human calculations such a death seems painfully *too soon*; but what had she not accomplished in the years of labour permitted to her? She had preached the Gospel of good tidings to the people; she had carried the balm of sympathy and spiritual consolation to the plague-stricken; she had exposed the corruptions of the Church; she had replaced the Pontiff in the seat of his ancestors; she had averted war and secured peace; and in an age of vice and folly and excess she had set before the world a noble example of holy living.

In connection with the Order of St. Dominic flourished in those days an association of evangelistic men and women known as the *Mantellata*, or Brethren and Sisters of the Militia of Jesus Christ. They wore the black and white cloak, or mantle, of St. Dominic. Catherine applied for admission among them, and after some hesitation, as hitherto no unmarried woman had been received, her application was granted. Some temptation at this time assailed her to abandon her vow of virginity, and listen to the impulses of human love; but she steadfastly resisted it, and after a sharp struggle conquered. Then came an even more terrible trial: she was assailed by the demon of unbelief, and her brain almost reeled beneath the pressure of sceptical suggestions. The darkness of night (as I have elsewhere written) closed around her: there was no radiance of hope to cheer her sinking spirit and guide her hesitating steps. Oh, how great the agony when the foundations on which we have built seem suddenly to crumble away beneath our feet! when the Heaven to which our prayers have been sent up seems to vanish into a bewildering mist! when even the Cross

on which we have leaned snaps beneath us like a reed, and we fall prostrate in an agony of terror! Then, indeed, if we yield—if for one moment we cease to wrestle—we are lost. But Catherine called up all the energies of her soul; when prayer was most distasteful, praying most earnestly; when divine things were most unreal, clinging to them most fervently. And, at last this temptation, too, passed away, leaving her, not unscathed perhaps, but still triumphant.

It was then that Catherine's spirit fell into that ecstatic condition which has been symbolised by so many of the great Italian masters, as by Fra Bartolommeo and Correggio in their pictures of "The Marriage of St. Catherine," wherein you see the Virgin Mary guiding the hand of the child Jesus to place a ring on the finger of St. Catherine as a sign of her divine espousals. The dream or vision, as Catherine herself described it, was the evident result upon her imagination of the long spiritual contention she had suffered. She thought that her Saviour approached her, and put on her finger a ring of gold, adorned with a diamond of indescribable splendour. And He said to her, "I, thy Creator and Redeemer, espouse thee in faith and love. Keep thou this token in purity, until we celebrate, in the presence of the Father, the eternal nuptials of the Lamb. Henceforth, daughter, be thou brave and true. Accomplish with a courageous spirit the works My Providence shall assign to thee; and thou shalt prevail over all enemies."

I shall but briefly allude to that intimate communion between Catherine and her God on which the hagiologists so extravagantly enlarge, relying upon such phrases in her letters as, "My God told me to do this," and "The Lord said to me." Each individual soul, in its intercourse with the Divine, stands by itself. To some ears the heavenly voices sound dimly and uncertainly, perhaps are scarcely heard or not heard at all; while other and happier spirits catch them with a wonderful distinctness. They have so completely shut out the world's discordant sounds, and so completely devoted themselves to the realisation of spiritual gifts, that they seem to hold a very close and intimate relation to the Invisible. To what extent God reveals Himself to these blessed souls, or how far in their raptures they are permitted to pass the bounds of men, or whether the ecstatic imagination sometimes beguiles and deludes them, who shall say? For my part, I am content to

leave this subject to the reader's own feelings, in the belief that it is one which does not admit of scientific or critical treatment.

Catherine now taught herself to read, in order to study the Scriptures, and the lives and writings of holy men; and bringing to the self-imposed task all her energy, she made so rapid a progress that her friends thought she must have been miraculously assisted. Some years later she learned to write, and to express herself in writing; and the range of her natural powers is proved by the beauty of her style, which has actually been compared to the prose of Dante.

In 1365 Catherine abandoned her life of seclusion, and began her career of charity. At first she undertook what has always been regarded as woman's special work: she ministered to the hungry and the sick and the destitute, like Elizabeth of Hungary, and poured oil and myrrh into the wounds of the unhappy. Her delicate figure was well known in the streets of Siena, as she proceeded on her daily errands of mercy, bending beneath the burden of the gifts she carried to the poor. She freely entered the most squalid hovel; no disease was so loathsome that she refused to wait upon it. There was a loftiness of spirit in her deeds of love which has never been surpassed. The magistrates of Siena had ordered the expulsion from the hospital of an old leprous woman named Tocca. By promising that she would attend upon her, she procured her re-admission; and in fulfilment of her promise she visited her twice a day until her death. Persons of Tocca's class are too often ungrateful for the services they receive; and Catherine's gentle ministrations elicited only the most foul abuse. She met with no better return from a woman whose cancer she had dressed, the wretch inventing slanders against the fair fame of her benefactress. Lapa, when this gross ingratitude came to her ears, forbade her daughter to wait again upon the venomous creature; but Catherine threw herself at her mother's feet, refusing to rise until she had withdrawn her prohibition. It is pleasant to know that her irresistible gentleness eventually conquered both these old women, who became her devoted admirers.

One so pure, so saintly and devoted as Catherine could not escape the attacks of envy and malice. It is as certain as that night follows day that the highest innocence will be made the

mark of the bitterest calumny. Some natures are so constituted that the spectacle of a good woman or a good man labouring for the welfare of the world's pariahs seems to provoke them to outbursts of rage as the appearance of a red flag provokes the fury of the tiger. The patience of a meek temper, however, is generally powerful enough to prevail even over this insensate anger. Palmenna was a Sienese lady, belonging to the same sisterhood as Catherine; but she conceived such a jealous antipathy to her, that the mere mention of her name awakened her worst passions. The young Mantellata was deeply grieved, and, as was her wont in seasons of trial, carried her grief to the throne of God. "Wilt thou suffer, O Father," she exclaimed, "that I should be the occasion of injury to a soul which Thou hast created so noble? Is this the good that Thou has promised to effect by me? Well do I know that my sins have been the cause of it; but, lo, I will not cease to claim Thy mercy for my sister, till Thou deliverest the soul of that beloved one from sin and death." Her prayers were heard, and her gentle forbearance wrought such a change in Palmenna's mood that she sought out her young sister and implored her forgiveness. Nor was she satisfied until she had made public confession of her wrong-doing, and spoken of Catherine as "without guile."

Catherine was never more happy than when she was acting as a peace-maker, when she was reconciling parted friends and composing the quarrels of families. The Sienese population eagerly welcomed her in this character, and frequently invited her to mediate between opposing factions or artisans and their employers. All good works, however, were acceptable to Catherine. Young Francis Malavolti, the scion of a noble house, was induced to visit her. The first visit was succeeded by many another; he learned to delight in her holy conversation, and to appreciate her wholesome counsel. But unfortunately, when removed from her influence, he fell back into his old ways, and, more particularly, frequented the gaming-table, which had always been his favourite resort. In the long run, however, her prayers prevailed, and he forsook entirely the paths of vice.

Vanni, a Sienese painter, unhappily distinguished by the violence of his disposition, and suspected of having instigated several secret murders, was persuaded by one Friar William to

go and see the Mantellata. Reluctantly he consented, while declaring his resolve to spurn any counsel she might venture to give him. What followed we learn from Raymond of Capua, who was at the Fullonica, waiting for Catherine, when the painter arrived.

“I went to meet him,” he says, “with a joyful heart, told him of her absence, and urged him to wait a little. To beguile the time I introduced him into her little room. After ten minutes or so he grew weary, and said languidly, ‘I promised Friar William that I would call upon this lady, but she is absent, and my work makes it impossible for me to stay longer; be so kind as to make my excuses to her.’ I was much distressed at Catherine’s absence, and in order to detain him I began to speak of reconciliation with one’s enemies; but he interrupted me, saying, ‘See, now, you are a priest and a religious man, and this good lady has a great reputation for sanctity. I must not deceive you, and therefore I tell you frankly that I do not mean to do anything of the kind which you advise; ’tis useless to preach to me on such a subject; you will gain nothing by it. It is no small concession on my part already that I have spoken to you so freely of what I conceal from others. But you will obtain nothing more; so I beg you not to torment me again upon this matter.’

“At that moment Catherine arrived, and I could perceive that her appearance was as unwelcome to him as it was grateful to me. The moment she saw us seated in her room she smiled, and this man of the world she received with a kind and gracious welcome. Seating herself, she inquired the motive of his visit. Vanni repeated what he had just said to me, protesting that he would make no concession. In reply she represented with equal force and vividness how greatly he was his own enemy; but he steeled his heart against her arguments. She then retired, in order to pray alone, and I remained with Vanni so as to gain time. Not many minutes had expired before he looked up, and said to me, ‘For courtesy’s sake I will not refuse her utterly. I have four great enmities. I will give up the one which it will most please you I should give up.’ Then he rose to go away; but before reaching the door he suddenly exclaimed, ‘My God! what a consolation my heart feels at having uttered that one word of peace!’ And he added, ‘Oh my Lord and my God! what power is it which retains and

triumphs over me? Yes, I am vanquished, I confess it; I cannot draw my breath!’ The heart which had been long bound in the iron chains of hatred and sullen revenge was stirred to its depths, and in struggling to free itself from that cruel slavery, already experienced a sense of coming tranquillity and freedom. Catherine again approached him. He fell on his knees, weeping, and said, ‘Dear lady, behold me ready to do whatever you desire of me relative to peace and all else. I see now that Satan held me in bonds. I submit myself to your guidance; in pity direct my soul.’ Catherine regarded him with a happy smile, and gave thanks to God. ‘Dear brother,’ she said, ‘I spoke to *you*, and you refused to hear me: then I turned to God, who hath not cast back my prayer.’ For many years after this,” adds Raymond, “I was Vanni’s confessor, and can bear witness that he made constant progress in well-doing, and bore with resignation some sore trials which befell him through the hostility of others.”

Catherine’s heroic action during the plague of 1374 confirmed her influence. Siena for months lay in the shadow of death. Men, women, and children died by hundreds; the pestilence seized them, and in a few hours they were gone. All the affairs of life stood still; the shops were closed; there were neither vendors nor buyers; and in the harvest-fields the corn rotted, for there were none to reap and none to gather in. Almost every house wore some sign of mourning. Through the still, grass-grown ways echoed the sad cry of the grave-diggers, “Bring out your dead!” But soon there were none to bring them out; or if the ghastly procession started, one might see the coffin-bearers or the priests or the mourners fall aside, with a moan and a prayer, and lie down to die. A panic of fear brooded over the city. The judgment-seats were empty; there were no prosecutors and none were accused; the terror suspended even the action of the law. It was in this dark hour that Catherine, with her fellow-workers, shamed the population out of their cowardice—which greatly aided the ravages of the disease—by a noble devotedness, a fearless zeal. She penetrated into the noisome quarters where the infection was strongest, where the victims were most numerous and most rapidly carried off; she moistened the hot lips of the plague-stricken; she wrapped the loathsome corpse in a decent shroud; she breathed a prayer as it was huddled into the crowded

grave-pit. A good work like this even the dullest could understand, even the most hardened were constrained to admire ; and thenceforward, rash would have been the man who, within hearing of any Sienese, ventured to speak disparagingly of " La Beata Popolana."

In June, 1375, at the request of the inhabitants, she paid a visit to Pisa, where she was received with a welcome that king or conqueror might have envied. It was at this time that she endeavoured to set on foot a new crusade, and made urgent appeals for help to Pope Gregory XI., to the Visconti, the Queen of Hungary, and the famous English *condottiere*, Sir John Hawkwood. She might possibly have succeeded in her enterprise but for the troubles that broke out between the Pope and the Italian States.

Years of effort, spiritual and physical, told at last upon Catherine's strength. She fell ill, and for some months suffered severely. In spite of medical skill, and the devotion of her friends, she grew weaker daily : she had frequent fainting-fits ; and on one occasion lay for a whole day in such a condition of rigid immobility and entire unconsciousness, that her attendants believed her to be dead. At the hour of vespers she recovered—to tell her friends that her soul had actually been parted from her body, and permitted to pass through the Golden Gates, and look upon the glories reserved for the saints of Christ. On another occasion, when she had recovered sufficiently to renew her daily visits to the chapel attached to her residence, she spent there some hours alone. As she remained longer than usual, her friends went in search of her, and found her lying prone upon the ground, with eyes closed, unconscious of all that transpired around her. Silent, they watched and waited, while the shades of evening wrapped in gloom the holy altar, and deepened in nave and aisle. All at once, while they looked on in awe and astonishment, she raised herself upon her knees, stretching forth her arms until her figure seemed, to the spectators, to resemble that of a cross. Her countenance was all aflame ; her eyes were set in a fixed unwavering gaze ; a celestial smile played round her lips. In this attitude she remained, it is said, for several minutes, then fell to the ground suddenly, like one wounded to the death in heart or brain. Her friends conveyed her home, and then, on recovering from her swoon, she whispered to her friend and confessor, Raymond of Capua,

“Father, I bear in my body the marks (*stigmata*) of the Lord Jesus.” Afterwards she explained herself more fully:—“I saw my Lord uplifted on His cross; and from each of His five wounds streamed toward me a ray of heavenly light. My love for Him, and my soul’s yearning to break from its corporeal bonds and go towards Him, were so strong that they raised me from the ground on which I was prostrated, and supported me while I gazed upon Him. The five bright rays streaming towards me pierced my hands, my feet, and my side with a pain so sharp that I fell, as if dead. Then I besought the Lord that His blessed wounds might not appear visibly in my body; so that none but myself may know my sweet pain.”

Upon this extraordinary delusion I do not know that it is necessary to comment at length. It need not affect our estimate of this sweet and holy woman’s character, for it is certain that she herself was deceived—that it was no ingenious fiction, designed to impose on the minds of men, and enhance her reputation as a favoured instrument of Providence, but the half-delirious fancy of a heated imagination, acted upon by certain physical conditions. In one sense, indeed, every Christian believer bears about him the marks of his Lord’s wounds; Catherine of Siena’s error was, that she materialised what is absolutely spiritual. But we can surely forgive her this weakness when we recall her truthfulness, purity, charitableness, high enthusiasm, and lofty purpose. Generally, she quite understood the limit and range of her powers; and great as was her enthusiasm, her humility was greater. No stain of worldly ambition or personal interest ever sullied the bright mirror of Catherine’s spotless soul. Like St. Paul, she was always “the humble servant” of her Divine Master.

I shall not dwell on her exertions to compose the differences between Rome and the Italian States. She saw that much evil had originated in the long absence of the Popes from the Papal city; and in an earnest and eloquent letter to Pope Gregory XI., she urged him to return without further delay. At the suggestion of Nicolas Soderini, one of their most eminent citizens, the Florentines solicited her—the wool-dyer’s daughter—to mediate between themselves and the Pope; and ill and feeble as she was, the peacemaker gladly undertook the blessed mission, and without delay journeyed to Avignon, arriving there on the 18th of June, 1376. Pope Gregory placed at her disposal the palace of

an absent cardinal. After resting for a couple of days, she was admitted to an interview. In the splendidly-decorated hall of the Consistory, where the Pope was seated in a magnificent chair, with his purple-robed cardinals on either side, stood the humble Sienese maiden, attired in a gown of white serge, over which fell her "carefully-patched Dominican cloak." She showed no sign of confusion or embarrassment; her composed and dignified bearing astonished the spectators, and the Pope felt at once that he was in the presence of a superior mind. She addressed him in Tuscan, Raymond acting as interpreter, and Gregory replying in Latin. After a long conversation, in which she gave many proofs of accuracy of judgment and keenness of observation, the Pope said to her:—"I commit the treaty of peace wholly to your decision. This is a token to you of my earnest desire for peace. I wish the negotiation to rest entirely in your hands, and I entrust to you the honour of the Church."

The most important public service rendered by "the wool-dyer's daughter" was the restoration of the Pope to the Vatican. She addressed herself, with her usual plainness, to Gregory's conscience, reproaching him with the neglect of his duties to his Italian subjects, and as Gregory, though a weak man, was not a bad man, he became convinced and yielded. It is said that, when admitted to an audience of the Pope, she was conducted through a suite of state-rooms, unparalleled in the wide world for magnificence. The windows opened on a landscape of great beauty, brightened by a winding river, and bounded by the white peaks of the distant Alps. The scene within was scarcely less striking. At every step the visitor came upon some object of beauty; on the breathing marble wakened into life by the skilful chisel of the ancient sculptor—the glowing canvas, fresh from the easel of the greatest painter of the time—on desks of carved oak or ebony, covered with fanciful and luxuriant ornament—on gorgeously-illuminated missals, the work of monastic scribes, to whom labour was a religion. Catherine stood for a while in silent contemplation of the splendour and beauty accumulated by a lavish expenditure under the guidance of a refined taste. At length Gregory, who had approached her unheard, exclaimed:—"It is here that I find rest for my soul—here, in the study of books and the contemplation of Nature." With reproach and anger in her glance, Catherine turned upon him:

“In the name of God, and the discharge of duty, close the gates of this sumptuous palace; turn your back upon yonder beautiful country, and depart for Rome, although you will live there amidst ruin, tumult, and pestilence.” Gregory accepted, though not without reluctance, what he knew and felt was his responsibility; but the majority of the cardinals, loth to leave the luxurious indolence of Avignon for the storm and stress of Italian politics, raised a vehement opposition. At Gregory’s request, Catherine addressed the Consistory, and with fearless candour demanded of its purple-clad members why, in the councils and court of the Head of the Church, where every Christian grace ought to flourish, she found the shameless practice of the worst vices? Silence—the silence of shame and confession—was the only answer.

After a pause, Gregory attempted to break the force of her pertinent inquiry, by hinting that she had not been long enough at Avignon, nor had she seen enough of his Court, to be able to form an accurate and impartial judgment. Up to this point her attitude had been one of deference and humility, but springing to her feet, and drawing her spare figure to its full height, she stretched her hand towards heaven, and exclaimed:—“I declare, in the name of Almighty God, that I perceived more distinctly the harms of the sins which are committed in this Court while I was, yet in my little room at Siena, than do they who are in their very midst!” The Pope, we are told, said no more; and the cardinals were forced to own that “never man spake like this woman,” while some protested that “it was not a woman who spoke, but the Holy Ghost Himself.”

After some further debate, the Pope decided that he and his Court should return to Rome. He left Avignon on the 13th of September, and proceeded to Marseilles, where he took ship for Genoa. On the 14th of January, 1377, his galleys put into the mouth of the Tiber, and next day entered the so-called Eternal City amidst the wildest demonstrations of popular rejoicing.

In March, 1378, on the death of Gregory, Pope Urban VI. was raised to the Chair of St. Peter. A man of great ability and iron will, he began at once to sweep away some of the abuses of the Church, and to reform the lives of the clergy; but the precipitation with which he pursued his object stirred up a great deal of angry feeling. Catherine, who had known him at Avignon, appreciated his sincerity and earnestness, but foresaw the evil

that would result from his imprudence. She advised him, therefore, to temper enthusiasm with discretion, and to listen to the counsels of competent advisers on the best mode of effecting the changes that he desired, and that were so desirable. Meanwhile, a majority of the cardinals revolted against a Pope who was so resolutely determined to amend their morals and put down their extravagant luxury, and having obtained the support of the King of France and the Queen of Naples, they declared the Holy See vacant, August the 9th, 1378, proceeding soon afterwards to the election of a new Pope, Robert of Genoa, with the title of Clement VII. In the great schism which divided Christendom thereafter, Catherine was on the side of Pope Urban; and from her home at Siena wrote letter after letter to ecclesiastics and statesmen, to secure their fidelity and support. Urban regarded her assistance as so reliable that he invited her to Rome in order the more easily and frequently to consult her. She obeyed the summons, and attended by a train of more than forty nobles, priests, and laymen, arrived in the Holy City on the 28th of October. There she fully justified the confidence Pope Urban had shown in her capacity and influence; for it was through her active interposition that the allegiance of Florence, Siena, Bologna, and Venice was confirmed to him.

But the time was drawing near when, on earth, Catherine could no longer serve the Church or its head. She had long suffered from an incurable disease, against the pressure of which she had striven, however, with all the force of her character. Though reduced to a most emaciated condition, and tormented with a continual thirst, she still laboured and prayed without ceasing. To her friends she seemed rather a phantom than a human being; her body was visibly wasting, but her spirit preserved its serenity in the midst of all her suffering. Wonderful power of Faith, which can thus elevate the soul above the consciousness of pain and affliction—which renders tolerable the anguish of the present by its revelation of a future of eternal felicity! Every day Catherine received those who sought her counsel in matters of public or private interest; every day she visited the sick in the hospital or the prisoner in his cell: every day she corresponded with great ecclesiastical dignitaries in all parts of Christendom; every day she proceeded to St. Peter's to offer up her prayers for the welfare of the people; every evening she retired to her room to pray and meditate, and continued in

prayer and meditation far on into the night. She was the right hand of the Pope, who in all things trusted to her quick and strong understanding: the stay and support of the Roman population, who implicitly confided in her sympathy. But the sword was wearing out the scabbard,—as it *will* do when the sword-edge is keen, and the scabbard frail. A life of such incessant activity would have proved too harassing for the most robust frame; what, then, must have been its effect on the enfeebled and exhausted Catherine?

Feeling that the end was at hand, and desiring to be gone—desiring to depart where beyond the world's clamorous voices prevails the Sabbath-rest of the children of God—she addressed her last words of advice to Pope Urban, encouraging him to persevere in the reformation of the Church, and affectionately warning him against his infirmities of temper. Letters of farewell were also written to her dearest friends and disciples. And thus the end came nearer and yet nearer. It was accelerated by an accident which befell her on Sexagesima Sunday, 1380, when it would seem that she fell, from weakness or fatigue, or both, upon the steps of St. Peter's, and injured her spine, or violently strained the muscular system. Thenceforth her pains were terribly increased. During Lent, every morning after communion, her companions were forced to lift her from the floor, and carry her to bed as if she were dead. Yet in the evening of each day she would revive, and arise and stagger along to St. Peter's, a mile distant; remaining there for vespers, and returning home completely exhausted. In this dire struggle against nature she persisted until the third Sunday in Lent, when she bowed beneath the burden of her physical sufferings, and the weight of the anguish which tortured her soul in view of the sins daily committed against God, and of the perils and evils of the Church. She could no longer leave her bed; her body was that of a skeleton covered with a transparent skin.

On the morning of Sunday, the 29th of April, the flickering flame of life seemed suddenly to die down in the socket. She lay motionless and insensible; the weeping friends around her bed believed that she had gone hence. Her confessor was on the point of administering extreme unction, when a sudden change passed over her. She revived, but only to undergo, as it appeared, a terrible assault from Satan. What misgivings oppressed her, what sense of something left undone, what dark

doubt or dread, who shall tell? Sometimes the servants of God, in their last hours, are, as we know, exposed to this woful conflict, only, perhaps, that the final victory may be all the more gloriously complete. At length, after much spiritual agony, she was heard to say: "Never, no, never for vain-glory, but for the honour and glory of God!" as if she had been possessed by a fear lest in her long career of self-sacrifice some human feeling had mixed with and tainted her devotion—surely a groundless, baseless fear! Then she ejaculated again, again, and yet again, raising her thin white hand, but forced to drop it immediately through very weakness, "Peccavi, Domine; miserere mei" (Lord, I have sinned; have mercy on me!). Or she would sigh, as she gazed around her, "Saints of God, take pity on me!" All at once the struggle ended: a light broke over her countenance, like sunshine upon troubled waters; her eyes, previously wet with tears, shone with a heavenly lustre: the battle was fought and won.

Repeating her Saviour's words, she prayed earnestly for her disciples and companions: "Holy Father, keep through Thine own Name those whom Thou hast given me, that they may be one. I pray not that Thou shouldest take them out of the world, but that Thou shouldest keep them from the evil. Sanctify them through Thy truth; Thy word is truth." Having bestowed her blessing on the watchers by her bedside, and feeling that the last moment was at hand, she exclaimed, "Yea, Lord, Thou callest me, and to Thee I come; not in reliance on my own merits, but solely on account of Thy infinite mercy, which I implore in the name, O Jesus, of Thy precious Blood." Several times she uttered the words, "O precious Saviour! O precious Blood!" With a countenance that shone like an angel's, she said, "Father, into Thy hands I commend my spirit," and so, without a groan, died.

Died—on the festival of St. Peter Martyr, and at six o'clock on the evening of Sunday, August the 29th, 1380, at the early age of thirty-three. She was buried in the Church of the Preaching Friars, now known as the Church of the Minerva; but in the following year, at the solicitation of the Republic of Siena, the head was severed from the decayed body, and removed to Catherine's native city, where, with much ceremonial pomp, it was interred in the old Church of St. Dominic. In 1461, during the papacy of Pius II., himself a Sienese, the

name of Catherine was enrolled in the Roman Calendar of Saints.

It is needless for me to dwell on the high qualities that specially distinguished Catherine of Siena, made her what she was, and fitted her for what she had to do. This brief biography has brought out, I hope, the fullness of her various gifts, her singular power of self-sacrifice, her rare courage, her absorbing ardour, her sublime faith, as well as her general sagacity and judgment. This daughter of a poor tradesman, imperfectly educated, low-born, without rich or influential friends or patrons—not endowed even with that personal beauty which woman often finds so powerful an instrument—controlled and inspired the councils of sovereigns and statesmen, rebuked ecclesiastics, openly censured the greatest men in Europe for their vices. Her burning piety, her commanding earnestness, affected both princes and peoples. She made popular a doctrine—which of all doctrines is most hateful to the world—that we should live for the sake of others. If men could have resisted her eloquent teaching, they found it impossible to resist her example. The meanest nature felt a touch of exaltation when it saw her going forth into the most squalid districts on incessant errands of charity and compassion, when it beheld the wonderful devotion with which she nursed the plague-stricken, and rendered them the last offices of humanity. Even at this distance of time there is a force, a living power in her good deeds which moves our hearts and appeals to our sympathies. The cynic may smile at the record of her visions and ecstasies, and sneer at her disordered fancy of an espousal to her Redeemer; may shrug his shoulders when injudicious biographers speak of her heart as taken from her side that the heart of Christ might be substituted for it; but an impartial judgment will allow for the hallucinations springing from a morbid condition of the nervous system, and do justice not the less to all that was so beautiful, so elevated, and so tender in Catherine's life and character.

The story of Nicola Tulda shows in a very striking manner the depth of Catherine's love for stricken humanity, and I tell it here in the words which I have elsewhere used. I think it deserves to be printed in letters of gold:—

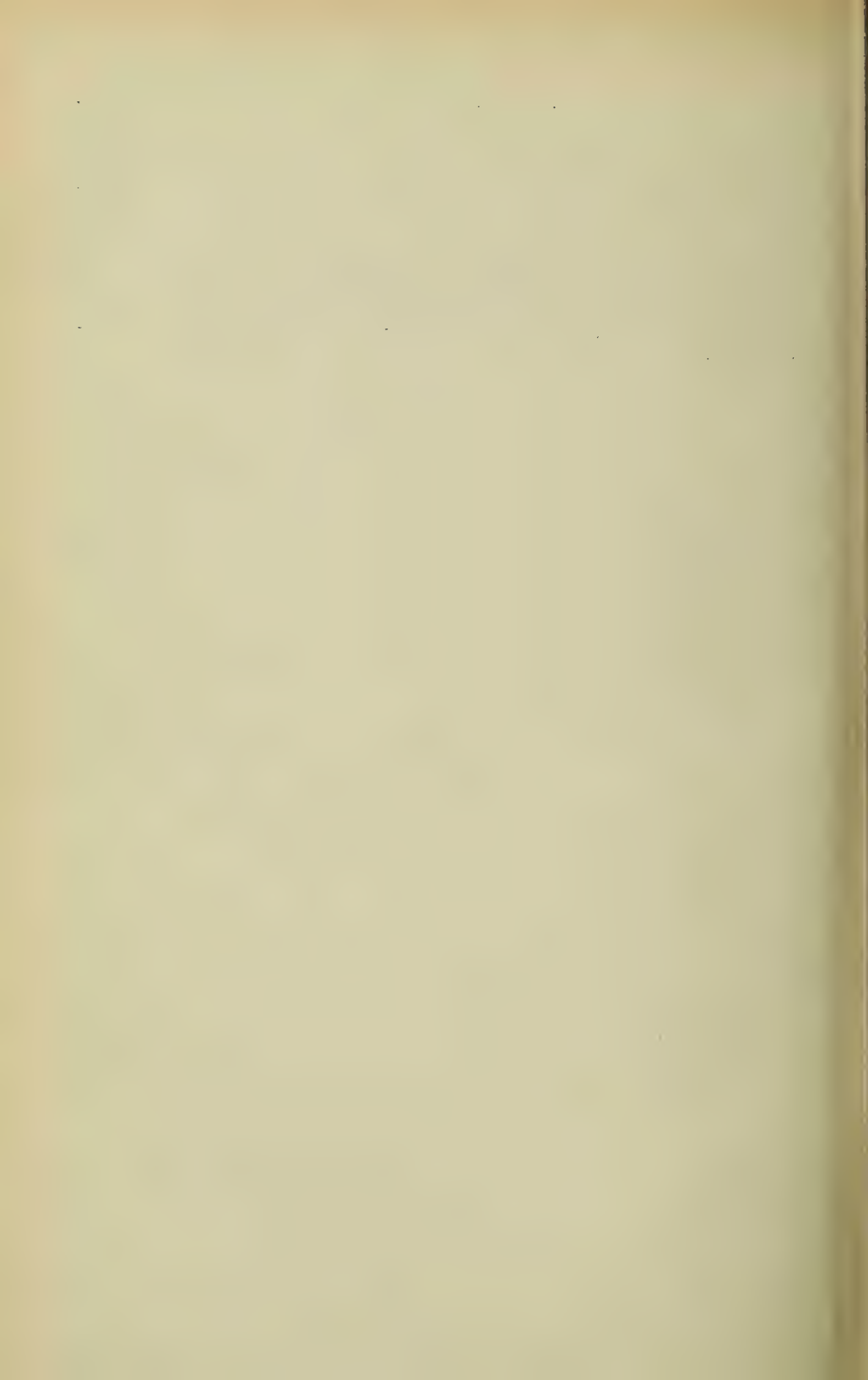
Nicola Tulda, a young knight of Perugia, had been condemned to death on a charge of treason. The accusation was false,

the sentence unjust, and the young knight rebelled against it, pacing up and down his prison desperately, and refusing to be comforted. Priests exhorted him in vain : he loved life, and shrank from a shameful death. It chanced that while at Siena he had often heard the name of Catherine, and the thought occurred to him that she might save him. She went to the prison, and though she could not deliver him from his doom, she reconciled him to it. From her conversation he received such comfort that he willingly made confession, but he exacted from the saintly woman a promise, by the love of God, to stand beside him on the day of his execution. She kept her promise. In the morning, before the great bell of the Campanile tolled, she was in his cell, and went with him to the Holy Communion, which, till then, he had never received. Humbly bowing himself to the will of God, he feared only that his courage might fail him at the last moment. But the infinite mercy of the Saviour so inspired him that he continued to repeat, "Lord, be near me ; Lord, do not leave me ; if Thou wilt be near me, all will be well, and I shall die content." These were the words he uttered as he leaned his head upon the bosom of Catherine, who consoled him, saying : "Be of good courage, dear brother, you are soon going to your heavenly marriage-feast : you go there bathed in the precious Blood of the Lamb, and with the beloved Name of Jesus on your lips."

At an early hour she repaired to the place of execution, where she waited for him, praying. Kneeling, she laid her own head on the block, as if endeavouring to realise the pain, the bliss of martyrdom. She longed for it herself, she says, but the axe did not respond to her wish. In her ecstatic meditation she lost all consciousness of time and place ; she saw nothing of the vast crowd that surged around the scaffold. Then arrived Nicola, walking "like a gentle lamb," and laughing for joy when he saw her. She made on his breast the sign of the cross, and said, "Go, gentle brother, to your eternal marriage, and enter upon the life which knows no end." Calmly he knelt, with Catherine by his side : she placed his head upon the block ; she whispered to him of the Lamb. He replied with two words only, "Jesus ! Catherine !" The axe fell, and she caught the bleeding head in her pious hands. She closed her eyes, and said, "LORD, *I will*, and Thou hast promised me what I will" ; and lo, "as clear as the daylight," she saw the Son of God

receive the penitent soul into His bosom. "A deep peace," she writes, "fell upon me. So dear was the blood upon my robe that I could not bear they should ever wash it off. I envied him because he had gone on before, full of joy and love, like a bride who, having reached the bridegroom's door, turns, and, bowing her thanks and her farewells to the companions who have gone with her to the threshold, enters the home of her beloved."

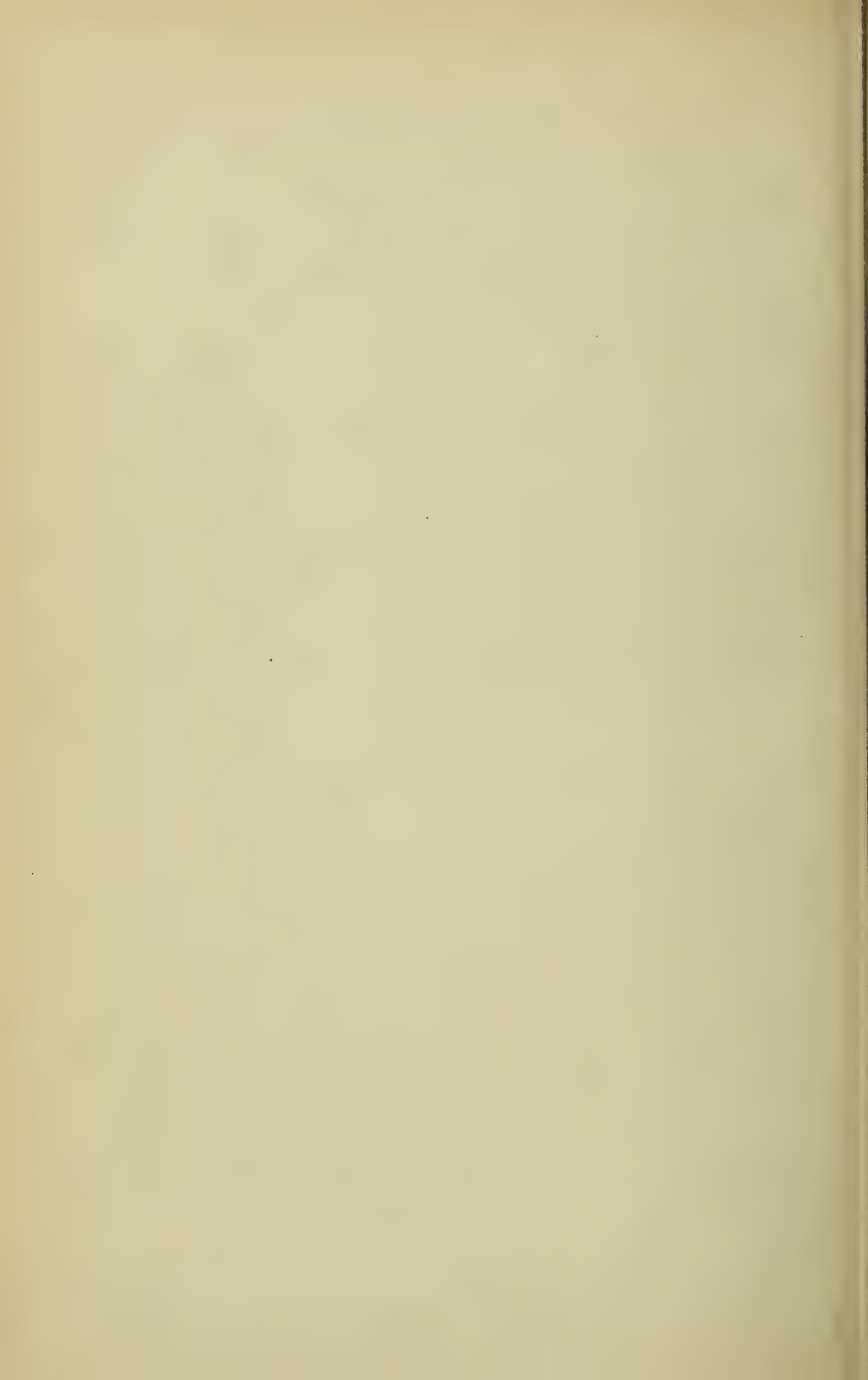


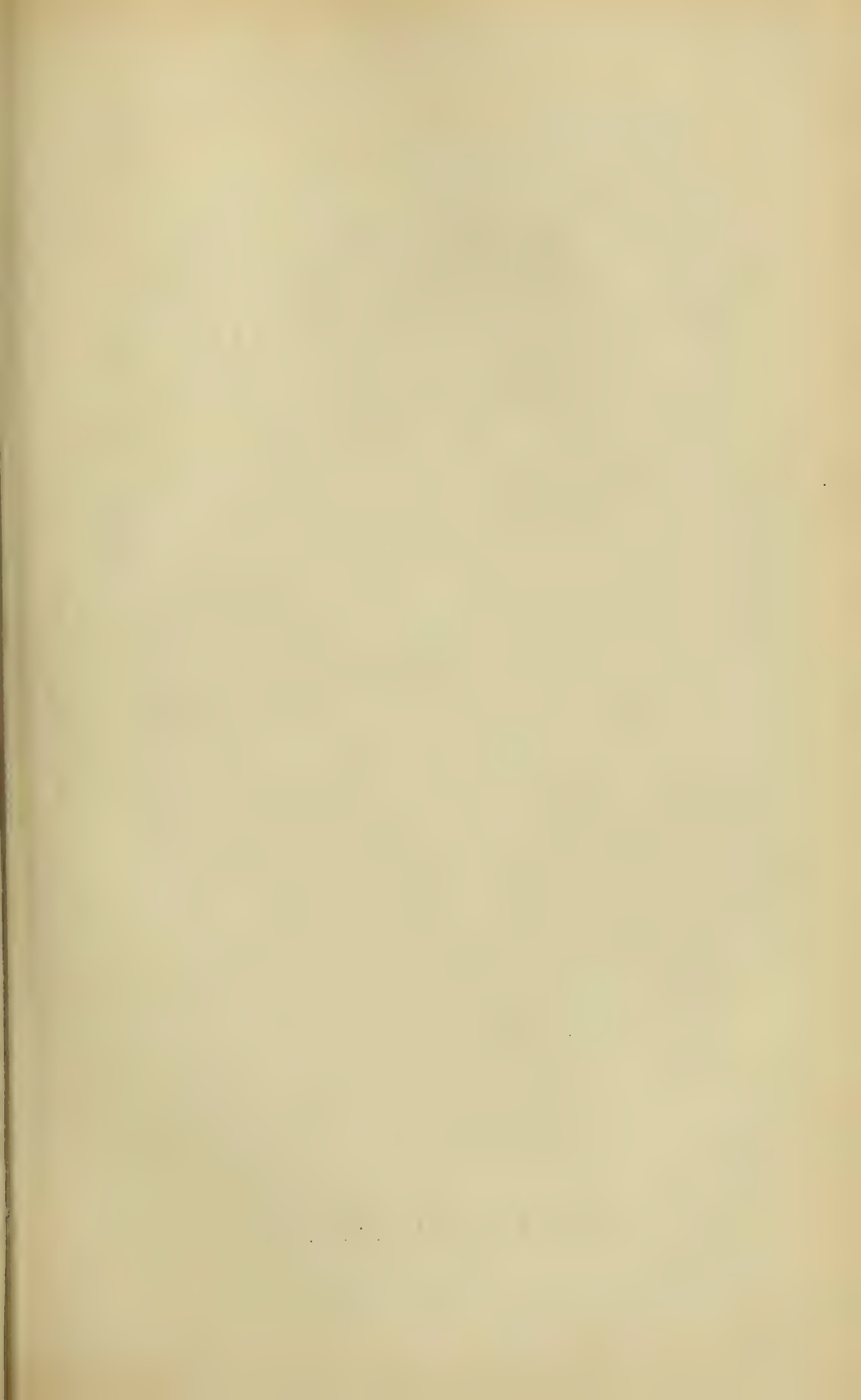


PART III.

WOMAN AS AN EXAMPLE OF FIDELITY.

LADY ARABELLA STUART: A ROMANTIC STORY.







LADY ARABELLA STUART.

LADY ARABELLA STUART :

A ROMANTIC STORY.

“ The course of true love never did run smooth.”

THE story of the Lady Arabella Stuart, though a piece of actual history, might well be accepted as the fiction of some accomplished novelist. It contains all the elements of the purest romance—high birth, propinquity to a throne, beauty, accomplishments, and a gentle nature—these representing the endowments of the heroine ; a love match with a gallant young noble, the interference of enemies, a prison, an attempted escape, years of captivity and suffering, and a premature death—all these details being so much the stock-in-trade of the novelist, that when they really occur in the life of no imaginary personage, but in that of a woman who actually lived and loved, who was buried in the tomb of our princes, and has her name written in our annals, we can hardly suppress our astonishment. If this be fact, in what does fiction differ from it ? And where will you find in any romance a more picturesque scene than that of her attempted escape—her voyage down the Thames by night in an open boat, past Woolwich and Gray’s Thurrock, and the grim bastions of Tilbury Fort—and so, in the fresh dawn of a June day, arriving at Leigh, where she hoped to be joined by her husband on board a French vessel, which had been hired to convey them to the continent ? The suspense, the anxiety of that long night’s adventure—the despondency which seized her when the ship sailed, and her husband had not yet come ; the bitterness of her soul when she was overtaken by a King’s ship,

arrested, and conveyed—a prisoner—to the Tower, which she never left again alive! I know of no romance which appeals more powerfully to the sympathies of the reader.

Arabella Stuart was the only child of Charles Stuart, fifth Earl of Lennox, by Elizabeth, daughter of Sir William Cavenish, of Hardwick, in Derbyshire. Her father came of the royal blood both of England and Scotland, being a younger brother of Henry Earl of Darnley, the unfortunate husband of Mary Queen of Scots; while through his mother, a daughter of Margaret Queen of Scotland, he was the great-grandson of Henry VII. of England. He died in 1576, at the early age of twenty-one, bequeathing to his only daughter what proved to be “a heritage of woe.” His widow survived him scarcely five years, dying at Sheffield in January, 1581.

It is supposed that Arabella was born in London in November, 1575. She was therefore scarcely five years and three months old at the time of her mother's death, when she was taken into the family of the Earl and Countess of Shrewsbury, Elizabeth allowing £200 a year for her maintenance and education. Almost the only stroke of good fortune that befell her in her chequered career was her being placed under such loyal guardianship; and the happiest years of her life were those which she spent at Hardwicke and Chatsworth. She was treated with affectionate regard, and while her abilities, which were not inconsiderable, were carefully cultivated, she was accustomed to the practice of the higher virtues. No small responsibility did the care of this child, with her perilous nearness to the throne, cast upon the Countess. Philip II. of Spain, whose sleepless ambition overlooked no single pawn in the great game of European policy which might possibly at some time be turned to his advantage, surrounded the palaces of the Shrewsburys with a battalion of spies, instructed to watch every movement of the Lady Arabella. To detect and expel these emissaries was a continuous charge, and the Countess seems not always to have been successful; for one of them, named Morley, had been for some years tutor to the young girl before his true character was discovered. One cannot find that he did her any harm by his communications to his employer, and in truth he appears to have been much more anxious for his own profit than for King Philip's interests.

In 1587, at the age of twelve, she made her appearance at

Queen Elizabeth's court—a tall, handsome, shapely girl, with the well-marked features which belong to the Elizabethan type, an abundance of long blonde curls, a high broad forehead, frank hazel eyes, a fair complexion, small white hands, and a good figure. It is said that her budding charms received the commendation of no less competent a judge than Sir Walter Raleigh. He might with equal justice have praised her gifts and graces, for she could converse both in French and Italian, danced with elegance, played the virginals and the lute, and wrote a graceful and not illegible hand. Of her skill in English composition we have an authentic specimen in a letter which, about this time, she wrote to the elder Countess of Shrewsbury. I know not that many girls of twelve, even in these days, would do much better :—

“GOOD LADY GRANDMOTHER,—

“I have sent yo^r La^d the endes of my heare which were cutt the sixt day of the moone on Saturday laste, and with them a pott of gelly which my servante made. I pray God you finde it good. My aunte Cavendisshe was heare on Monday laste, she certified me of yo^r La^s good health and dispositione, which I pray God longe to continue. I am in good health. My Cousin Mary hath had three little fittes of an agew, but now she is well & merry. This, with my humble duty unto y^r L^p and humble thanks for the letter you sent me last & craveing your dayly blessinge I humbly cease.

“From Fines. The viii. of February 1587.

“Yo^r La^s humble & obediente childe,

“ARBELLA STEWART.”

This year of 1587 was also the year of the execution of Mary Stuart at Fotheringay, an event which, while it had no small influence on the history of nations, concerned Arbella Stewart very intimately. The ill-fated Queen had been the friend of her parents, and afterwards of herself; had frequently sent to her little presents, and had warmly commended her to the notice of her son, King James. She bequeathed to her a curious and costly missal, and certain jewels in the possession of Mr. Thomas Fowler, “sole executor” to the late Countess of Lennox, who was instructed to deliver them to her for her own

separate use on her attaining the age of fourteen. Accordingly, when Arabella reached that age, he was required to carry out Queen Mary's testamentary directions, but declared himself unable to do so, because he had already given them up to King James. The story he told was this: That being a man of wealth, and a loyal adherent of the King, he was obnoxious to the Earl of Bothwell, who, with his wild swashbucklers, broke into his house, and carried off all his property, including these jewels. This act of spoliation provoked reprisals; some of the Earl's followers were ensnared, and the jewels recovered. Whereupon an inventory of them was taken, and they were lodged in the custody of the Crown. They could not have fared worse in the hands of the Black Earl than in those of the impecunious James! Before the end of the year they were exchanged for coin of the realm with the goldsmiths and the Jews; nor did Arabella, though Queen Elizabeth begged and threatened, ever obtain the jewels left to her by the unfortunate Mary, or even compensation for their loss.

It was the peculiar destiny of the Lady Arabella to be the constant object of matrimonial projects. I suppose no lady was ever more frequently and more pitifully the sport of ambitious and intriguing match-makers, prepared to dispose of her hand without the slightest regard to her happiness or her wishes. When she was only eight years old the brilliant Leicester had proposed her espousal with his own son, a boy of ten; but though Elizabeth was not averse to the alliance, it found no favour in the eyes of King James. Afterwards, Elizabeth desired that she should be married to James himself; while Philip II., of Spain, had previously put forward the Duke of Parma (1584). But her first real and tangible suitor was Lord Esmé Stuart. He was young, handsome, and active; and his lineage was scarcely inferior to that of the Lady Arabella. By kinsmen and friends on both sides, and notably by King James, his suit was warmly approved, but probably for this very reason it excited Elizabeth's displeasure, and the would-be bridegroom was compelled to withdraw his pretensions.

There seems no reason to believe that the Lady Arabella was a Papist, though the Papal historians generally claim her as a member of their Church. As she approached her majority, the Catholic faction conceived the idea of recovering through her their hold on the throne of England; and it was seriously pro-

posed to carry her off by force to Spain, and marry her there to the Duke of Parma's brother. As a counter-plot, James would have married her to the handsome Duke of Lennox. These schemes all faded away, and fresh ones took their places. At one time this fair and stately girl, who became one of the greatest ornaments of the Court of Elizabeth in the lion-queen's last years, was to be mated to the Archduke Matthias, brother of the Emperor of Germany; at another to the dashing Spanish warrior, Alexander Farnese; at another to the brilliant French cavalier D'Aubigny; but still she pursued her quiet, untroubled path "in maiden meditation, fancy free," undisturbed by all these matrimonial rumours.

Her first serious trouble came upon her in 1602, when a report arose, in the mysterious way common to such reports, that an attachment had sprung up between herself and Edward Seymour, eldest grandson of the Earl of Hertford, and that a marriage between them was projected. A clandestine love affair always provoked Elizabeth's indignation; she ordered Arabella and her servants to be placed under close restraint, and that a strict investigation should be made into all the circumstances. "It then appeared," says Mr. Inderwick, "that there was some doubt as to whether Edward Seymour were really the culprit; for Arabella, being pressed by the Queen to unbosom herself in private, denied that there was anything but jesting between herself and the Earl of Hertford, but confessed, after her chaplain had been examined in secret by the Privy Council, that she had promised marriage to a gentleman at the Court, though, fearing her Majesty's resentment, she refused to publish his name." Whether the name ever became known to the Queen I cannot say, but it was certainly never made public. This affair, and the use that was being made of her by the Catholic party, brought upon her Elizabeth's displeasure, and she was placed in charge of the Earl of Kent, under conditions so rigorous as to convert her residence really into an imprisonment. Treatment so unjust and undeserved awoke a feeling of resentment even in Arabella's gentle nature; and when invited by the Privy Council to attend the great Queen's funeral soon afterwards as chief mourner, she replied, with exceptional spirit, that having been denied her Majesty's presence during her life, she refused to be made a public spectacle at her death.

Arabella's chances of the English crown, never more than the shadow of a shadow, disappeared with the accession of James I., though she was more than once made the stalking-horse of the designs of ambitious men. Released from the Earl of Kent's unwelcome surveillance, she again obtained a home under the roof of the Countess of Shrewsbury, and was selected as the principal figure in the superb pageant with which the Countess proposed to entertain Anne of Denmark on her way to the capital. The Countess had made vast preparations for the reception at Chatsworth of the Queen and all her suite, down to the lowest varlet; and had devised, according to the fancy of that age, that on her reaching the summit of the hill, just above "The Palace of the Peak," she should be greeted by a large company of Arcadians—young women, robed in white, with garlands on their heads, and baskets of flowers in their arms; and young men, also clad in white, leading a gaily decorated flock of sheep, and discoursing pastoral music with pipe and tabor. Also, by a troop of huntsmen, in green and silver, driving before them a herd of tame deer, their horns tipped with gold. And then the shepherdesses were to inform the Queen that Diana, hearing of her approach, was coming to invite her to rest in one of her secure retreats. Whereupon a number of young girls of high degree were to issue forth from a neighbouring grove, escorting the Lady Arabella, dressed as Diana, with crescent moon and silver arrows, who, after making her obeisance, prayed the Queen and the Princess Elizabeth to honour the noble mansion of Chatsworth with their presence. But, acting on some sudden caprice, the Queen went off to the house of Sir Henry Pierrepont, ordering the pageant thither, and rejecting the Countess's proffered hospitality. She took the Lady Arabella with her, nominated her to a place of distinction about her person, and appointed her governess to the infant Princess. Thus the wheel of fortune had made a complete revolution, and Arabella once more took her place in the gaieties of the Court.

Of the nature of these gaieties—in which, however, she herself felt no pleasure, having no liking (as she says) for "Court sports"—we may learn something from her letters to the Earl of Shrewsbury.

"Your Venison shall be wellcom," she writes, "to Hampton Court and merrily eaten. I dare not write unto you how I do,

for if I should say well, I weare greatly to blame ; if ill, I trust you would not beleieve me, I am so merry. It is enough to change Heraclitus into Democritus to live in this most ridiculous World, and enough to change Democritus into Heraclitus to live in this most wicked World. If you will not allow reading of riddles for a Christmas sport, I know not whether you will take this Philosophical folly of mine in good part this good time.

“ I writt to your Lo. by a messenger of Mr. Herries an answer of yours I received by my Cousin Lane’s man, of such newes as then weare newes, and now have I none to send but that the King will be heare to-morrow. The Prolonian Imbassadour shall have audience on Thursday next. The Queen intended to make a mask this Christmas, to which end my La. of Suffolk and my La. Walsingham have warrants to take of the late Queen’s best apparell out of the Tower at theyr discretion. Certain noblemen (whom I may not yet name to you because some of them have made me of theyr counsell) intend another, certain gentlemen of good sort, another. It is said theare shall be 30 playes. The King will feast at the Imbassadour’s this Christmas. Sir John Hollis conveyed some new com Imbassadours to Richmond, and it was said (but uncertainly) to be a Muscovian. . . . From Hampton Court, the 18 of December, 1603.”

In another letter, dated January 10, 1604, she regrets that she has not time sufficient “ to write the Description of all the Maskes besides two playes plaied before the Prince.”

In a letter from Oxford she gives a lively account of King James’s visit to the University city, and of the liberality of Don Taxis, the Spanish ambassador.

“ I wrote to you,” she says, “ of the reason of the delay of Taxis’ audience ; it remaineth to tell how jovially he behaveth himself in the interim. He hath bro’ great store of Spanish gloves, hawks’ hoods, leather for jerkins, and moreover a perfumer. These delicacies he bestoweth amongst our lords and ladies, I will not say with a hope to effeminate the one sex, but certainly with a hope to grow gracious with the other, as he already is. The curiosity of our sex drew many Ladies and Gentlewomen to gaze at him betwixt his landing place and Oxford his abiding place. . . . Yesterday the King and Queen dined at a lodge of Sir H^v. Lee’s 9 miles hence and were accom-

panied by the French Ambassador and a Dutch Duke. I will not say we were merry at the Dutchkin, lest you complain of me for telling tales out of the Queen's coach. . . . If there were such a virtue as courtesy at the Court, I marvel what is become of it, for I protest I see little or none of it but in the Queen, who ever since her coming to Newbury hath spoken to the people as she passeth and receiveth their prayers with thanks and thankful countenance, barefaced, to the great contentment of native and foreign people."

She has most to tell of the generosity of the Spanish ambassador, who showered his gifts about with no sparing hand—Spanish gloves, diamond rings, gold chains of Spanish work; and of the amusements of the Queen's ladies. "Will you know," she says, "how we spend our time on the Queen's side? Whilst I was at Winchester theare weare certain childe playes remembered by the fayre ladies, viz., I pray my lord give me a course in your park; Rise pig and go; One peny follow me, etc. And when I came to Court they weare as highly in request as ever cracking of nuts was. So I was by the mistress of the Revelles not only compelled to play at I know not what (for till that day I never heard of a play called Fur), but was persuaded by the Princely example to play the childe againe. This exercise is most used from 10 of the clocke at night till 2 or 3 in the morning, but that day that I made one it began at twilight and ended at supper time." Then she writes to tell her aunt of the King's munificence in sending her £800 and a service of plate, and of the munificence of Sir Robert Cecil, who has presented her with a pair of bracelets; and of the jealousy and envy of the ladies of the Court at the attentions paid to her by persons of all classes. She is much put about because she can think of no suitable birthday gift for the Queen. "Her Majesty," she writes, "regards not the value but the device. The gentlewoman whom I consulted (one of the queen's attendants) liked neither gown nor petticoat so well as some little bunch of rubies to hang in her ear, or some such daft [deft?] toy. I mean to give her Majesty two pairs of silk stockings, lined with plush, and two pairs of gloves lined, if London afford me not some daft toy I like better. I am making the King a purse." Even these simple gifts she finds it difficult to pay for out of her small quarterly allowance. The old Earl of Shrewsbury was serious-minded, and his lively niece makes merry over some

of his precisian ideas. But she is very grateful for the red-deer pies which he has sent to her, and in return forwards "the sharpest salad that ever I eat," and a cheese which she hopes will "prove as good as great." At the Queen's request she gives up to the service of the King of Denmark one of her household, Thomas Cutting, who can "play upon the lute." And to a letter written to Charles Gosling, probably at her instigation, inquiring whether any engagement exists between her cousin, William Cavendish, and Mistress Margaret Chatterton, she adds in her own handwriting a lively postscript:—"Remember the old buck of Sherland, and the roasted tench I and other good company eat so savorily at your house, and if thou be still a good fellow and an honest man show it now, or be hanged."

Her correspondence, as a whole, puts before us a thoughtful and loving woman, highly accomplished, quick of observation, with a good deal of vivacity and even of wit, and absolutely devoid of ambition or of liking for political intrigue. So far from desiring to play the rôle of a possible claimant to the Crown, she shrinks from too conspicuous a position at Court. In one of her letters, replying to a jest of her uncles, she says that she hopes to prove how a woman can preserve her purity and innocence amidst the follies and temptations of a Court life. In another she appears as a peacemaker, and solicits the Earl to forgive once more that notorious termagant, his step-mother, the dowager Countess. Altogether, the perusal of her letters forces upon us the conviction, as Mr. S. R. Gardiner remarks, that "if only a man worthy of her had come forward, she would have been fitted, above all the ladies of that age, to fulfil the quiet domestic duties of a wife and mother." With the life which she was forced to lead she was ill at ease; she did not care for the perpetual round of gaieties in which the Queen delighted; and she submitted, with but an ill grace, to take her part in the childish games by means of which the ladies of the Court contrived to while away the weary hours.

During the first six years of his reign, James I. treated his cousin with much kind consideration. He allowed her to occupy apartments in the royal palaces, and increased the pension which Elizabeth had bestowed upon her to £800, with a daily diet for herself and ten persons. She had also a pension of £1,600 from the Customs, besides her private income. But she did not keep out of debt, and seems to have had at least one

feminine weakness—a love of splendid costume and jewellery. It is said that she appeared at a State ceremony wearing diamonds to the value of £100,000.* She had also an expensive household, numbering two-and-thirty persons.

But we have seen that she was no ordinary woman, and a love of dress was then common to persons of high rank. In all other respects she rose above her sex, or was equal to the best.

Soon after the accession of James she had been temporarily under a cloud. Watson's plot, as it was called, had for its object the deposition of James, in order to place Arabella on the throne. Lord Cobham and Walter Raleigh were concerned in the intrigue, but it was soon seen and acknowledged that the lady herself was innocent of all knowledge of it. In the following year another crown—a crown matrimonial—was offered to her, the suitor being the King of Poland, but it was respectfully declined. A contemporary letter-writer says:—"My Lady Arabella spends her time in lecture, reading, etc., and she will not hear of marriage. Indirectly there were speeches used in the recommendation of Count Maurice, who pretendeth to be Duke of Gueldres." An offer of marriage was also made by the Prince of Anhalt, eliciting from her the curt remark that she liked neither his letters nor his Latin.

So the years passed on peacefully until, shortly before Christmas, 1609, to the great surprise of the Court, she was suddenly arrested and summoned before the Council. It is supposed that some rumour had reached the King of secret negotiations for her marriage to a foreign prince, and that he was afraid lest after such a marriage her pretensions to the throne might seriously be put forward. Her explanations, however, proved satisfactory; she was immediately released, and obtained from the King an assurance that he would not object to her marriage with any subject of the Crown.

She had already met with a "subject" on whom she was anxious to bestow her hand. William Seymour, a grandson of Lord Hertford, distinguished by his good looks, his abilities, and his gallantry—as, in after years, by a devoted loyalty to Charles I., which brought him into painful adversities—had

* This was in Daniel's masque of "Tethys' Festival," produced at court on the occasion of Prince Henry's installation as Prince of Wales.

captivated her virgin fancy. A constant attendant at Court, he and the Lady Arabella had numerous opportunities of cultivating each other's regard. At length he whispered his vows of love in no reluctant ear; and it was agreed that they should endeavour to obtain the King's permission for their marriage. At Court the walls have Argus-eyes: the love-passages between the ill-fated couple were observed and reported; and in February, 1610, both were summoned before the King in council, charged with disparagement to the Crown and treason to the Prerogative in having engaged themselves to matrimony without the royal assent. When Seymour was sharply censured for seeking to ally himself with a lady of royal blood, he attempted no denial, but with manly spirit exclaimed:—"A younger brother, and sensible of mine own good, unknown to the world, of mean estate, not born to challenge anything by my birthright, and therefore my fortunes to be raised by mine own endeavour; and she a lady of great honour and virtue, and, as I thought, of great means, I did plainly and honestly endeavour lawfully to gain her in marriage."

He added, not less frankly:—"I boldly intruded myself into her ladyship's chamber in the Court on Candlemas-day last (February 2nd); at what time I imparted my desire unto her, which was entertained, but with this caution on either part, that both of us resolved not to proceed to any final conclusion without his Majesty's most gracious favour first obtained. And this was our first meeting. After that we had a second meeting at Bugge's house in Fleet Street, and then a third at Mr. Bay-orton's; at both which we had the same conference and resolutions as before."

Eventually both offenders were discharged with a reprimand: but James, to soften the blow to Arabella as much as possible, and to confirm her position at Court, gave her a few hundred pounds in advance of her allowance, made her a present of plate, and promised her a share in an Irish monopoly of wine and usquebagh. Mr. Gardiner, in explaining the King's objection to young Seymour, points out that his father, Lord Beauchamp, as the son of the Earl of Hertford and Lady Catherine Grey, inherited from his mother the claims of the Suffolk line; and he thinks it is probable that James believed in the existence of a settled plan to connect the title of the Seymours with that, such as it was, of Arabella. "There was no such plan. The lovers had no

ambitious views, and no object other than to be happy in their own way. For a little more than three months Seymour kept his promise to the King, and then love prevailed over duty ; or rather his duty to his betrothed prevailed over his duty to his sovereign." About the end of May, or early in June—the exact date is unknown—the two lovers were married in the bride's private apartment in the Royal Palace at Greenwich, calculating, perhaps, that when the irrevocable step had been taken, James would no longer withhold his sanction. The ceremony was celebrated in the presence of a clergyman, of a lady of the Court whose name has not been recorded ; of Anne Bradshaw, Arabella's faithful attendant ; and George Rodney, the bridegroom's trusted friend. And while the devotion of the two lovers was thus being consecrated, the ladies and gentlemen of the Court, under the same roof, were engaged in their usual evening pastimes, and James himself was conversing with his family and courtiers, in complete ignorance of this treasonable revolt against the royal prerogative.

It is surmised that Lady Arabella intended, as soon as she could raise the necessary funds, to have escaped with her husband to Paris, and resided there until the King's forgiveness was obtained. But the secret of her marriage could not long be kept ; and when it reached the King's ears, his indignation rose to fever-heat. "The serpent of love has beguiled her," he said. "She has eaten of the forbidden fruit, and her expulsion from Paradise is ordained." He took care that, for the rest of her life, she should never re-enter it. She and her husband were at once arrested. The wife was committed to the custody of Sir Thomas Parry, at Lambeth ; the husband was sent to the Tower* (July 25th, 1610). At first their confinement was not very rigorous, and they continued to meet frequently, and to correspond regularly. One of Arabella's letters written at this time has been preserved. The reader will be affected by its tender simplicity :—

* At this time Melvin, the Puritan divine, was a prisoner in the Tower. He sent to Seymour, by way of welcome, the following epigram :—

"Communis tibi mihi causa est carceris ; Ara-
bella tui causa est,—Araque sacra mihi."

[You and I are prisoners through the same cause ; yours is a beautiful altar (*ara-bella*), mine a sacred one.]

“SIR,—I am exceeding sorry to hear you have no beinne well, I pray you let me know truly how you do, and what was the cause of it, for I am not satisfied with the reason Smith gives for it. But if it be a colde I will impute it to some sympathy betwixt us, having myself gotten a so swollen cheeke at the same time with a colde. For God’s sake let not your grief of minde worke upon your body, you may see by me what inconveniences it will bring one to. And no fortune I assure you daunts me so much as that weaknesse of body I find in myself, for, *si nous vivons l’age d’un veau*, as Marot says, we may by God’s grace be happier than we looke for in being suffered to enjoy ourselves with his Majesty’s favour, but if we be not able to live to it I for my part shall thinck myselfe a patterne of misfortune in enjoying so great a blessing as you so little a while. No separation but that deprives me of the comfort of you, for whearsoever you be or in what state soever you are, it sufficeth me you are mine. Rachel wept and would not be comforted because her children weare no more, and that indeed is the remedillesse sorrow and none else, and therefore God bless us from that, and I will hope well of the rest, though I see no apparent hope, but I am sure God’s book mentioneth many of his children in as great distresse that have donne well after even in this world. I assure you nothing the State can do with me can trouble me so much as this neues of your being ill doth, and you see when I am troubled I trouble you too with tedious kindnesse, for so I think you will account so long a letter, yourself not having written to me this good while so much as how you do, but sweet Sir I speak not this to trouble you with writing but when you please. Be well, and I shall account myself happy in being your faithful loving wife.—ARB. S.”

But Arabella’s cup of bitterness was as yet by no means full. In March, 1611, the Privy Council issued an order by which Seymour was placed in the Tower under very severe restraint, and the Lady Arabella handed over to the custody of the Bishop of Durham, who was instructed to carry her with him on his return to his episcopal capital. The Bishop, however, shrank from so onerous a responsibility; and eventually the lady was transferred to the care of Sir James Croft, at Barnet. But anguish of mind, induced by this disappointment of all her hopes, overwrought her naturally weak constitution; and as the phy-

sicians reported her to be in a delicate, if not dangerous, condition, her northward journey was postponed, and she was accommodated at Mr. Conier's house at East Barnet. As soon as she grew stronger, she contrived through her maid Bradshaw, and Seymour's valet, to open up communications with her husband, and a plan of escape was at length devised, which they proceeded to put into execution on the 4th of June, her removal northward having been ordered for the following day.

Saddle-horses for herself and her attendants were provided by George Rodney, at the inn hard by, her temporary residence. The stratagem then adopted was simple enough. Anne Bradshaw personating a lady of quality, was escorted by Henry Markham, dressed as a groom; and with them went the Lady Arabella, in the guise of a cavalier—in doublet, black hat, black coat, a man's peruke, red-topped russet boots, and with a sword by her side. She took with her several of her servants and rode away rapidly until the unaccustomed motion of the horse, which she rode astride as a man, and her weak state, compelled her to rest at a small wayside inn. "The young gentleman," said the host, "looks ill, and will hardly last out to London." But the resources of love are infinite. Rallying her energies, she resumed her journey, and sometimes stopping to repose, sometimes supported by her faithful companions, she contrived to reach the bank of the Thames, at Blackwall, about six in the evening. There the little company of fugitives embarked in boats, and dropped down the river to Leigh, where a French vessel was lying to receive them. As soon as she was safely on board, her companions urged her to sail at once for their destination. It would have been well for her if she had acted on their advice; but she persisted in tarrying for her husband, who, if he succeeded in escaping from the Tower, was to join her in this ship. Meanwhile the tide ran out, and some hours elapsed before the vessel could get out into the river—precious hours, which, if wisely turned to account, would have conveyed her to freedom and happiness. It is impossible, however, to judge harshly of an error which sprang from the unselfishness of a loving heart, and by which she herself was the greatest sufferer.

As soon as her flight was discovered, it was reported to the King. His anger and alarm were very great. He was then at Greenwich, and immediately issued a proclamation, "straitly

charging and commanding" all persons whatsoever to refuse the fugitives shelter or assistance, and "to use the best means for their apprehension and keeping them in safe custody." Messengers and scouts were despatched in all directions; and orders issued for the swiftest of the King's ships to go in pursuit. Unhappily the wind came to James's help by veering round, and blowing strongly from the eastward; so that the little bark which carried Arabella and her fortunes was tossed to and fro in the Channel, and, unable to make the French coast, was overtaken by a King's sloop-of-war, and compelled by volleys of shot to surrender. Then, with a sad heart, for she knew nothing of her husband's fate and apprehended the worst, Arabella Seymour went back to the Tower, and a life-long captivity.

But Seymour's adventure had been more prosperous. Disguised as a carter, he left the Tower with a waggon and team of horses which had conveniently brought thither a stock of timber. Without a single impediment he reached Gravesend, where he hired a small brig, and failing to find his wife's vessel, sailed to Ostend. There he received intelligence of her recapture, and, with a heart torn by resentment at the ill-treatment she received, and regret at the misfortune which had befallen her, he went on to Paris. It was not until after his wife's death that James allowed him to return to England; and the intervening years he spent in strict retirement.

There is little more to be said of the unfortunate Arabella. In his jealous fear of the possible results of her marriage, James resolved that so long as she lived she should live a prisoner; though in this action he was violating the liberty of the subject, and trampling on the root-principles of the Constitution, for his victim had been accused before no tribunal, convicted of no crime, and indeed, had committed none. In vain she supplicated the King's compassion in terms of the most abject entreaty; in vain Prince Henry interceded on her behalf, and the Queen, and the Elector Palatine. In vain she addressed herself to the chief justices, and demanded that right of free and open trial which was the birthright of the meanest Englishman. With a despotic disregard of law and equity which we cannot now contemplate without astonishment, nor without surprise that public opinion made no effort on her behalf, James left her to break her heart

in the solitude of her prison. He wreaked his anger—the anger of a timid man is always violent—on the Countess of Shrewsbury, and though she had given no just ground of offence, she was confined in the Tower for several years. Nor did her favourite and faithful servants escape; they were all sent to the Marshalsea prison. Her jewels and ornaments were sold; her estates confiscated. All that a king should have been too kingly not to do he did, and all that a king should have done, he failed to do.

In November, 1613, the unfortunate lady seems to have been temporarily residing out of the Tower for her health's sake; and there is a vague (and certainly not a well-authenticated) story, that she made a second unsuccessful attempt to rejoin her husband. Ultimately her reason gave way; and when, on the plea that she had a terrible and unsuspected plot to reveal, she obtained an audience of the King in council, she shocked her hearers by pouring out a story of incoherent extravagances. At length, on the 27th of September, 1615, death brought the unhappy prisoner that release from her sufferings which she had been unable to obtain from the justice or pity of man. She was buried by night in Westminster Abbey, in the tomb which held the remains of Mary Queen of Scots, and was shortly afterwards reopened to receive those of Henry Prince of Wales.

There are many stains on the character of James I.; but none, I think, darker or more indelible than those left upon it by his cruel and arbitrary treatment of Lady Arabella Stuart,—of whom it may truly be said that she possessed all that capacity for unselfish, profound, and loving devotion which has so often glorified the annals of her sex with the lustre of noble deeds.

PART IV.

WOMAN AS SOVEREIGN.

MARGARET OF ANJOU, QUEEN OF ENGLAND.

JEANNE D'ALBRET, QUEEN OF NAVARRE. (*La Mignonne des Rois.*)

ELIZABETH, QUEEN OF ENGLAND. (*Great Gloriana.*)

CHRISTINA, QUEEN OF SWEDEN.

MARIA THERESA, QUEEN OF HUNGARY AND EMPRESS OF GERMANY.

LOUISA, QUEEN OF PRUSSIA.





MARGARET OF ANJOU, QUEEN OF ENGLAND.

MARGARET OF ANJOU,

QUEEN OF ENGLAND.



I.

MARGARET OF ANJOU, queen-consort of Henry VI. of England, was the second daughter of the troubadour-king, René of Anjou, and his wife, Isabella, daughter and heiress of Charles II., Duke of Lorraine. She was born on the 23rd of March, 1429, at Pont-à-Mousson, which was then one of the stateliest castles of Lorraine, and had been included in her mother's dower. Margaret inherited much of her mother's personal beauty and grace of manner, to which she added the talents of her versatile father. She grew up a singularly attractive child, with abundant promise of developing into noble womanhood. As the contemporary chroniclers frequently refer to her learning, we must suppose that she received something more than the narrow education then esteemed sufficient for high-born damsels—to read, to embroider, and to ride an ambling palfrey ; but even in her early years she had some experience of that adverse fortune which threw so heavy a shadow over her later life, her father being long detained in captivity by the Duke of Burgundy. In 1435 he succeeded to the crown of Naples, but could not obtain his release, and some time elapsed before the energetic efforts of Queen Isabella effected it. And as soon as he was free he found himself compelled to defend his throne against the claims of Alphonso of Arragon, who, supporting them by a large army, laid siege to Naples, and captured it in June, 1442. The unfortunate king then hastened to join his wife and children in Provence.

To better his fortunes he contracted his daughter Margaret in marriage, in February, 1443, to Charles Count of Nevers, nephew

of the Duke of Burgundy, but some difficulties arose as to conditions which prevented the conclusion of the alliance; and in the following year a more illustrious suitor presented himself in King Henry VI., who had been attracted by the reports of her learning and beauty, and, anxious "to enter into the endearing restraints of the most holy Sacrament of Marriage," made a proposal for her hand. The negotiations were conducted by the Earl of Suffolk; and as Margaret could neither expect nor desire a more auspicious match, they were rapidly completed. Her father at this time, though titular King of Naples, Sicily, and Jerusalem, had not a rood of land to call his own, and was so poor that not only could he give his daughter no dowry, but he could not afford to defray the expenses of the nuptials or of Margaret's journey to England. Thus portionless and penniless, though rich in personal charms, in mental endowments, and in force of character, the fair daughter of Anjou became Queen of England. Early in November, 1444, in the church of St. Martin at Tours, she was affianced to Henry VI., Suffolk acting as proxy for his Sovereign. Eight days were spent in fêtes and tournaments, at which were present, with all the pomp and circumstance of royalty, the King and Queen of France, King René and Isabella, the chief nobles and the fairest dames of France and England, and the renowned Agnes Sorel, "the Lady of Beauty." Handsome prizes were assigned to the victors in the tourneys, and there were banquets and dances, minstrelsy and the tricks of jugglers, trials at archery, and brilliant cavalcades—everything which the picturesque fancy of the age could devise. It was on this occasion that the girl-queen—then in her sixteenth year—assumed the daisy, or la Marguerite, for her badge, which was afterwards worn by all her attendants. At the conclusion of the long revel King René formally intrusted her to Suffolk's charge, and she then set out for England, escorted by the nobles, knights, and ladies who had accompanied Suffolk on his mission. But the journey was accomplished with such deliberateness and by so circuitous a route that winter had passed into spring before she crossed the Channel.

It was on the 10th of April, 1445, that she disembarked with her splendid retinue at Porchester, where King Henry had long awaited her arrival. She had suffered so much in the sea-passage that Suffolk was compelled to carry her in his arms from the vessel to the shore, and a letter written by King Henry

records that she immediately “fell syke of y^e labour and indisposition of y^e sea,” so that the marriage ceremony had to be deferred. It may be accepted as a presage of the strife and tempest by which so much of her future life was overcast that a tremendous storm of thunder and lightning broke forth as she set foot on English soil.

The first interview between bride and bridegroom took place in Porchester Castle, and Margaret’s radiant beauty produced so powerful an impression on the susceptible young king that “he could scarce look her steadfastly in the face.” He hastened to lavish rewards on all who had brought to him this “pearl of price,” from the Countess of Shrewsbury, who was in immediate attendance upon her, to the master of the *Coq John* which had conveyed her across the Channel. He presented his bride with a costly ring—“of gold garnished with a fair ruby”—which he had worn on the occasion of his coronation at Paris. This was made to serve as the wedding-ring. From Porchester, on the day of her landing, the Queen, accompanied by King Henry, proceeded to Southampton by water, and at Southampton rested for five days in the convent of “God’s House” before she was well enough to move on to Southwick, where the marriage was to take place. We read that “Master Francisco, the Queen’s physician, received on the 10th of April, by command of the Marquis of Suffolk, at Southampton, 69s. 2d. for divers aromatic confections, particularly and specially purchased by him and privately made into medicine for the preservation of the health of the said lady the Queen, as well by sea as by land.” And from one of King Henry’s letters we learn that the Queen’s malady was the very dangerous one of small-pox; but as she recovered speedily and completely, we may infer that the attack was a slight one.

On Thursday, April 22nd, the royal couple were united by the Archbishop of York in the priory church of Southwick. The blessing was pronounced by Ayscough, Bishop of Salisbury, who said: “This marriage, the people believe, will be pleasing to God and the realm, because that peace and abundant crops came to us with it. And I pray the Heavenly King that He will so protect them with His own right hand that their love may never be dissolved. . . . I desire that my lord may abide in that sacred alliance on which he has now entered, and may in faith possess those good things of marriage which have been assigned

to it by St. Augustine—‘*faith*, that he may not break his conjugal vow; *offspring*, which may be both lovingly brought up and religiously educated; and a *sacramental vow*, that the wedlock may never be dissolved, for these are the great things of marriage.’ Oh! may this wedding be, as was in old time the wedding of Tobias and Sarah, of which it is said that ‘they celebrated their marriage feast in the fear of the Lord’ (*Tobias ix.*). Oh! may it be the cause of *peace* among the people, even as peace was given unto the Jews on the marriage of Esther (*Esther ix. 18*). Oh! may it be as high and holy an ordering that, at the last, those words may worthily be verified in the case of the married pair. ‘Blessed are they which are called unto the marriage supper of the Lamb.’” (*Revelation xix.*).

Henry and his Queen entered London on the 18th of May, and were received with the enthusiastic welcome which would naturally be accorded to a young sovereign and his beautiful bride by a loyal and generous people. The Duke of Gloucester, at the head of five hundred retainers, handsomely arrayed, met them at Blackheath, and conducted them to his palace, named Plumsted, at Greenwich, where refreshment was sumptuously provided. Then came the proud barons of England, each at the head of a splendid retinue, and all wearing in their caps and bonnets, in compliment to the Queen, the modest daisy-flower; also the principal authorities of London, in their chains and robes, and the rich city guilds, in blue gowns and red hoods, their sleeves embroidered with some cognizance expressive of their art or trade; and the whole company, mounted on horseback, formed an escort such as any king might be proud to have. Southwark and London were embellished for the occasion “with pageants of divers histories and other shows of welcome, marvellous, costly, and sumptuous,” in which the gods and goddesses of the old mythology were strangely jumbled up with angels and ancient worthies and the cardinal virtues. The most magnificent pageant was erected on London Bridge—the famous old structure of many arches, which was lined on either side with houses that overhung its piers of stone—and set forth in allegory (as “headstrong as an alligator on the banks of the Nile”) the blessings of Peace and Plenty. The motto inscribed upon it was, “*Ingredimini et replete terram*” (Enter ye and replenish the earth); and the following verses, from the pen of the poet Lydgate, were addressed to the Queen:—

“ Most Christian Princesse, by influence of grace,
 Daughter of Ierusalem, our plesaunce
 And joie, welcome as ever Princesse was,
 With hert entiere, and hert affiaunce;
 Causer of welthe, joye, and abundaunce,
 Your citie, your people, your subjects all,
 With hert, with worde, with dede, your Highnesse to avaunce,
 Welcome! welcome! welcome! unto you call.”

Another pageant represented Noah's Ark, with its motley collection of animals. It bore the words (Genesis viii. 21) “ Jam non ultra imprecor super terram ” (Henceforth there shall no more be a curse upon the earth). The explanatory verses recited to the patient Queen were again from the laborious muse of Lydgate:—

“ So trusteth your people, with assuraunce,
 Throughe your grace and high benignitie,
 'Twixt the realmes two, England and France,
 Pees shall approche, rest and unitie,
 Mars set aside with all his crueltie,
 Whiche too longe hathe troubled the realmes twayne,
 Bydyng your comforte, in this adversité,
 Most Christian Princesse, our Lady Soverayne.

“ Right as whilom, by God's myght and grace,
 Noe this arke dyd forgè and ordayne,
 Wherein he and hys myght escape, and passe
 The flood of vengeaunce caused by trespasse;
 Conveyed about as God list hym to gyne,
 By means of mercy found a resting place
 After the flood upon this Asmonie.

“ Unto the Dove that brought the branche of peas
 Resembling your simpleness, columbyne,
 Token and sygne that the flood should cease,
 Conduct by grace and power devyne;
 Source of comfort 'gynneth faire to shine
 By your presence, whereto we synge and seyne
 Welcome of joye right extended lyne,
 Moste Christian Princesse, our Lady Soverayne.”

At Leadenhall and at St. Margaret's Inn, Cornhill, were other shows and more recitation of verses, to which the young Queen must surely have listened with weariness of soul. At the Great Conduit, in Cheapside, the Five Wise and Five Foolish Virgins supplied Lydgate with another theme; and at the Cross, in the Cheape, he moralised in crabbed stanzas on “ the Heavenly

Jerusalem," and at St. Paul's Gate on the strangely inappropriate subjects of "The Funeral, Resurrection, and Judgment." Thus refreshed by pageant and poetry, she passed on, through the boisterous acclamations of the citizens, to the Tower, where she was considerably allowed a day's repose. On the following Sunday, May the 20th, she rode to Westminster Abbey, and the magnificently solemn ceremonial of her coronation was conducted by Stafford, Archbishop of Canterbury. The coronation feasts were on a scale of equal splendour. Many royal gifts were freely bestowed, and some precious crown jewels redeemed, to enhance the value of the national welcome to Queen Margaret. Among them we read of the "Ilkington collar" as very valuable, and also of "a pectoral" (or ornament for the bosom), studded with gems, worth about £15,000. A three days' tournament followed, at which the English and French knights vied with each other to win the applause of the fair ladies who crowded the galleries, and under such bright auspices as these the young Queen entered on that married life which was fated to close amid the heavy shadows of disaster and defeat.

It does not fall within my province to relate the historical events of Henry's reign further than is necessary to explain Queen Margaret's personal history and illustrate her character. The influence which her beauty had given her over her gentlemanly husband she speedily confirmed by the exercise of her rare talents and strong will. The factions which contended in Parliament and the country for the supreme direction of affairs soon found that in Margaret there was a new force to be reckoned with. She was all that her husband was not: courageous where he was timid, imperious where he was submissive, determined where he was hesitating, energetic where he was indolent. Her wit, her grace, her charm of manner, her sagacity, and her love of power made her a formidable opponent; and had she possessed a fuller and clearer knowledge of the feelings of the people, she might possibly have long retained in her hands the reins of government of which she showed herself from the first so anxious to obtain possession. Of the two great English parties, respectively headed by Humphrey Duke of Gloucester and the Duke of Suffolk, she not unnaturally sided with the latter, which, however, was the more unpopular. Suffolk had been the principal agent in conducting the negotiations with

France of which Queen Margaret's marriage was one of the results, but while the country gladly welcomed the new Queen it resented the proposed cession of a portion of its French conquests. The war party rapidly increased in strength; and as troubles were anticipated from it in the Parliamentary session of 1447, Suffolk endeavoured to meet the danger by ordering the arrest of Gloucester on a charge of secret conspiracy. A few days later he was found dead in his bed. Suspicions of murder inflamed the popular hatred against Suffolk, and some degree of odium attached to the Queen as his patron and supporter. As disaster befell our arms in France—as town after town was lost, until even Normandy, the ancient inheritance of the Kings of England, had to be abandoned—the national indignation kindled more and more fiercely, and the denunciations against Suffolk, the King's Minister and the Queen's favourite, acquired an additional intensity. As William of Worcester puts it, the whole kingdom “murmured against him.” It was said that he, the minion of the Queen, had betrayed his Sovereign and sacrificed the rights of the Crown to win the smile of a foreign mistress. Against Margaret herself many bitter invectives were hurled. “The King,” it was said, “had in a manner deposed himself by leaving the affairs of his kingdom in the hands of a woman, who merely used his name to conceal her usurpation, since, according to the laws of England, a Queen-Consort hath no power, but title only.”

In March, 1450, Suffolk, in spite of the Queen's efforts, was banished from the King's dominions for a term of five years. Retiring to his estate in Suffolk, he made preparations for leaving the country, and when these were completed, embarked with his followers on board two small vessels to cross the Channel, but was captured by a ship of the Kentishmen, the *Nicholas of the Tower*, on board of which he underwent a mock trial before the sailors, and was condemned to suffer death. On the morning of the 2nd of May, a small boat, carrying a headsman, a block, and a rusty sword, drew alongside the *Nicholas*. The Duke was lowered into it, and the executioner, telling him he should die “like a knight,” smote off his head at the sixth stroke. His body was flung on the seashore, near Dover, where the Sheriff of Kent took charge of it, until by the King's command, it was given up to his widow, and interred in the collegiate church of Wingfield, in Suffolk.

The insurrection of John Cade and the Kentishmen bore testimony to the growing discontent with the King's government. It was evidently planned in the interest of the House of York; and one of the articles of the "Complaint" issued by the insurgents specially denounced the exclusion of the Duke of York, and of other nobles of the royal blood, from the King's council. Some of the ringleaders, as they suffered on the scaffold, openly acknowledged it to have been their intention to have elevated him to the throne, and spoke strongly of the King's incapacity and Queen Margaret's arbitrary rule.

At length the Duke and his friends perceived that the time had come for his appearance on the scene, and crossing over from Ireland shortly before Michaelmas, 1450, he landed at Beaumaris, in Anglesea. He was soon at the head of some 4,000 of his Welsh vassals, with whom he marched upon London, receiving everywhere along his route abundant tokens of the goodwill of the population. He was by no means welcome at court, and was compelled to force himself into the royal presence, apparently using actual violence, for it is said that he and his followers "beat down the spears and walls" in the audience chamber. Henry was powerless to resist his demands; which included the summoning of a Parliament, and the admission of new councillors to the King's council-board. But the meeting of the new Parliament was followed by a bitter strife between the Duke of York and the Duke of Somerset, who had succeeded Suffolk in the Queen's confidence. It ended in the arrest of the latter, whereupon Margaret soon effected his release, and as a mark of the royal favour, appointed him Constable of Calais. To this provocation the Yorkists replied with a bold measure; Thomas Young, member for Bristol, bringing forward a motion to the effect that, as Henry was childless, the Duke of York should be declared heir to the Crown. The House of Commons accepted it unanimously, but it was opposed in the Peers, and the dispute abruptly closed by the prorogation of Parliament. So far the Yorkists had gained no special advantage, and the dubious contention dragged its slow length along for the next three years. In the early weeks of 1452, York once more made a display of armed force, and advanced as far as Blackheath, where the King's troops were encamped. Some prelates and peers interposed, however, to prevent bloodshed, and Henry was brought to promise that Somerset should be committed to custody until

he had satisfactorily made answer to the charges brought against him. York then dismissed his army, relying on the King's good faith; but the Queen, with characteristic decision, ordered his arrest, and would not release him until he had repeated in public his oath of fealty to the King.

In August, 1453, while at Clarendon, Henry exhibited symptoms of mental derangement, the pressure of affairs proving too heavy a burden for a mind naturally feeble. The malady increased, and was accompanied by a singular physical weakness, so that he could neither stand erect nor use his feet. He was still in this condition when Queen Margaret gave birth, at Westminster Palace, on the 13th of October, 1453, to her only child, Prince Edward. The unfortunate father, at this time, could not be made to understand what had occurred. In a contemporary letter we read:—"At the Prince's coming to Wyndesore, the Duke of Buk toke hym in his armes, and presented hym to the Kyng in godely wise, besechyng the Kynge to blisse him; and the Kyng gave no maner answeare. Natheless the Duke abode stille wit the Prince by the Kyng; and when he coude no maner answeare have, the Queene came in, and toke the Prince in her armes, and presented hym in like fourme as the Duke had done, desiryng that he shulde blisse it; but alle their labour was in veyne, for they departed thens witout any answeare or countenance, sauyng onely that ones he loked on the Prince, and caste downe his eyene agen witout any more."

Both the Somerset faction and the Yorkists continued meanwhile their struggle for supremacy. In the opening months of 1454 fortune favoured the Yorkists. The Queen during her husband's incapacity, claimed to be invested with the royal power, but the Lords ignored her request; and as no supreme authority existed in the realm they sent some of their number to Windsor, to obtain an audience of the King, in the hope that he might be made to understand the nature of the emergency, and assist Parliament in applying a remedy. The mission failed. Neither by word nor sign could the afflicted sovereign be got to hold any communication with his prelates and peers, and "therefore with sorrowful hearts, they went their way." Compelled to act decisively, the Lords, on the 27th of March, elected Richard, Duke of York, as "protector and defender of the nation," with a yearly salary of ten thousand marks. It was at the same time declared that the title carried with it no

prerogatives ; that it gave merely the precedence in the council, and the command of the army in the case of rebellion or invasion ; that it was revocable at the King's will ; and that if the King's incapacity proved permanent, it should devolve upon the Prince of Wales as soon as he came of age. But at Christmas Henry suddenly recovered from his long illness ; and so rapidly did he regain full command of his faculties that, on the 27th of December, he was able to instruct his almoner to present a thankoffering at the shrine of St. Thomas of Canterbury. On the 30th Queen Margaret brought to him the infant prince, with all a mother's pride and a wife's affection glowing on her still beautiful countenance (she had married so young that she had not yet lost the bloom of early womanhood) :—"And the King asked what his name was, and the Queen told him Edward ; and then he held up his hands and thanked God thereof. And he said he never knew till that time, nor wist not what was said to him, nor wist not where he had been while he had been sick till now." The Bishop of Winchester and the Prior of St John's had audience of him on the 7th of January, "and he spake to them as well as ever he did ; and when they came out they wept for joy. And he saith he is in charity with all the world, and so he would all the Lords were."

Margaret soon recovered her influence over her husband ; and the effect was seen in the rapid reversal of the measures taken during his period of incapacity. The Duke of York's protectorate was dissolved ; the Duke of Somerset liberated from the Tower. It was evident that the contention between the two factions would be referred to the arbitrament of the sword. The two famous Nevilles, Richard Earl of Salisbury, and his son Richard Earl of Warwick (he had won the earldom by his marriage with the heiress of the Beauchamps), lent their powerful support to York and flew to arms. The three great nobles at once moved upon London. At the news of their approach, Margaret mustered 20,000 men, and with the King, the Duke of Somerset, the Earl of Northumberland, and other nobles in her train, advanced to St. Albans, where, on the 23rd of May, the first battle was fought in the long and sanguinary war between the Red Rose and the White. It ended in a disastrous defeat to the Lancastrians. King Henry fell into the hands of the victorious Earls ; Somerset, Northumberland, and Lord Clifford were among the slain. It was the ill fortune of Queen Margaret to prove fatal

to all in whom she placed her confidence. After the fight, the Duke, with Salisbury and Warwick, repaired to the presence of the royal prisoner, and prayed him on their knees to accept them as his true liegemen, protesting that they had never intended any injury to his person. Then they rode by his side in triumph into London. A Parliament was immediately summoned which confirmed all the acts of the Duke, and when the King, about the end of October, again fell ill of his mysterious malady, nominated him a second time Protector. In the spring of 1456, Henry's recovery once more put an end to the Duke's rule; and for the next two years, the hostile factions watched each other sullenly, with hand on sword.

The misery of the country compelled a temporary reconciliation in the early part of 1458. It is unnecessary to specify the conditions of what proved to be only a twelvemonth's truce. The fire had not been extinguished; it continued to smoulder among the ashes, and a breath was sufficient to kindle it aflame. A street riot in London between some of Warwick's retainers and a few of the King's servants was attributed by the Lancastrians to the malpractices of the great Earl. The Queen made an attempt to arrest him, but failed; and the war was at once renewed. Margaret exerted all her energies to raise a new army for the support of her husband's throne; and, to counteract Warwick's far-reaching popularity, carried the King with her on a progress through the Midland Counties. In Cheshire she gained many adherents. The more effectually to attach the Lords and gentry to her side she entertained them right royally, and commanded her son to distribute among them a number of collars embroidered with his badge of the White Swan, to be worn as a token of their loyalty.

The two armies met on Blore Heath, near Drayton in Staffordshire, on the 23rd of September, 1459; and the royalists, though outnumbering their adversaries in the proportion of two to one, were again defeated. Margaret who, from the church tower of Thurlestone, had the mortification of witnessing the defeat of her forces, fled to Eccleshall Castle.

Her courage, however, did not quail. Resolute to crush the Yorkists, and preserve the crown of England as her son's inheritance, she employed all her address in rallying to the King's standard the great nobles, and collecting an immense army. Inspired by her dauntless spirit, Henry, at this crisis,

displayed an unwonted energy, not unworthy of the son of the hero of Agincourt. Taking the field in person, he cheerfully endured all the hardships and discomforts of the campaign. For a month he and Margaret were constantly on the march, never resting at night, except on Sundays, in the place where they had encamped the night before; and frequently, even in bad weather, bivouacking for two nights running, on the cold bare ground. At the head of 60,000 men, Henry at length was able to advance against his opponents; and a decisive battle near Ludlow was averted only by a desertion of a part of the Yorkist army, and the disbanding of the rest. The Duke of York fled to Ireland, Salisbury and Warwick to Calais; while the Queen, summoning a Parliament at Coventry in November, pressed on an attainder against the great Yorkist chiefs, whom she regarded as the special enemies of her son and herself. The King signed these acts with reluctance, and insisted on the addition of a clause which should enable him at his pleasure to revoke them.

Meanwhile from their secure retreats in Ireland and at Calais, York and Warwick made vigorous preparations for another campaign. Early in June, 1460, Warwick and his father, with the Duke's handsome and gallant son, Edward Earl of March (afterwards Edward IV.), landed at Sandwich in Kent; and gathering up the knights, squires and yeomanry of Kent, entered London, with a force of 30,000 men, amid the enthusiastic acclamations of the citizens, who had warmly espoused the cause of the White Rose. Having left Salisbury behind to garrison the Tower, Warwick and March rapidly moved northward, and on the 10th of July, encountered the royal army at Northampton, in the immediate presence of the Queen. The Lancastrians were confident of victory, having the advantage both in numbers and position; but one of their commanders led his division over to the Yorkists, and introduced them into the very heart of the royal camp. Their centre pierced, Margaret's soldiers gave way, and being impetuously pressed by Warwick's fighting-men, fell into great disorder, their retreat degenerating into a flight, and their flight into a rout.

After the battle, Henry retired to the royal pavilion, where his victors waited upon him with every sign of courtesy and respect, and afterwards conducted him to London, surrounded by all the customary appanage of royalty. His Queen, and the young prince, with eight gentlemen as their escort, rode from the lost

field to Chester, narrowly escaping capture by John Cleger, a retainer of Lord Stanley's; and after being robbed by her own servants of jewels and apparel valued at 10,000 marks, succeeded in finding an asylum in Harlech Castle, where her residence is still pointed out as Queen Margaret's Tower. After enduring many privations, she escaped, later in the year, to Scotland; but her hopes of obtaining assistance to recover her son's inheritance—which her husband, under pressure from the Yorkists, had signed away, assenting to an Act of Parliament that vested the succession in the Duke of York and his heirs—was defeated by the death of James II. at the siege of Roxburgh Castle.

From Scotland she returned to the north of England. Having publicly protested against the decision of Parliament which excluded her son from his legitimate rights, she addressed herself, with her usual vigour, to the task of raising another army under the banner of the Red Rose. One forms a high idea of her courage and capacity, and of the fascination of her manner, when one finds that she succeeded in her object, though her cause had been discredited by a succession of defeats. From the South came her old and trusty adherents, the Dukes of Somerset and Exeter, and the Earl of Devon; while the North was represented by the Earl of Northumberland, Lords Clifford, Neville, and Dacres. A considerable force was soon assembled, and the Queen's grace and dignity—the sympathy excited by her misfortunes and her vigorous efforts to retrieve them—inspired noble and knight, man-at-arms and the meanest foot-soldier, with an enthusiasm which had a strain of the old chivalry in it. Alarmed by this rapid recovery of the Lancastrians, the Yorkist chiefs sent Salisbury northward to deal with the growing danger. His vanguard was surprised and defeated at Worksop by the Duke of Somerset—a success which greatly cheered Queen Margaret's spirits; but the main army under York himself, arrived on Christmas Eve at the Duke's own castle of Sandal, near Wakefield. There he spent Christmas Day with the Earl of Salisbury, while the Queen's battalions, under Somerset and Northumberland, lay at Pontefract.

Sandal was strongly fortified, and, as Queen Margaret was unprovided with artillery, could defy any force she could bring against it. His advisers, therefore, counselled the Duke to keep securely within its walls until the arrival of his son, Edward Earl of March, “with his power of Marchmen and Welsh

soldiers," should enable him to assume the offensive with every prospect of success. But the Duke's proud spirit was chafed by the jests which Margaret levelled at his inaction. Mounted on horseback, she appeared before the walls of Sandal, and endeavoured, by all the resources of her ingenuity, to provoke the Duke to abandon his impregnable fortress, and hazard the chances of the open field. What! she cried, did he, who had not even the courage to fight a woman, aspire to wear a crown? How should a craven knight, who skulked behind his walls of stone, and refused a woman's challenge, have the audacity to claim a kingdom as his reward? Then, "in a great fury" (says the old chronicler, Hall), the Duke turned round upon his lieutenant, and exclaimed,—“Hast thou loved me so long, and now wouldst have me dishonoured? Thou never knewest me keep fortress when I was regent in Normandy, when the Dauphin himself and his puissance came to besiege me; but like a man, and not like a bird included in a cage, I issued, and fought with mine enemies, to their loss ever (I thank God) and to my honour. If I have not kept myself within walls for fear of a great and strong prince, nor hid my face from any man living, would thou that I, for dread of a scolding woman, whose weapons are only her tongue and her nails, should incarcerate myself? Then all men might of me wonder, and all creatures might of me report dishonour, that a woman hath made me a dastard, whom no man to this day could prove a coward.”

That these were the *ipsissima verba* of the Duke the old chronicler probably did not expect his reader to believe; but we may assume that they fairly express the proud old warrior's feelings. At the same time, it would seem that his castle was ill-supplied with provisions. At all events, on the 30th of December, he abandoned the shelter of his massive ramparts, and drew up his forces on Wakefield Green, trusting to his experience in war and the courage of his troops to compensate for his numerical inferiority.

The Queen hailed with delight the mistaken tactic of her great opponent, and proceeded to array her troops, addressing them (according to the Chevalier Baudier) in the following spirited words:—

“You bear this day, my loyal Englishmen, the justest arms that ever appeared in any war, as being employed to restore liberty to your King, who is now a prisoner, and the succession

to the crown to his son, which a lawless tyrant has taken from him by violence ; for this reason, I ought not to doubt but that you will behave yourselves valiantly, and that each of you have already resolved to acquire a glorious name as the deliverer of your King, and the protector of the Prince his son.

“ If you have a woman for your general, and fight under her command, the advantage you will thence receive is not inconsiderable ; for if the King were here present in person, the booty would be your sole share in the consequences of the victory, while he would engross all its glory. The King being absent, you will now have both booty and glory, for the world will sooner give the honour of the victory to your valour than to my conduct.

“ I hope, however, you will see to-day that there is no other difference between the generals of the two armies than that of sex. I see already in your looks the courage which inspires your hearts, and the resolution you have taken either to conquer or to die, so that none shall be able to reproach you with having done less, on this great occasion, than the woman who puts herself at your head.”*

The two armies met in battle, and after a brief but sharp contest, victory declared for the Red Rose. The Duke of York was slain, with 2,000 of his men. The Earl of Salisbury attempted to escape, but was pursued, overtaken, and beheaded next day at Pontefract. The Duke of York's younger son, the Earl of Rutland, a lad of thirteen, was killed by Lord Clifford under circumstances of peculiar atrocity. The young earl's tutor, a priest named Aspull, when he saw how the battle was going, conveyed him out of the press, and made for the town ; but before he could reach it, was espied, followed, and taken on the bridge. Lord Clifford, struck by the costliness of the boy's apparel, demanded his name and rank. “ The young gentleman, dismayed, had not a word to speak, but kneeled on his knees, imploring mercy and desiring grace, both with holding up his hands and making dolorous countenance, for his speech was gone from him. ‘ Save him,’ said the chaplain, ‘ for he is a prince's son, and peradventure may do you good hereafter.’ With that word the Lord Clifford marked him, and said, ‘ By God's Word, thy father slew mine, and so will I do to

* There is little doubt that this speech is fictitious ; though it is quite possible that Margaret harangued her troops.

thee and all thy kin ;' and with that word struck the earl to the heart with his dagger, and bade the chaplain bear to the earl's mother what he had done and said."

Discovering soon afterwards the dead body of the Duke of York, Lord Clifford cut off the head, and ordering a crown of paper to be placed upon it in mockery, presented it to the Queen, with the words:—"Madam, your war is done; here is your King's ransom." "Some write," says Holinshed, "that the Duke was taken alive, and in derision caused to stand upon a mole-hill, on whose head they put a garland instead of a crown, which they had fashioned and made of seyges and bul-rushes." The dramatist, in the "Third Part of Henry VI.," adopts this version, and puts into Queen Margaret's mouth the following speech:—

"York cannot speak, unless he wear a crown.
A crown for York! and, lords, bow low to him:
Hold you his hands, whilst I do set it on.
Ay, marry, sir, now looks he like a king!
Ay, this is he that took King Henry's chair."

There was a touch of the fierce Angevin temper in Queen Margaret, and it appeared in her order that the ghastly trophy should be set up on the walls of York in ridicule of the dead Duke's pretensions,—so that "York might overlook the town of York."

Meanwhile, Richard's eldest son, who succeeded to his father's titles and estates, made haste to collect an army on the Welsh border; and with the decision and boldness which marked his character, rapidly advanced towards London, which still remained Yorkist in its sympathies. On his march he encountered and defeated a body of Lancastrians at Mortimer's Cross. At the same time Margaret was hurrying southward with her victorious troops. At St. Albans (on Tuesday, the 17th of March, 1461), she found the road to her capital blocked by the Earl of Warwick, with a force of Kentishmen. The action that ensued was desperately contested; but under cover of the night, Warwick's battalions broke and fled, leaving more than half their number dead upon the field, and abandoning the captive King in Warwick's pavilion. Here an affecting interview took place between King Henry and his wife and son,—Henry embracing and kissing them "in most loving wise, and

yielding hearty thanks to Almighty God for the restoration of his son." At Margaret's request he knighted the boy-prince, together with thirty noblemen and gentlemen who had distinguished themselves by their valour and loyalty.

Had the Lancastrian army marched at once upon the capital historians are agreed that the movement would probably have ended the war; but Margaret delayed to gratify her stern temper by executing several of her leading opponents, though their lives, it is said, had been granted by the King. Her rough northern soldiers scattered over the country, pillaging and plundering, and before she could reform her battalions and resume her advance, Edward had reached the capital, where he had been received with enthusiasm. The handsome young prince—an abler soldier than his father, and of a fiercer and more ambitious disposition—won the hearts of the citizens by his affability of manner, and as he rode through the streets, cries of "Long live King Edward!" greeted him on every side. A council of Yorkist lords, hastily convened, resolved that the compromise agreed upon between Henry and the late Duke had been violated, and that Henry VI. had forfeited his crown. On the 4th of March the Earl of March was enthroned in Westminster Abbey, and proclaimed King under the title of Edward the Fourth.

When Margaret perceived that she had missed her aim at the capital, she retired rapidly northward, her course being fatally marked by fire and sword. Edward pursued with equal rapidity, resolved to terminate the contest by one crushing blow. The two rivals met on Towton Field, near Tadcaster, on Palm Sunday, the 29th of March. In numbers the opposing armies were nearly equal, as they were in courage, in determination, and in ruthlessness of spirit. No bloodier battle was ever fought on English soil; it began "at four of the clock at night, and continued all night till on the morrow at noon." Through all those dreadful hours the combatants hacked and slew remorselessly and unceasingly. On both sides the leaders had ordered that no prisoners should be taken and no quarter given; so that when at length, dismayed by Warwick's fiery charges, the Lancastrians gave way, some 40,000 dead heaped the bloody field.*

* These numbers are, we suspect, an exaggeration.

“ Wharfe ran red with slaughter
On the day of Towcester's field,
Gathering in its guilty flood
The carnage, and the ill-spilt blood
That forty thousand lives could yield.
Cressy was to this but sport,
Poitiers but a pageant vain,
And the work of Agincourt
Only like a tournament.”

Edward's herald, it is said, counted 28,000 Lancastrian dead who had fallen in the fight, while a large number lost their lives in the rout. The Earl of Northumberland, Lord Clifford, and five barons were among the dead; the Earls of Devon and Wiltshire were taken prisoners, and beheaded after the battle. The Dukes of Somerset and Exeter escaped to York; whence they conducted King Henry, Margaret, and the boy prince to Alnwick Castle. Towton seemed to have rung the death-knell of the hopes of the Red Rose—red now, indeed, with the blood of its most devoted adherents.

From Alnwick Castle the royal fugitives, on the second day of their flight, made their way to Berwick, where they embarked on board ship, and coasting round Scotland, finally arrived at Kirkcudbright, in Galloway. Here Margaret left King Henry a guest of the Douglasses, while she proceeded with her son to Edinburgh. James III. was then but a boy of seven, and the reins of power were in the hands of the Queen-mother, Mary of Gueldres, and the Regents. Margaret soon attached them to her side by her extraordinary powers of persuasion, while she secured their military aid by offering to surrender the town and fortress of Berwick, and to contract her son to the Princess Margaret, King James's sister. At the same time she won over the great chief of the Douglasses, the Earl of Angus, with the promise of a dukedom, and lands between the Trent and Humber to the value of 2,000 marks yearly. The terms were accepted, and a Scottish army entering England, laid siege to Carlisle—then in the hands of the Yorkists; but Lord Montagu advanced with a considerable force, defeated the Scots, and raised the siege.

Returning to Kirkcudbright, the indefatigable Queen undertook a visit to the Continent, to recommend her cause to the King of France. She embarked, with her son, and a small

retinue, in the first week of April, 1462; her departure being hastened, perhaps, by the arrival at Dumfries of her great adversary, the Earl of Warwick, on a mission to negotiate a matrimonial alliance between his sovereign and the queen-dowager of Scotland. Upon landing at Eclure she was hospitably received by the Duke of Brittany, who made her the very welcome gift of 10,000 crowns, to enable her to pursue her journey to the French Court at Chinon. The manner of her reception at Rouen is thus described:—

“On Tuesday, the 13th of July, 1462, after canonical hours, and towards evening, the Queen Margaret of Anjou, wife of the King of England, Henry VI., arrived before the King, our Lord in this town of Rouen; and was received with much honour by the gentlemen of the King's suite, the councillors, and others of the four-and-twenty of the Council of this town, together with two distinguished individuals of each quarter, who went forth to meet that Queen on horseback, and met her on the road between Grammont and Sotteville; and the reception was given, and the oath administered, in obedience to the letters and commands of the King our Sire by Germain Marcial, Knight, the Lieutenant-General of the bailiwick of Rouen, speaking on foot, by the side of his horse, to the said Queen; and answer was made, and thanks were returned for the said Queen Margaret by the Archbishop of Narbonne, Master Antoine Crespin; and this Queen was presented and handed, and escorted to her dwelling, which was in the hotel of ‘The Golden Lion,’ opposite the church of La Ronde, belonging to Regnault de Villene, barrister of Rouen.”

Margaret was at once admitted to the presence of Louis XI., the astutest and most bloodless of the Kings of the age, the Louis XI. whom the genius of Scott has made so familiar to English readers in one of the most brilliant and successful of his historical portraitures. “It was to this wholly impassive politician,” says Michelet, “this man without a solitary human sympathy, that the fallen Queen turned in her despair.” He was cousin-german both to Henry and to Margaret; but the ties of kinship had no hold upon this man of intellect, who was as little sensible of them as of the obligations of honour or justice. He regarded with satisfaction the long dynastic struggle which absorbed the life and strength of England, and held her aloof from European affairs. The visit of Margaret seemed to afford

him a new chance for successfully working out his scheme of policy, and to one of his ministers he wrote as follows:—
“Immediately you receive my letters come to Amboise. You will find me there preparing for the good cheer which I hope will recompense me for the trouble I have had in this country all the winter. The Queen of England has arrived. I pray you to hasten hither that we may consult on what I have to do. I shall begin on Tuesday, and expect to play my game to some purpose ; so, if you have nothing very good to suggest, I shall work it out my own way, and I assure you I foresee good winnings.” The “good cheer” and the “good winnings” he had in view was the recovery of Calais, and its recovery by English hands in the names of Henry VI. and Queen Margaret.

At first the crafty King gave no hint of the conditions under which he was willing to come to the dethroned Queen’s assistance. In vain she followed him from place to place ; he was blind to her charms and deaf to her entreaties. What had she to give him ? Nothing but her honour and promises of gratitude. Louis, who never acted disinterestedly, wanted something tangible. And so he played with her need until he extorted the concession her pride would have avoided. In consideration of a loan of 20,000 livres and the aid of a body of 500 men-at-arms, she gave a pledge, in the name of King Henry, that Calais should be surrendered to Louis within one year, or he should be paid a sum of 40,000 livres. Louis probably argued that if restored to the throne, Henry would be too embarrassed financially to be able to raise so large an amount, and he felt assured that if Calais were once in his possession, England would never again recover it. Yet, I do not know that the transaction offered any very sanguine prospect of advantage to the French monarch ; while it was one which could hardly fail to increase the animosity of the English commercial classes towards Queen Margaret.

The unfortunate Queen found a more generous and a trustier friend in Sir Pierre le Brezé, the marshal of Normandy, who had formerly served Margaret’s uncle, Charles VII., and had been one of the commissioners employed in negotiating her marriage with King Henry. According to the French chroniclers he cherished a profound passion for the beautiful Queen ; she was “the bright particular star” whom he worshipped at a reverent distance. Now, in the worst agony of her fortunes, he brought to her aid some two thousand lances ; though it is true that he

stipulated for a reward, demanding that the islands of Jersey, Guernsey, Alderney, and others adjoining, should be made over to him and his heirs for ever, to be held independently of the crown of England. Thus escorted, the lion-hearted Queen—more truly deserving of that epithet than her ancestor, the first Richard—put to sea in October, 1462, and escaping the fleet of King Edward which was guarding the Channel, arrived off the coast of Northumberland.

Disembarking at Tynemouth, she unfurled her standard, and summoned her allies and friends to rally round her. She was disappointed, however, in her expectation that the Northumbrians would flee to arms. They had heard that the mighty Warwick was approaching with 20,000 men, and observing how few auxiliaries the Queen had brought with her from over the sea, declined to enter upon a hopeless struggle. Margaret captured the strong castles of Bamborough, Dunstanburgh, and Alnwick, and then, when the shimmer of Warwick's spears could be seen in the distance, retired on board her ships and sailed for Berwick. Her fleet was dispersed in a great storm, and though Margaret herself reached Berwick in safety, she lost all her treasure. For a time she seems to have been almost crushed by her ill fortune; and retiring with her husband and her son to Edinburgh, lived there for some months in privation and privacy. Nor were the tidings that successively reached her of the recapture by the Yorkists of the three Northumbrian strongholds, and the defection of the Duke of Somerset, Sir Richard Percy, and other Lancastrian adherents, calculated to raise her spirits.

But her spirit was indomitable. Throwing herself once more into the struggle, she exerted all her abilities and all her womanly arts in a new effort to retrieve disaster. Her influence recalled Somerset to his old allegiance. Percy forswore the oath he had so recently taken, and summoned to the field all the retainers of his house, while Sir Ralph Gray, a Yorkist partisan, who conceived that Edward had neglected his services, surprised the castle of Alnwick. Henry was brought from his peaceful retirement at Hawick to take the nominal command of the motley army of exiles, French volunteers, and Scots which Margaret led into Northumberland in April, 1464. She traversed the country in hot haste and with untiring energy, her numbers increasing as she advanced. At Durham she was joined by the Duke of Somerset. But before the campaign could be regularly opened,

Lord Montagu, brother of Warwick, and Warden of the East Marches, threw himself upon the new levies. Percy was defeated and killed at Hedgeley Moor, on the 25th. Then pushing forward with unexampled celerity, Montagu surprised the Duke of Somerset, on the 15th of May, in his camp on the south bank of the Devil's Water or Dilswater, near Hexham. The Duke was taken prisoner and beheaded the same day. His small force was cut to pieces. The rout was complete, and the war at an end.

Henry fled from Hexham as soon as he saw that the battle was going against the Red Rose. "He was the best horseman of his company that day," says Hall, "for he fled so fast, no one could overtake him; yet he was closely pursued, and three of his horsemen or body-guard, with their horses trapped in blue velvet, were captured,—one of them wearing the unfortunate monarch's cap of state, called a 'bicochet,' embroidered with two crowns of gold and ornamented with pearls." For many months Henry found an asylum among the dalesmen of Westmoreland and Lancashire; but in June, 1465, was betrayed by a monk, and captured by the retainers of Sir James Harrington, while he sat at dinner in Waddington Hall, in Yorkshire. He was thrown into the Tower.

Much that is legendary, or at all events doubtful, is mixed up with the story of the escape of Queen Margaret and her son. The following version is given on the authority of Chastelain's "Chronicles of the Dukes of Burgundy."

With some of their followers, the Queen and young Prince Edward rode at full speed towards the Scottish border, carrying with them such jewels and personal ornaments as they had been able to get together. Falling in with a company of bandits, in the gloomy recesses of Hexham Forest, they were plundered of everything, the Queen and the Prince losing even their ornaments and costly attire. "They dragged her," the Queen afterwards said, "with brutal violence and furious menaces before their leader, held a drawn sword in readiness to cut her throat, and threatened her with all kinds of tortures and indignities. Whereupon she threw herself on her knees, and with clasped hands, weeping and crying aloud for mercy, she implored them, for the honour of nobility, of royalty, and above all for the sake of womanhood, to have pity on her, and not to mangle or disfigure her unfortunate body, so as to prevent it from being recognised after death. For though I have had the unhappiness,"

she continued, "to fall into your hands. I am the daughter of a King and the wife of a King, and in past times you yourselves acknowledged me as your Queen. Wherefore, if now you stain your hands with my blood, your country will be held in abhorrence by all men throughout all ages." These words she uttered through her tears, and then began with earnest prayers to recommend herself to the Divine mercy.

While she was thus engaged, some of the robbers began to disagree about the division of the rich booty they had captured. Angry words led to furious blows, and a fierce contest took place, which effectually diverted attention from the Queen and her son. Margaret was quick to avail herself of the opportunity, and addressing a squire, who was the only person remaining near her,—“By the passion of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ,” she said “have pity on me, and do what you can to assist my escape.” The squire was deeply moved by her distress. “Madam,” he said, “mount behind me, and you, my lord prince, in front; I will save you, or perish in the attempt.” The bandits, however, were too strenuously occupied in their hot combat to observe the flight of their prisoners.

The squire conveyed them to another part of the forest, where he judged they would be secure from pursuit, and Margaret and her son, hungry, athirst, and overcome with fatigue, wandered all night through its tangled shades and obscure alleys. Suddenly, by the light of the rising moon, she descried an armed man, apparently of “gigantic stature and stern aspect, advancing towards her with threatening gestures.” At first she supposed him to be one of the company of freebooters from whose clutches she had just escaped, but a second glance at his attire and bearing convinced her that he belonged to the forest outlaws, who were then of ill repute for their cruelty to travellers. Her passionate devotion to her son nerved her to make an effort for his safety. With the air of command, natural to one born and bred in the purple of royalty, she called him to her. If he were in quest of booty, she said, she and her little son had already been plundered by others of all they had possessed. She showed him that they had been despoiled even of their upper garments, and had nothing more to lose but their lives; yet although she supposed he was accustomed to shed the blood of travellers, she was sure he would have pity on her, when she made known her name.

Fixing her eyes upon him she continued :—

“It is thy sovereign, the unfortunate Queen of England, who has fallen into thy hands in her distress and desolation. And if, O man, thou hast any knowledge of God, I beseech thee, for the sake of His passion who for our salvation took our nature on Him, to have compassion on my misery. But if you kill *me*, spare at least my little one, for he is the only son of thy king, and if it please God the true heir of this realm. Save him then, I pray thee, and make thine arms his sanctuary. He is thy future king, and it will be a glorious deed to preserve him; one that shall efface the memory of all thy crimes, and witness for thee when thou shalt stand hereafter before Almighty God. O man! win God’s grace to-day by succouring an afflicted mother, and giving life to the dead.”

Observing that the outlaw was much affected by her tears and her touching appeal to his humanity, she placed the young prince in his arms, saying: “I charge thee to preserve from the violence of others this innocent blood, which I now consign to thy care. Take him, and conceal him from those who seek his life. Give him a refuge in thy obscure hiding-place, and he will one day give thee access to his royal chamber, and make thee one of his barons, if by thy means he be happily preserved to enjoy the splendour of the crown, which of right appertains to him as his inheritance.”

The outlaw, “whose heart the Holy Ghost had softened,” threw himself at the feet of the royal Margaret, and mingled his tears with hers, protesting “that he would die a thousand deaths, and endure all the tortures that could be inflicted on him, rather than abandon, much less betray, her princely offspring.” The trust reposed in him he discharged with the utmost loyalty. With the prince in his arms he led the way to his concealment—a secluded cave on the south bank of the swift stream which washes the foot of the Black Hill. It is still known as “the Queen’s Cave.”* There the royal fugitives rested and were refreshed, and “received all the comfort and attention the outlaw’s wife was able to bestow.”

* Its low entrance is screened by the bank of the rivulet, and was formerly hidden by a thick growth of bush and bramble. Its dimensions are thirty-one by fourteen feet, with about five and a half feet in height. In the centre “a massive pillar of rude masonry” seems part of a wall which, it is said, longitudinally divided the cave into two compartments.

The queen and her son remained there for a couple of days. On the third morning the outlaw encountered Pierre de Brezé and an English knight, who were in anxious quest of the royal fugitives. He conducted them to the cave, where they were afterwards joined by the Duke of Exeter and Edmund Beaufort, the brother and successor of the unfortunate Duke of Somerset. These were despatched on a mission to Margaret's kinsman, Duke Charles of Burgundy, to solicit an asylum for herself and her son at his court, and in the meantime the Queen made her way into Scotland, where she supposed her husband had taken refuge.

On her journey she was recognised by an Englishman of the name of Cork, who conceived the idea of securing King Edward's favour by delivering her and her son into his power. Having obtained some assistance he surprised Margaret's brave protectors, and hurried them on board a vessel which he had duly provided; after which he succeeded in abducting the royal wanderers. During the night, however, Brezé, by the exertion of his great physical strength, contrived to throw off his bonds, and then availed himself of the first opportunity to release his English companion. They were two against five; but having seized the oars, they succeeded in overpowering their opponents and flinging them into the sea. It was a stormy night; and for some hours they tossed to and fro in the Solway Firth, until, the wind changing, they were driven on a sandbank in the mouth of the bay of Kirkcudbright. Brezé, wading knee-deep in the shallow water, conveyed the Queen ashore on his shoulders, while Baudin carried the Prince of Wales.

It is obvious that much of the foregoing narrative is the purest romance evoked from the brain of an ingenious chronicler. That it has a substratum of truth we may, however, agree to believe; but it is impossible now to separate the fact from the fiction.

According to the usual account Margaret did not go to Scotland, but sailed with her son from Bamborough to Sluys, in Flanders, accompanied by Edmund Duke of Somerset, the Duke of Exeter, Pierre de Brezé, and knights, gentlemen and ladies, to the number of two hundred. From Sluys she proceeded to Bruges, and afterwards to Bethune, where she was hospitably entertained by the Duke of Burgundy. He refused, however, to assist in any attempt against Edward IV., but supplied her with two thousand crowns of gold to meet her expenses,

and made liberal presents to each of her attendants. Her cause appearing hopeless, she retired to the castle of St. Michel, in Barrois, which, with the demesne annexed to it, was bestowed upon her by her father, King René of Anjou. There she remained for several months in strict seclusion, carefully watching the progress of events in England, and superintending the education of her son, a youth of great parts and promise, who had for his preceptor the famous lawyer, Sir John Fortescue. Sir John composed for his use the well-known treatise, "*De Laudibus Legum Angliæ*," in which occurs an interesting passage:—

"The prince, shortly after growing to man's estate, applied himself wholly to feats of arms, much delighting to ride upon wild and unbroken horses, not sparing with spurs to break their fierceness. He practised also sometimes with the pike, and sometimes with the sword and other warlike weapons, after the manner and guise of warriors, according to the use of martial discipline, to assail and strike his companions that attended upon his person. Which thing when a certain ancient knight (Sir John himself), being Chancellor to the aforesaid King of England, saw, who also in the miserable time did then remain in exile, he spake thus to the Prince:—

"Your singular towardness, most gracious Prince, maketh me right glad, when I behold how earnestly you do embrace martial feats; for it is convenient for your Grace to be thus delighted, not only for that you are a soldier, but much rather for that you shall be a King. For it is the office and duty of a King to fight the battles of his people, and also rightly to judge them, as in the eighth chapter of the First Book of Kings you are plainly taught. Wherefore I would wish your Grace to be with as earnest zeal given to the study of the laws as you are to the knowledge of arms, because, that likeas wars by force of chivalry are ended, even so judgments by the laws are determined. Which thing Justinian the Emperor well and wisely and advisedly pondering, saith thus: It behoveth the Imperial majesty, not only to be guarded with arms, but also to be armed with laws, to the end that he may be able rightly to execute the government of both times, as well of war as of peace. Howbeit, for your most earnest endeavour to the study of the law, the exhortation of the chiefest law-maker, Moses, sometime captain of the synagogue, ought to be of much more force with you than the words of Justinian; whereas, in the seventh

chapter of Deuteronomy, he doth, by the authority of God, strictly charge the Kings of Israel to be readers of the law all the days of their life ; saying thus : “ When the King shall sit upon the princely seat of his kingdom, he shall write him out this law in a book, taking the copy there of the priests, the Levites ; and he shall have it with him, and he shall read it all the days of his life, that he may learn to fear the Lord his God, and to keep His commandments and ordinances written in this law.” And Helynomdus, expounding the same, saith thus : “ A prince, therefore, must not be ignorant of the law ; neither is it tolerable that he, under the pretence of warfare, should be unskilful in the law.” And a little after, he is commanded, saith he, “ to receive the copy of the law of the priests, the Levites, that is to say, of Catholic and learned men.” Thus much he : for the book of Deuteronomy is the book of the laws, wherewith the Kings of Israel were bound to rule and govern their subjects. This book doth Moses command kings to read, that they may learn to fear God and keep His commandments, which are written in the law.’ ”

It was probably about this time that the small volume known as “ *Le Petit Boccace* ” was written for the Queen’s entertainment by George Chastelain, the Burgundian chronicler. It consists of dialogues between the Queen and Jehan Boccace on moral and religious subjects, such as might console and strengthen the mind under the stress and strain of adversity.

From the castle of St. Michel Queen Margaret, some time in 1467, repaired to the court of King René, her father, where she remained until the surprising revolution, which, setting Warwick “ the king-maker,” in opposition to the sovereign he had so largely helped to the throne, offered her another and a final opportunity of recovering the inheritance of her husband and her son (1471.)

II.

Warwick, with his son-in-law, the Duke of Clarence, having broken finally with Edward IV., who had offered the great Earl an insult it was impossible for him to forgive or forget, escaped across the Channel to Harfleur, meditating vengeance. He found an ally in Louis XI., who had previously rejected the

appeals of the Lancastrian party ; but now, apprehensive that the ambition of Edward IV. might lead him to revive the English claim to Normandy and Guienne, was prepared to find him something to do at home ; and for this purpose was willing to supply Warwick with men and money. " You know," he wrote to one of his confidential agents, " the desire I have for Warwick's return, as well because I wish to see him overcome his enemies, as that through him the realm of England may again be thrown into confusion." But Warwick was too well acquainted with the temper of his countrymen to attempt the punishment of Edward with French troops. Nor was he disposed to trust too much to his own popularity ; for he knew that the trading classes supported the throne, and that he could expect but little assistance from the Yorkists, who would necessarily rally to the King's standard. Even the name of Clarence was not one to conjure with. The Earl needed some stouter staff on which to lean while he trod anew the perilous path of ambition and revenge. It soon became evident—both to him and King Louis—that his only possible ally was Margaret of Anjou. But would that resolute and imperious woman extend the hand of amity to one who was so deeply dyed in Lancastrian blood ? to the great soldier and statesman who had been the most powerful and persevering enemy of herself and her family ? Louis undertook to act as mediator between them, and invited Margaret, with her son and King René, to his court at Amboise, where he made an attempt at reconciliation. His approaches at first, however, were indignantly repelled. Warwick, said the outraged Queen, was the author of all the calamities which had befallen Henry and herself. He had pierced her heart with wounds which could never be healed ; wounds which would bleed until the day of doom, when she would appeal to the justice of God for vengeance against him. It was his pride and arrogance that had first broken the peace of England, and provoked those fatal wars which had desolated the realm. It was through him that she and the prince, her son, had been attainted, proscribed, and driven to beg their bread in foreign lands ; and not only had he injured her as a queen, but had done her foul wrong as a woman, by divers false and malicious slanders, as if she had been false to her royal lord the King, and had imposed a spurious Prince of Wales on the people of England. This calumny, indeed, she could never, never forgive.

But politicians must often sacrifice their private grievances on the altar of expediency; and it is the frequent interest of sovereigns to condone offences against themselves if thereby any profit will accrue to the cause they represent. King Louis again pressed upon Margaret the necessity of pardoning an enemy who offered to become a loyal and powerful friend, and pledged himself solemnly to future fidelity; and insisted that she should admit the Earl to an interview. Reluctantly Margaret consented; but made it a condition that the Earl should publicly acknowledge, before kings and princes, that he had sworn falsely and injuriously of her person, and that he should render her the same duty in England, and also before all the people. To this the Earl agreed, and afterwards, accompanied by the Earl of Oxford, had an interview with the Queen at Tours (in July, 1470), in the presence of King Louis.

The reader, with the help of the romancist, may picture to himself, in the old château at Tours, a room darkened by thick curtains drawn across the casement, for the proud woman would not that her former enemy should see the ravages which years had made in her queenly beauty, nor detect the conflict of varying emotions. With her hands clasped, she sat, motionless, in a throne chair placed on the dais,—and behind her stood the graceful figure of her son. Spare, like his grandfather, Henry V., his proportions nevertheless evinced the promise of great strength: his muscles had been hardened to iron by martial exercises, and his young manhood was unimpaired by riot and debauch. His forehead was fair and broad, but already traced with the lines of thought and reflection. His chestnut hair lay in close curls upon his noble head; his dark eyes shone with a steady light beneath the deep-set brow—altogether a son for a mother to be proud of.

Below the dais were gathered some of the true and gallant gentlemen who had remained true to the Red Rose even in its darkest hour, and were gathered round their Queen in the hope it was again to unfold its petals. There were the great Dukes of Exeter and Somerset,—still wearing the soiled and threadbare garments in which, in their great poverty and hunger, they had begged in the streets for bread. There was Sir John Fortescue, the greatest lawyer of his time; and Jasper of Pembroke, and the Earl of Devon, and others who had ever been faithful to the fortunes of the House of Lancaster; while in contrast to the dingy

penury of the exiles shone the jewels and cloth of gold that arrayed the prosperous persons of Margaret's brother, the Count of Vaudemont, the Duke of Calabria, and Margaret's devoted chevalier, Sir Pierre de Brezé.

The interview opened in storm and ended in calm. The Queen at first protested that, with honour to herself and son, she might not, and she would not pardon the Earl, who had been the principal author of King Henry's downfall; that never, of her own spirit, might she be contented with him or forgive him, Moreover, to pardon him would be wrongful to her cause; since she and the prince had certain partisans and friends in England whom an alliance with the Earl would grievously offend. But the great submissiveness of the Earl, and the arguments of King Louis and King René, gradually subdued her haughtiness. She came to perceive that her only chance of recovering the crown of England for her husband and her son lay in the genius and resources of Warwick; and she listened with increasing mildness while he defended his past actions, alleging that before he had meditated or achieved any wrong against her, her false counsellors had plotted his destruction, body and goods, and insisting that no nobleman, outraged and "despaired" as he was, could have done differently. He added, with a touch of natural haughtiness, that he had been the principal cause of King Henry's overthrow, but that now he would be as much the enemy of King Edward as he had formerly been his friend and maker. In conclusion, he besought Queen Margaret and the Prince "that so they would take him, and repute him, and forgive him all he had done against them, offering himself to be bounden by all manner of ways to be their true and faithful subject for the time to come; and that he would set, for his surety, the King of France."

Louis consented to become his surety, praying Queen Margaret, as a favour to himself, to pardon the Earl; "showing the great love he had for the said Earl, for whom he would do more than for any other man living."

Eventually the Queen granted her pardon, and so did her son; and they pardoned also the Earl of Oxford. After much further negotiation, a treaty was concluded between the Queen and her powerful supporter; and on the 15th of July they met again at Angers, where the Countess of Warwick, and her beautiful daughter, the Lady Anne, were presented to the Queen. At

the same time Louis proposed, on the part of the Earl, that the young Prince should take the Lady Anne to wife. To Warwick this alliance was indispensable. In the event of his re-seating Henry on the throne, he might well fear that the triumphant Lancastrians would at once endeavour to get rid of their unwelcome ally; and in such a case his sole security would lie in his daughter's position as Princess of Wales. That Margaret perceived the Earl's object in pressing this condition was clear from her strenuous opposition to it. "The Queen would not in any wise consent or yield," says a contemporary, "to any request the King of France might make her in reference to it." Sometimes she said that "she never saw honour nor profit, neither for herself nor for her son, the Prince." Another time she alleged that "she would, and she should, find a more profitable *party*, and of more advantage, with the King of England;" indeed she showed to the King of France a letter which she said was "sent to her out of England that last week, by the which was offered to her son my lady princess"—Elizabeth of York, afterwards the wife of Henry VII.

For fifteen days Margaret continued in this imperious mood; but at last influenced by the advice of King René and King Louis, and by her necessities, she gave way, and the following articles were then drawn up and signed:—

"First, the Earl of Warwick swore upon the true cross at Angers, in St. Mary's Church, that without change he shall always hold the party of King Henry, and serve him, the Queen and the Prince, as a true and faithful subject oweth to serve his sovereign lord. The King of France and his brother then, clothed in canvas robes, in the said Church of St. Mary, swore they would help and sustain to the utmost of their power the Earl of Warwick in the quarrel of King Henry. Queen Margaret then swore to treat the Earl as true and faithful to King Henry and the Prince, and for his deeds past never to make him any reproach. After the recovery of the Kingdom of England, the prince was to be regent of all the realm, and the Duke of Clarence to have all his own lands and those of the Duke of York. From that time forth the daughter of the Earl of Warwick to be put and remain in the hands and the keeping of the Queen Margaret; but the said marriage was not to be perfected till the Earl of Warwick had been with an army over into England, and recovered the realm in the most part thereof for King Henry.

The Earl of Warwick affirmed at the same time, that if he was once over the sea, he should have more than 50,000 fighters at his command; but if the King of France would help him with a few folk, he would pass the sea without delay."

Louis agreed to advance a sum of 46,000 crowns, and to lend him, to cover his landing on the English coast, 2,000 French archers. But before the great Earl set out on his enterprise, he attended the solemn betrothal at Amboise of the heir of the Red Rose to his daughter, the Lady Anne,—an event which was made the occasion of great but premature rejoicings. Immediately afterwards he took his departure from Angers.

Meantime, his great enemy, Duke Charles of Burgundy, had warned Edward IV. of the projected invasion, and remonstrated with him on his indifference to the movements of his formidable adversary. The gay King, with characteristic recklessness, made no other reply than that he wished the Earl *would* land. Burgundy, however, who feared that the success of Warwick would consolidate an alliance between France and England dangerous to himself, equipped "such a great navy as likely had not been seen before gathered in manner of all nations," and stationed it off the mouth of the Seine, to dispute the Earl's passage. But the stars in their courses fought for the King-Maker. In the night arose a furious gale which dispersed the Burgundian ships "one from another, so that two of them were not in company together in one place." But the morning broke in sunshine, and from the open haven Warwick, accompanied by the Duke of Clarence, sailed with a fair wind, disembarking on September 13th at Dartmouth. Immediately on landing he put forth a proclamation in the name of Henry VI., "upon high pains, commanding and charging all men apt or able to bear armour to prepare themselves to fight against Edward, Duke of York, who had untruly usurped the crown and dignity of this realm." The news of his arrival spread rapidly from one end of England to the other, everywhere filling the peasantry with a strong enthusiasm, for Warwick was the people's hero, "and they judged that the sun was clearly taken from the world when he was absent." More particularly was this the case in the northern counties, where all the towns "were in a great roar, and made fires, and sang songs, crying 'King Henry! King Henry! A Warwick, a Warwick!'"

For details of the swift revolution which followed, I must refer the reader to the histories. Within a month Edward IV. was a refugee at the Court of Burgundy, and Warwick and Clarence entered London in triumph. Henry was escorted with royal state, from the Tower to St. Paul's, to join in public thanksgivings; whence he was conducted to the Bishop's Palace. The Red Rose was once more in the ascendant, and apparently to the general satisfaction of the country. The news of his success Warwick hastened to despatch to Queen Margaret, who, on the 24th of March, once more crossed the Channel to share, as she hoped, her husband's crown. But she was buffeted to and fro by contrary winds, and the voyage was protracted over sixteen weary days and nights. Not until the 14th of April did she make the English coast and disembark at Weymouth. On that very day the hopes of the Red Rose were finally crushed in blood on the lost field of Barnet, where, overpowered by numbers, and baffled by adverse circumstances, and the treachery of Clarence, Warwick perished, fighting desperately to the last. For, furnished with men and ships by the Duke of Burgundy, Edward had suddenly landed on the Yorkshire coast, marched swiftly southward, and assisted by traitors and treachery, had foiled the great Earl's combinations, and finally possessed himself of the crown of England.

The sad tidings of this crushing disaster, of Warwick's death, and the recapture of King Henry, reached Margaret before she had recovered from the fatigues of her protracted voyage. The shock was so severe that she fell to the ground in a swoon. On regaining consciousness, she spoke bitterly of the calamitous temper of the times in which she lived, then bewailed her miserable condition, and declared that she would rather die than live longer in this state of infelicity. But the natural energy of her character soon reasserted itself. Her first move was to provide for the personal safety of her son and herself, and for this purpose she took refuge in the celebrated sanctuary of Beaulieu Abbey. There she found the widowed Countess of Warwick, who, having landed at Portsmouth, was on her way to join the the Queen at Weymouth, but receiving the fatal intelligence of her husband's fall, had immediately turned aside to Beaulieu. The young Duke of Somerset, the Earls of Pembroke and Devonshire, and other Lancastrian nobles, soon afterwards arrived; and their representations gave fresh encour-

agement to the Queen. They told her that they had already "a good puissance" in the field; that the adherents of the Red Rose were still numerous throughout the kingdom; and that with the help of her presence and that of Prince Edward, they would speedily raise a new army to contest the crown with the Yorkist usurper. For some time her strong maternal affection held her back from a fresh effort, since she perceived it could not be made without exposing her son to imminent hazard. But at length her ambition for a time prevailed over her fears; and she consented that he should take the field at the head of his followers. From Beaulieu she accordingly proceeded to Exeter, and exerting all her wonderful energy and address, contrived to raise an army, 40,000 strong, within a fortnight from the Battle of Barnet (April 27th, 1471).

This force she led westward with the intention of joining the troops which Jasper Tudor, Earl of Pembroke, was rapidly raising in Wales. On her arrival at Bath she learned that Edward had quitted London, leaving Henry a prisoner in the Tower, and had advanced as far as Marlborough. She immediately diverted her march to Bristol, with the intention of crossing the Severn at Gloucester; but on reaching the latter city, found that the inhabitants had closed the gates against her, and fortified the bridge. Neither bribes nor menaces could shake their resolve; "they were under the obeisance of the Duke of Gloucester," they said, "and bound to oppose her progress."

Had Margaret succeeded in crossing the river, and effecting a junction with Jasper Tudor, she would have found herself at the head of an almost irresistible force, and the fortune of the Red Rose might have blossomed prosperously. But she was now compelled to ascend the river as far as Tewkesbury, a distance of six-and-thirty miles (May 3rd); closely followed up by King Edward, who divined her object and was intent on baffling it. The Queen perceived that her hasty levies were unfitted to cope with the disciplined veterans of which the royal army was largely composed, and urged Somerset, her general, to continue at all hazards the march into Wales. The gallant young Duke, however, was of opinion that the passage of the river could not be effected safely, and that the inferiority of his troops might be counterbalanced by constructing an entrenched camp, and fighting behind its defences. So all night long he was busy with the axe and spade. That same evening, Edward's banners passed

Cheltenham, and arrived within three miles of the Lancastrian position.

Next morning (4th of May), both armies arrayed themselves for battle. Edward's was drawn up in two lines, of which the first was led by the Duke of Gloucester, and the second by the King in person, with the Duke of Clarence. The Queen's was divided into three bodies; the first, or van, under Somerset; the second under Prince Edward, accompanied by Lord Wenlock and the Prior of St. John's; and the third under the Earl of Devonshire. Posted behind their stout entrenchments, the soldiers of the Red Rose repulsed the first attack of the royalists. Flushed by this success, the impetuous Somerset rashly quitted his lines, and sallied forth in pursuit. Observing Lord Wenlock, whose fidelity was more than doubtful, sitting on his horse inactive, in the market place of Tewkesbury, with his division taking no part in the fierce conflict, the Duke rode fiercely up to him and crying "Traitor!" drove his battle-axe into his skull. His men, angered or confused by the fall of their commander, retreated, causing much confusion in the Lancastrian ranks; and at this turning point of the struggle, Edward brought up his troops, re-formed and in high spirits, and charged Somerset's battalions with so much fury that he drove them down hill into the valley where the streams of the Avon and the Severn unite in one swift rolling flood. The foremost horsemen were pressed headlong into the raging waters, and weighed down by their heavy armour perished miserably. Meanwhile, the Duke of Gloucester broke into the camp, and the Lancastrians made no further attempt at resistance. Margaret, it is said, when she saw that the fight was going against her, was with difficulty prevented from riding into the midst of her broken army; but, at length, overcome by this final ruin of her cause, she fainted, and was conveyed by her faithful attendants to a small religious house beyond the precincts of Tewkesbury Park. She remained there for three days; but on the 7th was compelled to surrender to a body of Royalists, under Sir William Stanley, and conveyed before the King at Worcester.

Her son, the young Prince, had exhibited a courage worthy of his ancestry on this memorable day; but being surrounded and overpowered, was compelled, after a gallant resistance, to surrender his sword to Sir Richard Crofts. Edward, by procla-

mation, had offered a yearly pension of one hundred pounds to whomsoever should bring the royal boy into his presence, promising to spare his life. Relying on this promise, Sir Richard brought forth his prisoner, "a goodly, well featured young gentleman, of almost feminine beauty," and the King hastened, with a frowning brow, to demand—"How he durst so presumptuously enter into his realm, with banner displayed against him?" The young prince, "bold of stomach and of good courage," answered:—"To recover my father's crown and my own inheritance." Irritated by this frank reply, Edward struck him in the face with his gauntlet, and his attendants, rushing forward, did him to death with their daggers.

According to some authorities, this murderous act was perpetrated on the field; though others affirm that the Prince fell in battle, calling on his treacherous brother-in-law, Clarence, for help. Tradition, however, still calls that part of Tewkesbury Plain where he was foully murdered under Edward's eyes, "The Bloody Field." The legend that Richard of Gloucester was his murderer did not obtain currency until the days of Hall and Polydore Virgil, when it became usual to fasten upon "the hunchback" every foul and sanguinary deed. It had no foundation in fact.

The unfortunate young prince was meanly buried, with some persons of low condition, in the church of the Black Friars, at Tewkesbury.

The Earl of Warwick had won England for the Red Rose in eleven days; and in twenty King Edward reconquered it. Within the brief period of six months, one Parliament had proclaimed King Edward an usurper, and King Henry the lawful King of England, while another had denounced King Henry as an usurper, and declared that the throne rightfully belonged to King Edward.

On the afternoon of Tuesday, the 21st of May, King Edward made a triumphal entry into London, being received near Islington by the Lord Mayor and citizens, and halting to confer the honour of knighthood on several of the aldermen. He dragged in his train, as the living trophies of his victory, Queen Margaret and her son's young and beautiful widow, the Lady Anne of Warwick; the latter drawing upon her the tender sympathetic gaze of many who remembered that, in fourteen days

of disaster, she had lost her father, her uncle, her princely husband, and her high estate as Princess of Wales.

Anne was separated from the Queen immediately on her arrival in London, and placed in the charge of her brother-in-law, the Duke of Clarence. Margaret was imprisoned in the Tower; where, that same night, between eleven and twelve, her husband, King Henry, was put to death; "the Duke of Gloucester and divers of his men being in the Tower that night." Margaret was at first treated with much rigour, but Queen Elizabeth Woodville interfered to obtain for her a treatment more suitable to her condition. She was transferred to Windsor, and afterwards to Wallingford, where she was allowed five marks weekly for the support of herself and her household (1472). After a captivity of five years, she was ransomed by King Louis for her father, King René, the sum paid being 50,000 crowns, for which Louis received the inheritance of Provence. In January, 1476, she arrived at Rouen, where she signed a formal renunciation of "all that she could pretend to in England." Shortly afterwards, she surrendered to King Louis all the rights she then held, or might hold, in the duchies of Anjou, Lorraine, and Bar, and in the county of Provence. Her remaining years were spent in absolute seclusion at Reculée, about a league from Angers, on the river Mayence, and afterwards at the Château of Dampierre, near Saumur, where she constantly lamented her sorrowful condition—a discrowned queen, a widow, and childless.

"Who sues, who kneels, who says 'God save the Queen'?

Where be the bending peers that flattered thee?

Where be the thronging troops that followed thee?

Decline all this and see what now thou art:

For happy wife, a most distressed widow;

For joyful mother, one that wails the name;

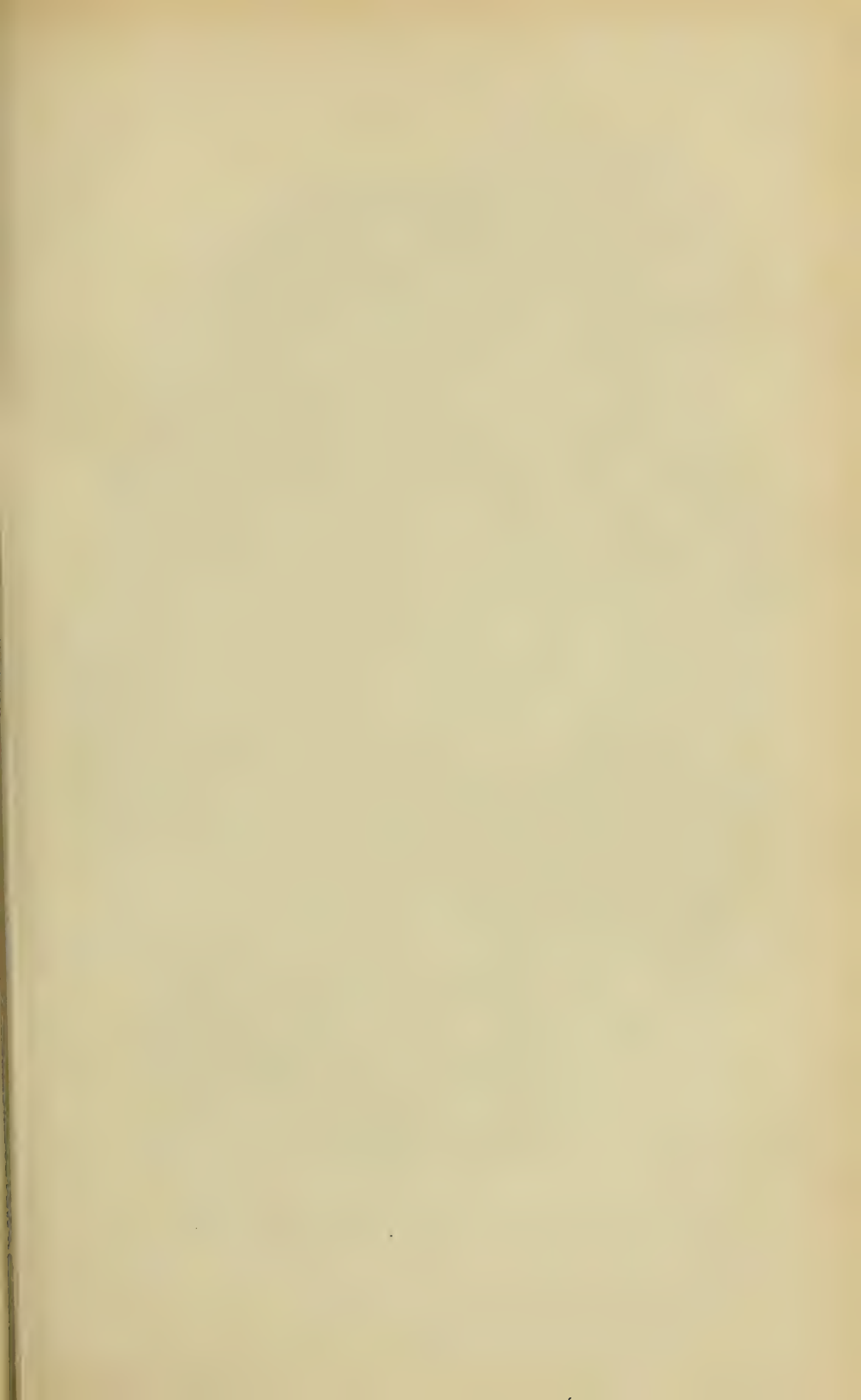
For Queen, a very caitiff, crowned with care."—(*Shakespeare.*)

The unhappy Queen's condition, in her premature old age, seems to have been very pitiable. "Her blood corrupted by so many gloomy emotions, became like a poison which infected all the parts it should have nourished. Her skin dried up, until it crumbled away in dust; her stomach contracted, and her eyes, as hollow and sunken as if they had been driven into her head, lost all the fire which formerly served to interpret the lofty sentiments of her soul." That daring and imperious temper, that surprising energy both of body and mind, that remarkable

strength of will which had distinguished Margaret in the years of her adversity as in those of her prosperity, gave way at last when she had nothing left to strive for, and nothing to hope; and she died of melancholy on the 25th of August, 1482, at the age of 53. Her remains were interred in the stately tomb of her father, King René, in the church of St. Maurice, at Angers.

“Her Prosperous Fortune,” says the old historian Habington, whose sympathies, however, were Yorkist, “presents her to us in the worst colours as a factious, busie, and imperious Queen. Her Adverse, in the best, a most industrious woman to recover what her folly had lost, an excellent wife, and a most indulgent mother. And had she never appeared in action but when misfortune had compelled her to it, she had certainly been numbered among the best examples of her sex. But even the merits of the latter part of her life, by redeeming the errors of the former, serve only to level her with the indifferent. Her life was much the talk of the present and succeeding times, because it concurred to the destruction of the House of Lancaster, a family beyond any then in the Christian World, both in extent and dominion, greatness of alliance, and glory of action.”







JEANNE D'ALBRET, QUEEN OF NAVARRE.

JEANNE D'ALBRET,

QUEEN OF NAVARRE. (*La Mignonne des Rois.*)

ON Tuesday, the 7th of January, 1528, great was the rejoicing at the palace of Fontainebleau, near Paris, Marguerite d'Angoulême, sister of Francis I., King of France, having borne a child to her husband, Henry II., King of Navarre. This first-born was a daughter, but she seems to have been warmly welcomed, and all the gossips declared that a comelier and stronger babe had seldom, if ever, been seen. As soon as possible a *gouvernante* was found for her in the person of Madame de Silly, a woman of character and principle, who did her duty by her royal charge. She spent her years of infancy at Madame de Silly's estate of Lomay, near Alençon, and grew up a strong and healthy child, good-tempered, good-humoured, and fearless of danger. When the court was at St. Germain, she frequently paid visits to her uncle, the King, with whom she became a great favourite, and as her father was exceedingly proud and fond of her, she received the charming sobriquet of "La Mignonne des Rois," or darling of the Kings. In 1531, when she was three years old, her parents proceeded to their own capital of Pau, in Navarre, where they proposed to remain for eighteen months. They naturally desired to have taken their little daughter with them, that she might be presented to her future subjects; but Francis insisted that her education should be completed in France under his own direction. He also intimated his wish to provide her with a husband in his second son, Henry of Orleans, then in his thirteenth year, who had already given evidence of ability and conduct. The proposed alliance was highly agreeable to both Jeanne's parents, and if carried out, might have proved auspicious to the two kingdoms,

but it would seem to have been only a passing thought on the part of Francis I., and we hear no more of it.

To the little princess the royal castle of Plessis-les-Tours was assigned as her residence, and she was provided with a household suitable to her rank. Madame de Silly retained her post as *gouvernante*; the poet, Nicholas de Bourbon, was appointed her preceptor in languages, belles-lettres, and poetry. Two chaplains were engaged to instruct her in theology and her religious duties, under the direct superintendence of the Bishop of Tulle and Maçon. She was provided with companions of her own age, selected from the noblest families in France, to amuse her leisure, and with a large retinue of officials and attendants to anticipate her wants and wishes.

In this somewhat solitary pomp, the child-princess, secluded from her parents as well as from the outer world, spent five years, 1532 to 1537, which habit, we suppose, made happy or at least endurable. As yet the bird had not learned the use of wings, and, therefore, had no desire to escape from her gilded captivity. But in the Spring of 1538 Plessis was visited by Jeanne's paternal aunt and godmother, the Princess Isabel D'Albret, who was accompanied by her children, and introduced a new element of life and freshness into its monotony. From her young cousins Jeanne learned something of the world outside the castle precincts, and what they had to tell her excited a desire for freedom in her breast which could not be stifled. She awoke to the fact that her palace was a prison, and her royal uncle a gaoler. She began to feel the pressure of her bonds as soon as she became aware of their existence. A fit of melancholy seized her. She neglected her studies, she refused to answer the King's letters. Only two alternatives would satisfy her, that she might rejoin her parents or reside at the French court.

"For hours together," says Miss Freer, "the princess wept in her lonely chamber at Plessis, listening to the wailing of the wind as it swept through the dense forests which at this period encircled the fortress-palace of Louis XI. The gloomy courts of Plessis,* bristling still with the terrible defences and iron cages in which that stern despot immured the helpless victims of his tyranny, filled the sensitive mind of the Princess with dismay. Nor could the internal splendour of the palace assigned for her

* The reader will remember that in Scott's "Quentin Durward" the scene is sometimes laid at Plessis.

home by her uncle reconcile her to its gloom. Jeanne eagerly listened to every fearful legend connected with the past history of the castle. The magnificent hall of Plessis, in which the ceremonies of betrothment of Francis I., when Duke of Valois, with the Princess Claude of France had been performed, brought reminiscences only, to the excited mind of Jeanne, of the terrible interviews which King Louis had there granted to the famed provost of his archers, Tristan l'Hermite, whose victims had often knelt in mute agony on the marble pavement at the feet of the inexorable monarch. When she walked abroad, yawning chasms marked the spots where Louis had caused pitfalls to be constructed to defend the approaches of his fortress-palace against unauthorised intruders. Even the rushing waters of the Loire, in the morbid imagination of the Princess, echoed back the moans of the unhappy wretches who had perished in its depths, or had met with death at the hands of the merciless provost and his archers, by hanging from the boughs which shadowed the river's bank."

The historian in this passage draws too freely on her imagination. It is not probable that so young a child as the Princess was much affected by the associations which Miss Freer so picturesquely recalls; but the monotonous dullness and seclusion of the place were in themselves sufficient to injure her health and depress her spirits. So writes the old historian of Béarn:—"Jeanne, the heiress of our Henry and Marguerite, was brought up in France at Plessis-les-Tours, which place her uncle, Francis I., seldom permitted her to leave, because he feared that his brother-in-law intended to bestow this princess on Philip, son of the Emperor (afterwards Philip II. of Spain). This residence proved exceedingly wearisome to our Princess, so that her chamber often echoed with her lamentations, and the air with her sighs, while she gave free course to her tears. By their abundance, of a truth, the lustre of her complexion, for she was one of the fairest princesses in Christendom, was much impaired; her hair hung dishevelled on her shoulders, and the smiles faded from her lips."

Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown, or is destined to wear one. Francis I. held his niece in bondage at Plessis to prevent her betrothal to Philip of Spain, who thus already exercised that adverse influence on her life which, at a later period, involved her in so much affliction. The position of Navarre between France and Spain—the earthen pipkin

between two iron pots, to use a famous comparison—was a painful one, as each Power was continually endeavouring to employ its resources against the other. As a counter check to the supposed schemes of Spain, Francis planned a marriage between Jeanne and the Duke of Cleves. There was much to recommend it, for the Duke was a gallant Prince, tall and handsome, skilled in all martial and chivalrous exercises, generous-minded, and a lover of art and letters. Moreover, he was a Lutheran, and his marriage to the heiress of Navarre would have helped to strengthen the amicable relations that already existed between the German Protestants and France. Politically it would have proved singularly advantageous to Navarre; and it is difficult to understand why Francis promoted it, except from his antipathy to Charles V. It is quite as difficult to understand why it was so objectionable to the young Princess, who, in an interview with her uncle, entreated him with tears not to compel her to marry the Duke, and when introduced to him conducted herself with a frigid haughtiness that provoked the King's anger. Madame de Silly rebuked her charge for her want of courtesy, and commented on the advantage of the projected union. "I do not think it an advantage," replied Jeanne, proudly, "to leave France and my own inheritance of Béarn, to marry a Duke of Cleves." She declared that she should die if the marriage were forced upon her, and as a Catholic evinced the greatest dislike to the Prince's heretical opinions. We must, therefore, conclude that pride of rank and religious feeling were the two motives which determined the repugnance of this child of twelve against a suitor who had such brilliant personal gifts to recommend him. Surely it is not often that such motives operate so powerfully at so early an age. The persistency with which Jeanne continued her opposition to the royal mandate was indeed remarkable; and when she was finally compelled to submit, she resorted to the strange expedient of recording a secret protest against the unwelcome nuptials, which was witnessed by three of the officers of her household. Its singularity justifies me in transcribing it:—

"I, Jeanne de Navarre, persisting in the protestations I have already made, do hereby again affirm and protest, by these presents, that the marriage which it is desired to contract between the Prince of Cleves and myself is against my will; that

I never consented and never will consent to it; and that all I may say and do hereafter, by which it may be attempted to prove that I have given my consent, will be forcibly extorted against my wish and desire, from my dread of the King, of the King my father, and of the Queen my mother, *who had threatened to have me whipped* by the Baillive of Caen (Madame de Silly), my governess.

“By command of the Queen, my mother, my said governess has also several times declared that if I do not all in regard to this marriage which the King wishes, and if I do not give my consent, I shall be punished so severely as to cause my death; and that by refusing I may bring about the ruin and destruction of my parents and their house; the which threat has filled me with such alarm and dread lest I should be the cause of their ruin, that I know not to whom to have recourse, except to God, seeing that my father and mother abandon me, though both well know what I have said to them, that I can never love the Duke of Cleves, and that I will not have him for a husband.

“Therefore I protest beforehand that if it happen that I am affianced, or married, to the said Duke of Cleves in any way or manner, it will be against my heart and contrary to my will; that he shall never become my husband, nor will I ever hold and regard him as such, and that my marriage shall be reputed null and void, in testimony whereof I appeal to God and yourselves as witnesses of this my declaration, which you are about to sign with me; admonishing each of you to remember the compulsion, violence, and restraint employed against me in the matter of the said marriage.

“(Signed) JEANNE DE NAVARRE.”

“Witness: J. D'Arros.

“Francis Navarre.

“Arnauld Duquesne.”

This bit of secret history seems to me singularly interesting. It was surely hard upon a girl of twelve that she should be involved, while still in the bloom of her childhood, in matrimonial negotiations, and compelled by her very solitariness to adopt the curious expedient of a private protest, as a kind of satisfaction to her conscience, against an unacceptable marriage. This protest can hardly have been drawn up by herself; it is the work of an older hand; but it embodies to a great extent, I

think, her own language, and is inspired by that indomitable courage and resolve which was a marked feature in her character. Its sincerity is beyond question; for good or ill, Jeanne was loth to marry the Duke of Cleves. But in spite of her opposition the ceremony of betrothment took place between them in the great hall of the Castle of Alençon, the Bishop of Seiz officiating. Thereafter, and before she left for Châtelhérault, where the public nuptials were to be celebrated, she drew up a second forcible and emphatic protest; but as it simply repeated the arguments of the first, its quotation is unnecessary.

The marriage ceremony was performed on the 15th of July, 1540. Jeanne was dressed in a robe of cloth of gold, studded with precious stones. The hem of her mantle was bordered with ermine, and she wore a ducal coronet. All the great officers of state, and the nobles of France and Navarre, were present, and on so splendid a scale was the pageant arranged, that it cost more than even the coronation of the Emperor Charles V. When Francis went forward to conduct the child-bride to the altar, she rose from her seat with slow reluctance, and suddenly declared that her robes, with their gold and jewels, prevented her from walking. This difficulty, however, was surmounted by an expedient which sadly lowered her dignity: at the King's command, the Constable de Montmorency took her up in his arms, and carried her into the chapel, where the service of the Church was duly concluded. The day's proceedings closed with a sumptuous banquet and ball, at which the Princess was compelled to appear; but at an early hour she was allowed to retire to her mother's apartments, when the Duke of Cleves formally placed her in the charge of her mother and Madame de Silly, until she should attain a suitable age for fulfilling her conjugal duties. Then followed a week's high revelry in the old chivalric fashion. "In the meadow of Châtelhérault," says the chronicler, "jousts and tourneys were holden; for which halls, arcades, palaces, and triumphal arches were constructed of green boughs, and within these armed knights took their stand to defend them in honour of the ladies of their hearts, whose devices were blended in the foliage with the arms of the cavaliers, and with such trophies as they captured from their adversaries. Close to these structures were leafy bowers, occupied by hermits, clad in green or grey velvet, or other colours, whose duty it was to serve as guides to

any stranger knights who presented themselves. In other parts of the meadow ladies were stationed, who personated Nymphs and Dryads, and were attended by their dwarfs; all according to the mode and pattern of bygone days. These jousts, for novelty and splendour, were the most memorable things of the kind that had been done or heard of in our days. That pastime might not be lacking for the nights, lists were erected, and the tourneys continued by torchlight, a thing never before heard of in France."

When the festivities came to an end, the Duchess of Cleves took leave of her uncle, who, notwithstanding her contumacy, loaded her with valuable presents, and proceeded to Pau for the winter. She spent there, however, two happy years, under the immediate supervision of her mother, to the great benefit of her mind and character,—throwing off many faults of taste and temper, and developing the better qualities with which she was happily gifted. At Pau she came into frequent contact with the Lutheran divines who had sought refuge under the liberal and tolerant rule of the King of Navarre, and her conversations with them strongly impressed her. She was studying theology at the time under the twofold direction of her mother and of Gérard Roussel, Bishop of Orléans,—“a prelate of singular piety, who asserted under the Roman purple a freedom of sentiment, and a boldness in the discussion of theological tenets, worthy of Calvin himself.” Even at this comparatively early date Jeanne was beginning to incline towards the doctrines of the Reformation, and to doubt the validity of some of the pretensions of the Papacy.

A change which was very welcome to the Princess now took place in her fortunes. Peace had been concluded between the Duke of Cleves and the Emperor Charles V.; and Francis I., in his anger at the Duke's defection to his great rival, resolved on annulling the marriage contract between him and the Princess Jeanne. The latter might reasonably have objected at being made the shuttlecock which her uncle bandied to and fro to suit his schemes of policy; but she was only too happy at any cost to get free from an alliance which she had always detested. She accordingly returned to France, and took up her residence at Fontainebleau, while the necessary representations were made to the Roman Pontiff. The Duke, on his part, showed no disinclination to be relieved of a wife who had treated him with marked contempt, and supported the application for a

divorce, which, after some delay, was conceded by the Pope in the spring of 1545.

And then, says the old Béarnois historian, our Princess's countenance once more grew serene, her cheerfulness returned, and she consoled herself readily for the loss of her husband. For it had seemed very grievous to her to quit France as the spouse of a simple Duke, when she might have chosen among the greatest princes of the blood-royal.

The position and prospects of Jeanne D'Albret were, however, much more strongly influenced by the death of Francis I., on the 31st of March, 1547. This event was a death-blow to the political ascendancy of her mother. The new sovereign, Henry II., showed no disposition to regard the counsels of his aunt, but was completely subservient to the will of his beautiful favourite, Diana of Poitiers, whom he had created Duchesse de Valentinois.

Two new suitors at this time presented themselves for the hand of the heiress of Navarre, who had matured into a very charming and accomplished woman. These were Antoine Duc de Vendôme and François Duc de Guise. Antoine Duc de Vendôme, who proved the successful competitor, was the eldest son of Charles Duc de Vendôme, who died in 1536, and of Françoise, sister of the Duc d'Alençon, the first husband of Queen Marguerite of Navarre. As a close friendship had long prevailed between the Queen and her sister-in-law, Duke Antoine pressed his suit under very favourable conditions. He was endowed with a handsome person and an almost irresistible charm of manner. On the battle-field he had won distinction by his courage and military talent. He was not without capacity in civil affairs, but his fine parts and natural gifts were to a great extent neutralised by his vacillation of character and uncertainty of temper. The old curse was upon him: "unstable as water thou shalt not excel." It was, perhaps, the contrast between the Duke and herself on so many points that determined the Princess's inclination towards him. She was not unwilling, I suppose, that her husband should yield to her strong and resolute will. Besides, his graces of person and manner were well adapted to fascinate a woman even as clear of vision as Jeanne D'Albret. At all events, she allowed him to see that his suit was not unacceptable to her. But on the other hand her father disapproved of it, while Henry II., encouraged that

of the Duc de Guise, and there was some delay and much discussion before these obstacles were removed. At length, on the 20th of October, 1548, the marriage contract was signed at Moulins, in the presence of Henry II. and his queen, Catherine de Medicis, the King and Queen of Navarre, the Duchess de Vendôme, the Cardinal de Bourbon, and other illustrious personages. The King and Queen of Navarre bestowed upon their daughter a dowry of 100,000 gold crowns, and the Duke settled lands on his future bride to the annual value of 12,000 livres, besides presenting her with costly jewels.

The marriage ceremony was celebrated on the following day, the King giving away the bride. There was some alarm at the last moment whether it would ever take place, the bridegroom suddenly conceiving some doubts as to the nature of Jeanne's relations to the Duke of Cleves. His jealousy was ultimately satisfied by the solemn and reiterated assurances of Queen Marguerite and Madame de Silly that the Princess had never seen or conversed with the Duke of Cleves since the conclusion of the inauspicious nuptials at Châtelherault. After the usual festivities, Duke Antoine and his beautiful bride withdrew to the castle of La Fère, in Picardy, whence they spent *la lune des nocces*; and thence proceeded to Pau to receive the homage of the States of Béarn, and that Jeanne might be publicly acknowledged as heiress to the crown of Navarre. There was no reason why the young couple should not be, and they were, enthusiastically received; and the Duke easily won the good opinions of the Béarnois by assuming a deferential air towards Queen Marguerite, and by a judicious display of interest in the doctrines of the Reformed Church. He was rewarded for his tact by the association of his name with that of his young wife in the public edict by which the States regulated and defined the succession to the crown of Navarre.

The marriage rejoicings were scarcely at an end when the sudden and unexpected death of Queen Marguerite—which took place at the castle of Odos in Bigorre, on the 21st of December, 1548,—plunged the Princess into profound grief, while it so deeply affected her father that for the remainder of his life he showed a great distaste to public affairs. On the 21st of September, 1550, Jeanne gave birth to a son, who was christened Henry and created Duc de Beaumont. According to the custom of the time, he was placed in charge of a *gouvernante*, the Princess's old guardian and friend, Madame de Silly; but her mode of

rearing the young prince did not prove successful. She treated him as a gardener treats an exotic; swaddling and wrapping and hot-housing him until he lost all energy and vital force. When advised to send him out to play in the open air, she replied,—“*Laissez l'enfant ! il vaut mieux suer que trembler !*” (Leave the child alone; it is better for him to sweat than to shiver); and he had lapsed into a dangerous state of weakness when his mother, alarmed by the reports that reached her, visited him at Orleans. After reprimanding Madame de Silly for her injudicious management, she carried the young prince with her to the castle of Gaillon, in Normandy, where she proposed to await her second *accouchement*. But it was too late; the evil done, could not be undone, and the child died when little more than a year and a half old.

Jeanne gave birth to a second son in August, 1552, who received the title of Count de Marle. Brought up under her own supervision, he proved a healthy and even robust child, and his mother promised the old king, who was anxious to see the succession established in the male line, that he should be presented to the Béarnois at the coming Christmas festival. She therefore set out for Pau, accompanied by her husband, and the proud and happy grandfather met them at Mont de Maison. He grew immensely fond of the little prince, and delighted to show him to his subjects, who were not a whit less pleased to see him. It happened, however, one unlucky day, when the King, the Duke and the Duchess were enjoying the chase, and the infant hope of Navarre was left under the guardianship of his nurse and chamberlain, that the former carried him to an open window, where she was recognised by one of the gentlemen of the King's bedchamber, who drew near and conversed with her from without. Observing the sleeping prince, he requested to be allowed the honour of holding him. The lady complied, and the babe was several times tossed, in sport, from her arms to those of the cavalier; until the nurse, thinking that he held the child, happened to let go her hold, and, unhappily, the poor infant fell on a marble staircase beneath, and broke a rib. In their alarm, the unlucky couple resolved to conceal the occurrence; but the child sickened, and after suffering severe pain, died. Four days after his death, the cause of it was discovered, and the guilty parties met with the punishment they had unquestionably deserved.

The old King's grief was excessive, and with senile injustice he heaped the most violent reproaches on the bereaved mother, calling her "inhuman" and "marâtre." He declared he would take to himself a second wife, and that Jeanne should never wear the crown of Navarre. Nor was his selfish sorrow appeased until she promised that if heaven again blessed her with offspring she would be delivered at Pau, and place her child entirely under his charge.

It so happened that her prayers were answered; and returning to Pau, as she had promised, she gave birth there, on the 13th of December, 1553, to the future hero of romance and song, Henry of Navarre—the Henri Quatre of French history. Immediately the exultant grandfather conveyed him to his own apartments, and before consigning him to his nurse's care, performed a traditional ceremony of the Béarnois. First, with a clove of garlic he just touched the infant's lips; then he presented him with wine in a cup of gold. On smelling the wine the young Prince, it is said, raised his head, and otherwise showed his gratification. The laughing King put a few drops of wine on his tongue; he swallowed them immediately. "*Va,*" exclaimed the old man, in a transport of delight, "*tu seras un vrai Béarnnois.*" Go, thou wilt be a true son of Béarn! He was about a year and a half old—a fine, vigorous, and healthy child—when his grandfather died (May 25, 1555), bequeathing to Jeanne D'Albret a heritage of anxiety.

It was as Queen and ruler, however, that she displayed the full measure of her noble qualities—her courage, her fortitude, her patience, and her indomitable resolution. Her kingdom threatened on either side by a powerful and suspicious neighbour, it was indeed a task not less difficult than delicate to steer safely between the jealousies of France and the intrigues of Spain; and no doubt there were times when her brave heart must have felt a touch of something like despair. To the world, however, her bearing was always gallant and cheerful. One of her most momentous acts was her profession of Lutheranism, for it arrayed against her a new host of enemies, and none are so bitter as those who base their enmity on religious motives. But having convinced herself that Lutheranism was the creed of the Christian Church as founded by Christ and His Apostles, nothing could deter her from embracing it, and she publicly received the Holy Communion, according to the Reformed ritual, in the

cathedral of Pau. At that time her husband professed to incline in the same direction ; but Queen Catherine de Medicis and the Papal Legate, by a skilful combination of menaces and bribes, succeeded in deterring him from following his wife's example. One of the inducements they held out was as extravagant as it was immoral. They promised that he should be divorced from Jeanne D'Albret on the ground of her previous contract with the Duke of Cleves, and that a second wife should be provided for him in Mary Queen of Scots. Thus in due time he would become King of England, Scotland, and Navarre—a triple dignity, which might well excite the ambition and dazzle the imagination of a Prince so impressionable as Antoine of Bourbon.

At the instigation of his Catholic advisers, Antonio insisted that the Queen should attend Mass ; and when she refused, ventured to attempt compulsion. She was about to step into her litter one day, to attend the Lutheran service, when King Antoine made his appearance, and ordering the litter to be dismissed, took her hand and led her back to her apartments. There he required of her that she should, at least outwardly, conform to the rites and ceremonies of the Roman communion. The Queen replied with firmness that she would not barter her immortal soul for worldly gain, and refused to be present at Mass or at any other Roman ceremony.

In his ungovernable anger Antoine was led to reveal the secret of the intrigue between Catherine de Medicis and himself, and threatened that unless she yielded obedience he would sue for a divorce. She shed at first some bitter tears of contempt at her husband's unworthiness ; but regaining her composure she proceeded with great force to expose the real design of his subtle councillor, his own abasement and the elevation of his hereditary enemies, the house of Guise. And when she perceived that her reasoning failed to convince his volatile mind, she appealed to his better feelings : " Sir, if you have no pity on me," she cried, " have mercy at least on your two children. Do you not know that in repudiating *me* you disgrace *them* ? That the blow aimed at *my* fame must fall also upon *their* honour ? " It was in vain ; the Bourbon's selfish nature could not be moved by any noble or generous impulse, and thenceforward Jeanne, as she acknowledges, closed her heart against her still lingering affection for her husband, while resolved, as wife

and mother and woman, to do her duty in the sight of heaven. But not less resolute was she to stand by the faith she had adopted, that it might have free course and be glorified in the land: "To obtain for all men liberty of conscience," she wrote to one of her Lutheran advisers, "I am minded to do good battle, and not to relax my efforts. The cause is so holy and sacred that I believe God will strengthen me by His mighty power; and although I may not at once avow my full and entire sentiments, I will conduct myself with such energy and foresight as greatly to aid by my endeavours the common cause to the glory of the Eternal and the public weal. For it is high time to quit the land of Egypt, to cross the Red Sea, and to deliver the Church of Christ from amidst the ruins of that throne of all pride, unclean Babylon."

Thus, to some extent, the work before Jeanne of Navarre was similar to that which lay before her contemporary, Elizabeth of England, the gradual establishment of Protestantism. But the conditions under which these great Sovereigns fulfilled their task were of course widely different, and whereas Elizabeth was successful, Jeanne obtained no permanent result. Moreover, she was called away before the work was half-done. Under her auspices, however, the principles of the Reformation made great progress in Béarn, and the persecuted Huguenots flocked thither from every province of France, to be received with a kindly welcome, supplied with food and necessaries, and assured of her protection.

On the 14th of November, 1562, Jeanne lost her husband. He died of fever, and of the inflammation of a gunshot wound received at the siege of Rouen. On his death-bed he professed himself a Lutheran. But a faithless husband, a fickle friend, a selfish and ignorant ruler—I do not think many tears were shed on the grave of Antoine de Bourbon.

"Queen Jeanne," says Miss Freer, "was thirty-four years old when she became a widow. From the time that she bade farewell to the King of Navarre in Paris—after her open declaration of the Lutheran faith—she seems to have had a presentiment that she should never more behold her husband. She too well knew the unscrupulous daring of the dominant parties at the French court, to doubt that the life of the nominal chief of the triumvirate would be sacrificed upon the first symptoms of his vacillation in the course which he had been prevailed upon

to support. 'For,' says Le Grain, 'this Princess was a woman of great discernment.' It was always doubted by Queen Jeanne whether the bullet fatal to her husband's life was fired from the ramparts of Rouen, or whether it proceeded from a hand which Antoine had recently grasped in friendship. From the very earliest days of her widowhood the Queen declared that she would never more enter into the bonds of matrimony. Her life had been embittered by Antoine's neglect, her power as a sovereign princess curtailed, and her fine and noble spirit, so susceptible of good in its aspirations, had been wounded. Outraged and disappointed in her hopes of domestic happiness, Jeanne, concentrating those admirable talents with which nature had endowed her, became the dauntless and politic princess, against whose genius such a character as that of Antoine de Bourbon was helpless as a straw tossed on the waves of the ocean."

The Huguenots of France sustained on the field of Jarnac, in January, 1569, a defeat so severe that it seemed to threaten the irretrievable ruin of their cause. But a still graver blow was the loss of the Great Condé—their ablest captain and the most famous warrior of the age—who was foully murdered after the battle. Great generals are not sown broadcast over the world. In truth, they are of rarer occurrence than great men in any other department of human activity; you may count them on your fingers, and to supply the place of a leader so brilliant and so beloved might well seem impossible. Coligny, who succeeded to the command of the Huguenot army, observed with alarm the profound depression which had seized upon his soldiers; and in order to rally them to fresh exertions, sent a messenger to the Queen entreating her presence in the camp. Her sagacity had already anticipated the request, and she was on her way to encourage her soldiers and sympathise with them in the misfortunes which had overtaken the Good Cause.

Coligny drew out his army in battle array to receive their Sovereign. Not otherwise than with sorrowful looks could she survey their drooping banners, and the folds of crape which everywhere fell over the escutcheons of the fleur-de-lis. Not otherwise than with a pang of sorrow could she mark the downcast eyes, the expression of gloom that darkened every countenance; there was no want of stern courage and fixed resolve,

but none of that eager light, that sanguine glow which flushes the faces of warriors confident of victory. But she was a queen, and, whatever might be her fears, she was careful to conceal them. The shouts which greeted her as she rode along the martial line revived her spirits, and she was greatly pleased with the acclamations which saluted the gallant presence of her son, the Prince of Béarn, a bright and manly youth of fifteen. Surrounded by a fair company of Lutheran leaders—Coligny, D'Andelot, La Rochefoucauld, Fontrailles, De Piles, Rohan, Pontivy, and Genlis, with Prince Henry on her right and Great Condé's son on her left—she halted in the centre of the plain, and addressed her soldiers in loud and ringing tones, and in language which emotion inspired with eloquence:—

“Children of God and of France!” she said, “Condé is no more. That prince who so often set you an example of courage and of stainless honour; who was ever ready to combat for his king, his country, and his faith; who never took up arms except to defend himself against implacable foes; that heroic prince, whose arm his enemies were constrained to reverence, has sacrificed his life in the most noble of causes! Instead of receiving from my hands the laurel wreath which would have been the just reward of his valour, his brow now shines with a crown of everlasting glory. Condé has given up his breath on the battle-field, cut short in his career of fame. He is dead! A murderous hand has severed the thread of life. His enemies have treacherously assassinated him. What do I say? Have they not heaped their insults upon his cold corpse? Oh, how by this shameful outrage, have they added to his renown, and eternally sullied the laurels they sought to gather on the field of Jarnac!

“Soldiers, you weep!

“But tell me, does not the memory of Condé demand something more than tears? Will you be satisfied with empty regrets? No; let us unite—let us recall our courage—to defend a cause which can never die, and to avenge him who was its most illustrious supporter! Does despair unnerve your arms? Despair! that shameful vice of feeble natures—can it have infected *you*, noble soldiers and Christian heroes? When I, your Queen, have not abandoned hope, do you still fear? Because Condé is dead, shall we say that all is lost? Is our Cause deprived of its justice and its holiness? No; God who placed

arms in his hand for our defence, who has already rescued you from innumerable dangers, has provided us with brothers-in-arms worthy to succeed him, and to fight for religion and truth and fatherland! Not only princes of royal blood are enrolled among our leaders, but Coligny, La Rochefoucauld, La Noue, Rohan, De Piles, D'Andelot, Montgomery! To these brave soldiers now I add my son. Prove ye his courage! The blood of Bourbon and of Valois flows in his veins. He burns with holy ardour to avenge the death of Condé. Behold also Condé's son, whom henceforth I adopt among my own children. He is the worthy heir of his father's virtues. He inherits his name and fame. Soldiers! I offer you everything which it is in my power to bestow; my kingdom, my treasures, my life, and what is dearer to me than all, my children! Here do I solemnly pledge myself before you all—and you know me too well to doubt my word—here do I solemnly swear to defend to my last sigh the holy cause which now unites us—the cause of religion, truth, and justice!”

The Queen ceased. For a moment the whole plain was hushed; then it resounded with a tumult of cheering, as, breaking from their ranks in the fervour of their emotions, the warriors of the Cross surrounded their lion-hearted Sovereign, and demanded to be led at once against their enemies. Whether it had been previously arranged, or whether the Prince acted on a sudden impulse, he now dashed into the midst of the excited battalions, as if prepared to place himself at their head. With a spontaneous shout he was hailed as chief and captain in the place of Condé, and, Jeanne giving her consent, was at once appointed to the command of the Huguenot forces.

“Soldiers!” he exclaimed, “your cause is mine; our interests are the same. I swear to you on the salvation of my soul, I swear by my honour and life, I will never abandon you.”

Proclamation was formally made that the command of the army would henceforth be vested in the Prince of Navarre, assisted by the veteran Coligny. And it was in this way that Jeanne D'Albret, by her courage and capacity, revived the spirits of her soldiers and resuscitated the Huguenot cause when it seemed almost hopelessly overthrown on the field of Jarnac. She displayed a presence of mind, a tact, and a resolution worthy of a great Sovereign.

Another illustration of her quality as a sovereign and a woman may be presented.

A series of brilliant successes now distinguished the arms of the Huguenots, but in war success is sometimes dearly purchased. On the 12th of June, 1570, under the command of La Noue, they completely defeated the Catholics at Sainte Gemme, a village near Lucon, five hundred dead being left on the field of battle. The victory, however, nearly cost them the life of their leader, whose right arm was fractured by a musket-ball. The severity of the wound compelled him to retire to La Rochelle, where the Queen welcomed him with graceful gratitude, and ordered her own physicians to attend him. In spite of their care, the wound gangrened, and to save his life it was necessary that his arm should be amputated. When La Noue was informed of the sacrifice demanded of him, he absolutely refused. "Better death," he exclaimed, "than a maimed and mutilated existence which could be of little benefit to his Queen and country!" Their entreaties and remonstrances failing, his friends solicited the Queen's interference. She at once repaired to the bedside of her wounded general, chided him for his impatience, cheered him in his despondency, encouraged his hopes of future usefulness. "Brave La Noue," she said to him, "ought you to hesitate in this matter? If you will not listen to the prayers of your friends your death is inevitable, and you are lost for ever to our cause, to your brothers-in-arms, to the religion which your virtue has adorned and your heroism supported. On the other hand, act upon the advice of men skilled in their art, open your ears to the call of duty and the voice of friendship, and that precious life which is both an inspiration to my soldiers and a source of strength to our holy cause, will probably be saved. Beloved La Noue, a hero so dear to his country and his friends ought, when in danger, to welcome any gleam of hope. Then, if after all he dies, he carries with him to his grave the consciousness of having done his duty to the last."

La Noue could not resist his Sovereign's touching appeal, and consented to submit himself to the surgeon's knife. With firm but gentle hands the Queen herself removed the bandages, and loyally supported the sufferer's arm while the operation was performed. When in after years La Noue would tell the tale of his Sovereign's generous and heroic act of sympathy, the tears

would flow down his furrowed cheeks, and his gratitude was proved by deeds of the most brilliant devotion.

By the Queen's directions an expert mechanician constructed for the warrior's use an iron arm, of workmanship so ingenious that he was able to guide his horse with it. Thus he acquired his well-known sobriquet of *La Noue Bras de Fer*—*La Noue* of the Iron Arm.

It will be pleasant now to look at the great Queen in another light. She had inherited from her mother a strong love of letters, and as her abilities were exceptional, and had been carefully cultivated, she acquired a wide grasp of the knowledge of the age. In the language and literature of Greece as well as of Rome she was deeply versed; Latin she spoke with fluency and even elegance. Her life was so filled up with important duties that she had little, if any, leisure to practise the art of composition; but after a visit to the celebrated printing establishment of the Etiennees at Paris she composed the following pretty quatrain:—

“ Art singulier, d'ici aux derniers ans
 Representez aux enfans de ma race,
 Que j'ai suivé des craignons-Dieu* la trace,
 Afin qu'ils soient des mêmes pas suivants.”

[Wonderful art, from now to later years make known to the children of my race that I have followed in the footsteps of God-fearing men, in order that they may pursue the same path.]

The reader will be interested, in all probability, with the sonnet which Henri Etienne composed in reply to the Queen's impromptu:—

RÉPONSE EN FORME DE SONNET AU NOM DE L'IMPRIMERIE
 À LA DITE DAME ROYNE.

- (1) “ Princesse, que le ciel de graces favorise,
 À qui les craignons-Dieu souhaitent tout bonheur,
 À qui les grands esprits ont donné tout honneur,
 Pour avoir doctement la science conquise.

* A nickname given to the Lutherans by their Catholic adversaries.

- (2) " S'il est vrai qu' au temps la plus brave entreprise,
 Au devant des vertus abaise sa grandeur,
 S'il est vrai que les ans n' offusquent la splendeur
 Qui fait luire partout les enfans de l'Eglise.
- (3) " Le ciel, les craignons-Dieu et les hommes savants
 Me feinte raconter aux peuples survivans,
 Vos graces, et votre heur et louange notoire,
 Et puisque vos vertus ne peuvent prendre fin,
 Par vous je demeurerai vivante, à cette fin
 Qu'aux peuples à venir j'en porte la memoire."

[“ Answer, in the Form of a Sonnet, and in the Name of the Printing Establishment, to the said Queen : — (1) Princess, whom Heaven has graciously favoured, to whom all Lutherans wish happiness, on whom the greatest minds have bestowed every honour for having mastered the secrets of knowledge ; (2) If it be true that in time the boldest enterprise becomes as nothing in the presence of virtue ; if it be true that years cannot dim the splendour which surrounds and glorifies the children of the Church ; (3) Heaven, the God-fearing, and the wise will bid me relate to posterity your graces and your eminent praises. And, since your virtues will never die, I through you shall live for ever, to the end that I may transmit their memory to future ages.”]

In 1572, Jeanne D'Albret was invited to Paris by Charles IX. to assist at the nuptials of her son Henry with the King's sister, the fair, witty, and brilliant, but unfortunately frail Margaret. On arriving in the French capital, she was lodged in the Hôtel de Condé. The splendid preparations for the reception of her gallant son seemed to give her great satisfaction ; but it was evident that her old vivacity had faded, and that her health was seriously broken. For some years she had shown symptoms of physical weakness, and these now became very pronounced. She retained, however, her mental powers unimpaired, and her gracious address and eloquent speeches fascinated the good folk of Paris. Attended by the Marshal de Montmorency, the governor, she visited the warehouses of the most celebrated merchants and the *ateliers* of the most famous artists. She gave lavish orders for gold, and gems, and costly dresses, and for everything that could enhance the sumptuousness of the approaching festival. Among other *magasins* honoured by the Queen's presence was that of Maître René, whom Catherine de Medicis patronised as her perfumer, and employed, it is said, as her instrument in administering poison to those whom she had determined to remove from her path. He was unquestionably

her confidential agent in many a dark intrigue. There Jeanne purchased a quantity of drugs, perfumes, embroidered cuffs, and gloves. We are asked to believe that her visit was one of ill-omen; for Catherine de Medicis hated the great Lutheran Queen with a mortal hatred, and through René was enabled to gratify it.

On Wednesday evening, the 4th of June, 1572, the Queen, on returning home from one of her excursions, complained of severe pain in her limbs and of excessive fatigue. During the night she was very feverish and restless, and suffered from an excruciating pain in the chest, which nothing seemed able to subdue. On the following day her breathing became difficult, and her condition so alarming that her medical attendants sought the advice of the King's physicians. They were unable, however, to afford her any relief. The Queen herself openly declared her conviction that her illness was mortal, and retained the most admirable composure, while all around her were deeply moved. Her sharpest pains could not extort from her a groan or a complaint, and the prospect of death seemed to have no terror for her. "I know," she exclaimed, "that the prayers of the righteous avail much. I resign myself to God's holy will, taking all evils from Him as chastisements from the hands of a loving Father. I have never feared death; still less dare I murmur at the decree of Providence, though He has afflicted me with these most grievous pains. Yet I confess I feel deeply to part from the children, in their tender age, whom God has given me, to leave them exposed to so many perils and such adversity, but in God's providence I trust!"

Turning to her old and faithful attendants, who stood by her bedside, moved to uncontrollable tears,—“Why,” she exclaimed, “why do you mourn for me? Have you not all witnessed the extreme wretchedness of my past life? Why do you weep when at length God takes pity upon me, and summons me to the enjoyment of a blissful existence, for which I have unceasingly prayed?” Such was the spirit of resignation and contentment in which she awaited the coming of “the Dark Angel.”

On Sunday, the 8th, her sufferings were considerably mitigated, but it was evident that her weakness rapidly increased. Towards evening she made her will, appointing as her executors the Cardinal de Bourbon and Admiral de Coligny. Two Lutheran

ministers then offered up prayer, and read to her, at her request, the comforting passages of Scripture which are contained in the 14th, 15th, and 16th chapters of St. John's gospel. "Oh, my Saviour!" she exclaimed at intervals, "hasten to release my spirit from the thralldom of life, and from its prison in this suffering body, so that I may offend Thee no more, but enter joyfully into the glorious rest which Thou hast promised, and for which my soul longs!"

Throughout the early hours of Monday, the 9th, she spoke very little; lying exhausted, spent, and with eyes closed, but apparently not in pain. This brief pause of repose was followed, however, by a severe paroxysm; her attendants lifted her in their arms; her difficulty of breathing increased; her hands and feet became cold and pulseless. When the attack passed off, the bystanders saw that the end was close at hand. To the last, however, her mind remained unclouded, and presently she made signs to her chaplains to continue their intercessions. A glow seemed to pass over her countenance as one of them began the beautiful psalm, "In te, Domine, speravi"—In Thee, O Lord, have I put my trust. Gradually sinking, she fell into her last sleep between the hours of eight and nine o'clock in the morning.

The suddenness of the Queen's death, its occurring so quickly after her visit to the notorious René, and the physical pain she had suffered, not unnaturally suggested to the sorrowing Huguenots, who had loved the great Queen with the love of children for their mother, that she had fallen a victim to the hatred of Catherine de Medicis, and been poisoned by the subtle but deadly scent of a pair of gloves. Charles IX. then ordered that the body should undergo a post-mortem examination in the presence of several Huguenot officers of the deceased Queen's household; and they reported that no traces of poison had been discovered. In those early days of scientific medicine, however, the poisoner was more than a match for the physician, whose methods of analysis were curiously simple and imperfect. On the other hand, in the case of illustrious personages whose deaths were sudden or attended by unusual circumstances, the suspicion of poison was almost universal, because medical science was prepared with no other explanation. We must leave the matter, therefore, where it was left by the Queen's contemporaries. Jeanne D'Albret *may* have fallen a victim to the secret poisoner,

but the balance of testimony is in favour of her having died a natural death. At the time of her decease, she was 44 years of age.

Her obsequies were celebrated with great magnificence. She was interred in the Cathedral of Vendôme, in the Bourbon mausoleum, and by the side of her husband, King Antoine. The inscriptions on their tombs simply record their titles* and the days of their deaths.

The Huguenot poets dedicated to the memory of their beloved sovereign and defender a number of odes and epitaphs, breathing the most intense loyalty, and ascribing to her every virtue under heaven. Of Jeanne D'Albret, however, they could say little that was not deserved. She was so admirable as woman and queen, as wife, mother, and ruler,—so brave, so true, so tender, so pious, and so just. From Miss Freer's pages I borrow a couple of epitaphs which have the merit of brevity:—

“ EPITAPHE SUR JEANNE D'ALBRET.

“ S'ébahit-on pourquoy la Royne de Navarre,
En sagesse, en bonté, en piété, si rare,
N'a longuy que cinq jours à s'envoller au ciel?
C'est le peu qu'elle avoit en elle de mortel.”

[“Dost thou wonder why the Queen of Navarre, in wisdom, goodness, and piety so rare, lingered but five days before she flew to Heaven? It was because so little of her was mortal.”]

“ DE EADEM.

“ Dum mens continuò cœlestia spirat, anhelans
Deficiens corpus, cessit, humique jacet.”

[“While the mind continually breathes things celestial, the body, failing in breath, has yielded, and now lies i' the earth.”]

* “ Antoine de Bourbon, Roy de Navarre, Souverain de Béarn, Duc de Vendôme, Lieutenant pour le Roy,” and “ Johanne D'Albret, Royne de Navarre, Souveraine de Béarn, et Duchesse de Vendômois.”



ELIZABETH, QUEEN OF ENGLAND.

ELIZABETH,

QUEEN OF ENGLAND. (*Great Gloriana.*)

I.

“No scandal about Queen Elizabeth, I hope?” says Sneer in Sheridan’s *Critic*: and I confess that I am one of the last persons in the world to talk scandal or listen to scandal respecting the great Gloriana—a woman gifted with so many royal qualities, and a sovereign whose courage and devotion saved England from such imminent peril. I have no sympathy whatever with recent attempts to undervalue her services and depreciate her character. I believe as little in the calumnies levelled at her as a woman as in the censures passed upon her as a ruler. That she had “the defects of her qualities” as a woman, I admit: but her great virtues cast them so completely in the shade that only a mean and captious spirit would dilate upon them. That she had her errors as a sovereign I also admit; but contend that they were not such as to justify the censor when we place them in comparison with the high excellences of intellect and temper—the fortitude, prudence, tact, self-sacrifice, and sagacity—which converted a precarious throne into a stable one, and a divided nation into a compact and united people. Unquestionably, she owed much to her ministers and captains; but then it was she who chose and supported them. She may have carried her thrift into parsimony; but her revenue was small, the country could not bear a heavy taxation, and she kept it out of debt. At times she vacillated in her policy: but, somehow or other, those vacillations served her much better than an inflexible constancy would have done. She was partial to show and pageant; but show and pageant impressed the idea of royalty on the

imagination of the multitude. And she loved to have handsome men about her ; but she never suffered her liking to injure the national interests. She was no Messalina—no Catherine II. She was a virtuous woman (I can find no sufficient evidence to the contrary) and a great Queen : that England is England as we know and love it, we owe to Queen Elizabeth.

I do not object to acknowledge that she was not entirely free from vanity. But had she not good reason to be satisfied with her personal advantages ? She was tall and of a good figure, with a natural air of dignity which became her mightily. I am inclined to think she might fairly claim to be considered—not beautiful, perhaps, but handsome ; certainly well-favoured ; her features were fine—her auburn hair (with a dash of ruddiness in it) was abundant—her eyes were bright and penetrating. An old writer describes her as “neat” in “limbs and feature” ; and “of a steady and majestic deportment” ; and this is the evidence of all her contemporaries. “She had a piercing eye,” he says, “wherewith she used to touch what metal strangers were made of which came into her presence. But as she counted it a pleasant conquest with her majestic look to dash strangers out of countenance, so she was merciful in pursuing those whom she overcame ; and afterwards would cherish and comfort them with her smiles, if perceiving towardliness and an ingenuous modesty in them.” She had, I own, a woman’s weakness in this respect, and would rather be admired for her gifts of person than her powers of mind. Her portraits were painted without shadows, as if a perpetual lustre shone from her features. Sometimes she figured on the canvas as Venus ; sometimes as Artemis, with bow and crescent ; occasionally as the Virgin Mary, whose nativity fell on the day next to her own, and whose place in the Church of Rome she was supposed to occupy in the English Church. I am bound to confess that she accepted the most extravagant compliments to her charms, and apparently was well pleased with them, though it is possible that in private she smiled at the extravagance. She allowed Sir John Smith, her Ambassador to the French court, to write :—“ I assure your Majesty of my faith there is more beauty in your Majesty’s finger than in any one lady among them all. I had heard the French Queen before I saw her commended to be very fair and of good presence. Clear-skinned she is, but very pale and without colour ; her face reasonably well-formed ; but for majesty of a princess, God

knows she has none." But we must not forget that this hyperbole of compliment was affected by all the Elizabethans in their language to women; it was a survival, to some extent, of the old chivalry, and it suited the temper of the time, which was distinguished by its ardour and depth of passion. Every admirer bestowed upon his lady, with scant consideration whether the praise was exactly applicable, the beauty of Venus, the wisdom of Minerva, the chastity of Diana, and the charms of the Graces.

Elizabeth inherited her father's love of bravery, of splendour and picturesque show. Hence, as Fuller says, "she much affected rich apparel"; it gratified her taste for form and colour. She liked to be right royally attired; she liked those about her to be handsomely dressed; she liked well-favoured men and comely women in her court; in things sumptuous and fanciful she took a genuine delight. Costly and gorgeous dress was, to a woman like Elizabeth, a necessity; it drew out her half-developed artistic sympathies. And every inch a queen must she have looked in some of those magnificent court costumes with which she dazzled the eyes of men. As for instance in that which still clothes her waxen effigy at Westminster.

Kirtle and bodice of rich crimson satin, embroidered with velvet; stomacher glittering with quatrefoils of silver bullion interspersed with rosettes and crosses of large round Roman pearls; and medallions of rubies, sapphires, and diamonds; sleeves turned over at the wrist with ruffs and reversed ruffles of guipure like the ruff; and round the neck a carcanet of pearls, rubies and emeralds. Mantle of purple velvet, trimmed with rows of ermine and gold lace. Skirt of the under dress cut short to display the small feet, of which she was not unnaturally proud. High-heeled shoes—which made her taller by "the altitude of a chopine,"—of pale-coloured cloth, with enormous bows of white ribbon, composed of six loops edged with silver gimp, and a large pearl medallion in the centre.

In such attire as this the "great Gloriana" of the Elizabethan poets must have presented a truly regal figure. *O Dea certe!* her courtiers may well have murmured.

In 1598, when Hentzner saw her at Greenwich—she was then in her old age—she wore a robe of white silk, bordered with pearls as large as beans, over which was thrown a black silk mantle, shot with silver threads. Round her neck glittered an

oblong collar of gold and jewels ; her long white hands sparkled with rings and gems ; pearl drops depended from her ears ; her bosom, "according to the custom of English maidens," was uncovered ; and she wore a wig of red (or auburn ?) hair. Two years later, her wardrobe, it is said, comprised no fewer than 99 robes, 126 kirtles, 269 gowns, 136 foreparts, 125 petticoats ; besides 96 cloaks, 83 safeguards, 85 doublets, and 18 "lap mantles," with 27 fans and 9 pantouffles.

Rich in material always, and vivid in colour generally, were the Queen's gowns. Thus we read of purple and crimson satins, cloth of gold and cloth of silver, gold tissue, white velvet. murrey cloth, tawny satin, ash-coloured silk, white cyprus, cloudy-coloured satin, and clay-coloured satin. Though it is not for me to write of ladies' dresses with the picturesque fluency of the compilers of ladies' columns in the newspapers, I shall briefly notice a few of the more remarkable of those in which the Virgin Queen loved to array herself. She once told Sir James Melvil, the pawky Scotch ambassador, that "she had clothes of every sort ; which every day thereafter," he adds, "so long as I was at her court, she changed. One day she had the English weed, another the French, another the Italian, and so forth. She asked me which of these became her best : I answered in my judgment, the Italian dress : which answer, I found, pleased her well ; for she delighted to show her golden hair, wearing a caul and bonnet, as they do in Italy." Melvil, we must remember, wrote to please his employers at home. He was, moreover, "a sour and ill-conditioned Scot," upon whom, I suspect, Elizabeth was not indisposed to pass a jest or two. We must therefore make some allowance, I think, for a little ill-nature and high-colouring in all that he records of "good Queen Bess."

1. Among the Queen's French "weeds," I note—

Item, one French gown of black cloth of gold, bordered round about with a broad border, indented-wise, embroidered within the same like wild fern-brakes, upon lawn and gold plate.

Item, one French gown of cloudy-colour satin, guarded with hare-colour vellat, embroidered with knots and galkoppes (*i.e.* imitation caltrops, or balls with iron spikes fixed in them) of Venice gold, covered with black taffeta net.

Item, one gown of horseflesh colour satin, embroidered all over with *owes* (O's) cut with small cuts, with a broad lace

about it of Venice gold, the long sleeves lined with cloth of gold, the gown lined with orange-colour sarsnet.

Item, one French gown of tawny satin, embroidered all over with knots, suns, and clouds of gold, silver and silk, furred with lugarnes (lugarn, or lucern, a Russian lynx, about the size of a wolf).

Item, one French gown of russet stitched cloth, richly furnished with gold and silver, lined with orange-colour taffeta, and hanging sleeves lined with white taffeta, embroidered with antiques of gold and silk of sundry colours, called china work.

2. Among the round gowns :—

Item, one round gown of white cloth of silver, with works of yellow silk, like flies, worms, and snails.

Item, one round gown of the Irish fashion, of orange-tawny satin, cut and snipped, guarded thick “over thawarte” with ash-colour vellat, embroidered with Venice gold and spangles.

Item, one round gown of bezoar-colour satin, with works of silver like Guinea wheat and branches.

Item, one round gown of dove-coloured caph'a (taffeta?), with works of gold and orange colour silk, like rainbows, clouds, and drops and flames of fire.

Item, one round gown of hare-coloured raised moss-work, embroidered all over with leaves, pomegranates, and moss.

3. Among the loose gowns :—

Item, one loose gown of black satin, embroidered all over with roses and pansies, and a border of oak leaves, roses, and pansies of Venice gold, silver and silk, with a fan likewise embroidered.

Item, one loose gown of white “tilly-selye,” like grogram, bound about with a small lace of gold, the hanging sleeves being cut and bound with like lace and tufts of gold thread, and some gold spangles.

4. Let us glance also at one or two of the kirtles :—

Item, one round kirtle, of white cloth of silver, bound about with a lace of Venice gold, and sewn buttons, like the birds of Arabia, embroidered down before.

Item, one round kirtle of white satin, embroidered with a slight border like a river of the ora, and slightly embroidered all over with plate SS of plate gold, with a deep gold fringe.

5. And at the foreparts (or stomachers) :—

Item, one very fine forepart of peach-colour satin, em-

broidered all over with a fair border, embroidered with sundry beasts and fowl of Venice gold and silk, lined with green sarcenet.

Item, one forepart of white satin, embroidered very fair with borders of the sun, moon, and other signs and planets, of Venice gold, silver, and silk of sundry colours, with a border of beasts beneath, likewise embroidered.

Item, one forepart of green satin, embroidered all over with silver, like beasts, fowls, and fishes.

A whole-length portrait of Elizabeth at Hardwick Hall represents her in a gown painted with serpents, birds, a sea-horse, a swan, an ostrich, and similar "small deer." At Hatfield, in the Marquis of Salisbury's fine collection, are two celebrated portraits: in one, by Hilliard, she is richly dressed in black, and a spotted ermine, with a collar round its neck and a crown on its head, is running up her arm. "This little beast," says Pennant, "being an emblem of chastity, is placed here as a compliment to the Virgin Queen." In the other, by Zuccherro, her gown is close-bodied; on her head are a coronet and long aigrette, and a long distended gauze veil, covered with jewels; her face is young; her yellow hair falls in two long tresses; her neck is adorned with a string of pearls, and her arms with bracelets. The lining of her yellow robe is worked with mouths, eyes, and ears, and on her left sleeve is embroidered a serpent—all to imply wisdom and vigilance. In her right hand she holds a rainbow, which is inscribed "Non sine sole Iris."

6. Shall I presume to describe the "tempestuous Petticoat"?

One, of white satin, was flourished all over its wide expanse with snakes of Venice gold and silver, and some O's with a fair border, embroidered in imitation of seas, clouds, and rainbows.

Another, also of white satin, was embroidered all over with Venice gold, silver, and silk of divers colours, with a very fair border of pomegranates, pine-apple trees, fruitage, and the Nine Muses, in the same border.

And yet another, of white sarsnet, quilted all over with a small thread of Venice gold and silk of colours, with flowers and feathers, embroidered with carnation watchet and green silk, with three borders round about, also embroidered with flowers. No doubt a very dainty article.

When her Majesty went abroad she assumed "a cloak of

black taphata, laide about and striped with lace of Venice gold and sylver, wrought with pipes and ple (plaits), with a jagge wrought byas (that is, in wavy or crooked lines), with *par-samanie* lace of Venice golde and sylver, lyned with greene cloth of golde and sylver." Or else "a cloake of hare-colour raised mossworke, embroidered like stubbes of dead trees, set with fourteen buttons embroidered like butterflies, with fower pearles and one emerode in a pece, lyned with cloth of sylver, prented."

She probably carried a fan of white feathers, with a gold handle, having two snakes winding about it, garnished with a ball of diamonds in the end, and a crown on each side within a pair of wings, "garnished with diamonds." Or a fan with a handle of heliotrope, garnished with gold, set with sparks of diamonds, rubies, and very small pearls. Or she shielded her complexion from the sun with a parasol of crimson velvet damask, striped with Venetian gold and silver lace, the handle mother-of-pearl.

Her swords were in unison with the general magnificence of her attire. They had gilded handles, studded with precious stones. Her poniards were of ivory and gold, ornamented with tassels of blue silk. In jewels she was passing rich; she had bracelets, necklaces, ornaments for the hair, brooches, pendants, and what not; gown studs of rubies and pearls, chains of agate and jet, and golden scallop-shells, emerald buttons, a golden rose with a fly and spider upon it, a golden fern-branch with a lizard, and others equally valuable and curious.

Here is another anecdote of Elizabeth as told by the Scotchman. "Queen Elizabeth's hair," he says, "was more reddish than yellow, and curled in appearance naturally. She desired to know of me what colour of hair was reputed best, and whether my Queen's hair or hers was best, and which of them was fairest. I answered, the fairness of them both was not their worst fault. But she was earnest with me to declare which of them I judged fairest. I said, she was the fairest Queen in England, and mine the fairest Queen of Scotland." Perceiving his embarrassment, Elizabeth pushed the matter still more closely, until the puzzled diplomatist exclaimed that "they were both the fairest ladies in their countries; that her Majesty was whiter, but that my Queen was very lovely." Elizabeth next inquired which of them was of the highest stature. "I said, My Queen. Then, saith she, she is too high; for I myself

am neither too high nor too low." Who does not see that Elizabeth was here indulging in a little badinage, which the Scot, after the manner of his nation, took seriously?

I am not concerned to deny, however, that Elizabeth was a little vainer than so strong-minded a woman ought to have been. I have acknowledged that she had her faults, and the defects of her qualities. She had, for instance, so keen a perception of the dangers and difficulties of any course put before her that she sometimes stood still, perplexed and apprehensive, when she ought to have pressed forward swiftly and with resolution. But this timidity was for her country and not for herself; of personal fear she was incapable. Moreover, hers was the arbitrary Tudor temper, and, though not naturally cruel, she had scant consideration for any who ventured to cross her path. She was sometimes unjust, and hardly ever liberal to her best and faithfullest servants. And yet, after we have admitted all this, how much greatness, how much true nobility remains! How strong and clear was her intellect, how exact her discrimination, how lofty her ambition, how profound her sagacity! Not only had she a quick discernment of able men, but she knew how to attract them to serve her with matchless fidelity. Her countrymen she thoroughly understood, and kept herself in touch with her people throughout her long reign. Finally, her grasp of the principles of government was firm and strenuous. I take it that the people are seldom wrong in their estimates of their rulers; and they saw and felt and owned that she was a great Queen, who possessed the true capacity for command, and had always looked with singleness of vision to England's peace, England's security, England's welfare. They rewarded her with their admiration, their love, and a loyal devotion which stood the severest tests of time and trial.

Many writers are much exercised by the "adulation," as they call it, which statesmen and poets, soldiers and seamen, grave prelates and learned lawyers, men of all sorts and conditions, poured out at the feet of their Queen—from Spenser, who may be said to have written "*The Faëry Queene*" for her glorification, down to that Recorder of Coventry who endowed her with wisdom and policy, ambition and virtue "seldom found in any man comparable, much less in any woman." It was at Coventry, by the way, that those pretty speeches were made which so strikingly bring out the fervency and strength of the

relations that existed between the Queen and her people. The Recorder presented her with a purse which contained about £100 in angels. Gratefully accepting it, Elizabeth turned and said to her lords, "'Tis a good gift, £100 in gold; I have but few such gifts." "If it please your Grace," spake up the Mayor, "there is a good deal more in it." "What is that?" said she. "It is the hearts," he replied, "of all your loving subjects." "We thank you, Mr. Mayor," said Elizabeth; "it is a great deal more indeed."

It was the custom of the time to use even in ordinary discourse a certain affectation of phrase, and in all set speeches or addresses mythological imagery was regularly embroidered upon the language of compliment, so that much of the prose and verse dedicated to the praise of Elizabeth which seems to us almost grotesque in its extravagance was regarded by the Elizabethans as simply conventional. When every Strephon likened his Delia to all the goddesses of Olympus, what might and could not a loyal subject say to the Sovereign he revered? In all this, we must admit, there was a good deal of artificiality, which to the critical temper is always offensive; yet it was sincere enough in the main. And if Spenser and Sidney meant less than they said when they rhapsodised about their royal mistress's beauty, they were quite in earnest when they commended her noble qualities of mind and character, and dwelt on the magnitude of the services she had rendered to England and to Protestantism. How any one supposes, as apparently some English writers suppose, that the wits and poets and heroic spirits of Elizabeth's England were all agreed to bespatter their Queen with fulsome and unmeaning panegyric—which in such a case would really have been the coarsest satire—is to me an inconceivable puzzle.

II.

By accompanying Elizabeth on some of those *Royal Progresses* which she employed so skilfully to bind more closely the ties between herself and her subjects, we shall gather a number of interesting facts in illustration of her character both as queen and woman, and also some valuable information in the manners and customs of her age.

As might be expected, she paid frequent visits to her great minister, Sir William Cecil, afterwards Lord Burleigh. She was twelve times at Theobalds, his beautiful seat in Hertfordshire, and each visit cost him, it is said, from £2,000 to £3,000,—equal to five times that amount at the present value of money. He enlarged his house to meet the requirements of herself and her suite. Sometimes she had “strangers and ambassadors come to her at Theobalds, where,” says a contemporary chronicler,* “she hath byn sene in as great royalty, and served as bountifully and magnificently as at any other time or place, all at his lordship’s chardg: with rich shows, pleasant devices, and all manner of sports could be devised, to the great delight of her Majestie and her whole traine.” One great attraction in Theobalds was its nearness to Waltham Forest and Enfield Chase; so that she could indulge in her favourite pastime of witnessing the hunting of a hart. At that time the forest was the feeding-ground of whole herds of red and fallow deer.

Elizabeth’s visits took place in 1564, ’71, ’72, ’73, ’75, ’77, ’78, ’83, ’87, ’91, ’94, and ’96, extending over a period of three and thirty years, from her ripe vigorous womanhood to her old age. Theobalds, as it was in these later years, is described by the German traveller, Paul Hentzner (1598):—“In the gallery,” he says, “was painted the genealogy of the Kings of England, from this place one goes into the gardens, encompassed with water, large enough for one to have the pleasure of going in a boat and rowing between the shrubs; here are a great variety of trees and plants, labyrinths made with a great deal of labour, a *jet d’eau*, with its basin of white marble, and columns and pyramids of wood and other material up and down the garden. After seeing these, we were led by the gardener into the summer-house, in the lower part of which, built semi-circularly, are the twelve Roman Emperors in white marble, and a table of touch-stone, the upper part of which is set round with mosaics.

When Elizabeth visited Warwick, she was most royally received. The Bailiff, Recorder, and Burgesses, with their attendants, mounted their horses and rode in couples before the Queen until they arrived at the gate of Warwick Castle, when the heralds and gentlemen ushers proceeded to marshal them in be-

* “The Compleat Statesman,” printed in Peck’s *Desiderata Curiosa*.

coming order. First, the Attendants, thirty in number, two by two, in grey coats embroidered with lace, then the twelve principal Burgesses, in grey gowns, lined with satin and damask, standing upon foot-cloths; next, two Bishops, in their robes; the Lords of the Council, and, lastly, the Bailiff, in his gown of scarlet, standing next before the Queen, on the right hand of Lord Compton, the High Sheriff. Was not this a seemly array? Well, in this dignified order was her Highness conveyed to the castle-gate, Elizabeth thanking them with her usual graciousness, and remarking,—“It is a well-favoured and worthy company.”

She stayed that night at Warwick, and all Tuesday. On Wednesday she rode to Kenilworth, where she remained for the rest of the week, “having in the meantime such Princely Sports made to her Majesty as could be devised.”

Very late on Saturday night she returned to Warwick, and because she would see what cheer my Lady of Warwick made, “she suddenly went into Mr. Thomas Fisher’s house, and there, finding them at supper, sat down awhile, and after a little repast rose again, leaving the rest at supper, and went to visit the good man of the house, who at that time was grievously vexed with the gout; who being brought out into the gallery, would have kneeled or rather fallen down, but her Majesty would not suffer it; but with most gracious words comforted him, so that forgetting, or rather, counterfeiting his pain, he would, in more haste than good speed, be on horseback the next time of her going abroad, which was on Monday following, when he rode with the Lord Treasurer, attending her Majesty to Kenilworth again.”

On Sunday, with royal disregard of religious conventionalities, she was pleased that the country folk who had flocked in from all parts to see her, should dance in the grassy castle-court, while she looked on from her chamber-window. After supper, “a show of fireworks” was prepared in the Temple fields,—that is, on the Temple ditch was raised a fort, made of light timber, covered with canvas. This was garrisoned for the occasion by men provided with martial accoutrements from the town, while others were engaged to throw out squibs and balls of fire. On the other side was raised a similar “bulwark,” under the charge of the Earl of Oxford, with a trusty band of gentlemen; and between the two were stationed some twelve

or fourteen battering pieces, brought from London, and twelve fair "chambers"—of which we read in Shakespeare—or small mortars, borrowed from the Tower, at the charge of the Earl of Warwick. All this artillery was fired by train, and "made a great noise as though it had been a sore assault," and Lord Oxford and his soldiers went through divers military exercises, and the explosions and discharges from the forts were things to marvel at, and strange indeed to them that understood them not; "for the wild fire, falling into the river Avon, would for a time lie still, and then again rise and fly abroad, casting forth many flashes and flames, whereat the Queen's Majesty took great pleasure." This wonderful pyrotechnic display ended somewhat disastrously, so that it would seem not to have been wholly under the control of its exhibitors. "For at the last, when it was appointed that the overthrowing of the fort should be, a dragon flying, casting out huge flames and squibs, lighted upon the fort, and so set fire thereon." And, whether by negligence or accident, "a ball of fire fell on a house at the end of the bridge, wherein one Henry Cowper, otherwise called Miller, dwelled, and set fire to the same house, the man and wife being both in bed and asleep,—which burned so, as before any rescue could be, the house and all things in it utterly perished, with much ado to save the man and woman. And besides that house, another house or two more adjoining were also fired, but rescued by the diligent and careful help, as well of the Earl of Oxford, Sir Fulke Greville, and other Gentlemen and Townsmen." The wonder was that so little damage was done, for the fire-balls and squibs shot over the castle and dropped into the town,—some falling on houses, some in courts and backways, and some in the High Street, as far as almost to St. Mary's Church, "to the great peril, or else great fear, of the inhabitants of this borough, and so as, by what means is not yet known, four houses in the town and suburb were on fire at once, whereof one had a ball come through both sides, and made a hole as big as a man's head, and did no more harm." Thus the amusement of sovereigns is too often the loss of their subjects.

In the following week Elizabeth was again at Kenilworth, when she finally abandoned the long-talked-about marriage between herself and the Duc d'Alençon; a marriage she had never contemplated seriously, but had projected and discussed and played

with for diplomatic reasons. Burleigh, in his Diary, under the date of August the 22nd, notes:—"Answer gyven to La Motte, at Kenilworth, that came to move marriage for Francis Duke of Alanson (the youngest brother of the French King), that there were two difficulties; one for difference of religion, the other for their ages"—the Queen being forty-three, and the French prince twenty years younger.

It may interest the reader to speculate on the cost of entertaining a queen at this period; and to provide him with the necessary data I append a table of the prices of provisions in 1561, as it is given in Blomfield's "History of Norfolk." These prices would probably vary in different parts of the kingdom, but not to any material extent:—

Eight stone of beef at 8d. a stone; two collars of brawn, 1s.; four cheeses at 4d. a cheese, 1s. 4d.; eight pints of butter, 1s. 6d.; a hindquarter of veal, 10d.; a leg of mutton, 5d.; fore-quarter of veal, 5d.; loin of mutton, or shoulder of veal, 9d.; breast and "cast" of mutton, 7d.; six pullets, 1s.; thirty-four eggs, 6d.; a bushel of flour, 6d.; a peck of oatmeal, 2d.; sixteen white bread loaves, 4d.; eighteen loaves of white wheat, 9d.; three loaves of nusline bread, 3d.; a barrel of double strong beer, 2s. 6d.; a barrel of table-beer, 1s.; a quarter of wood, 2s. 2d.; nutmegs, mace, cinnamon, and cloves, 3d.; four pounds of Barbary sugar, 1s.; four couple of rabbits, 1s. 8d.; four brace of partridges, 2s.; two guinea cocks, 1s. 6d.; two couple of mallards, 1s.; sixteen oranges, 2d.; two gallons of white wine and canary, 2s.; fruit, almonds, sweet waters, perfumes, 2d.

The bill of fare has been preserved of an entertainment given to the Lord Treasurer, the Chancellor, the Lord Chief Baron, and others, on the 4th of June, 1573; and from this we gather that the cost of a sirloin of beef was 5s.; of a goose, 1s. 9d.; of a capon, 2s. 3d.; of a chicken, 5d.; of a dozen of rabbits, 8d., and of a quail, 1s. 1d.

Among her humbler subjects whom her Majesty's grace honoured with a visit, I may refer to Dr. John Dee, alchemist, astrologer, scholar, quack, and dupe, who resided at Mortlake, near Richmond Park. There is reason to believe that he was employed by the Queen in collecting secret intelligence, and her ostensible patronage of his magical pursuits may probably have been nothing more than a political deception. His house was

pleasantly situated by the river side, and surrounded by garden and meadow. Elizabeth went there in 1575, with several of her nobles, to see his library ; but on learning that his wife had but recently deceased, she would not enter the house, and Dee explained to her, " at the coach-door," the singular properties of his " magic crystal " or " black stone," which enabled him, he alleged, to enter into communication with the world of spirits.

One day, after he had experienced another domestic affliction, the Queen rode thither on horseback, and " exhorted him to take his mother's death patiently." On the 17th of September, 1580, she came from Richmond Palace in her coach, " the higher way to Mortlake field, and when she came right against the church, she turned down," says Dee, " toward my house ; and when she was against our garden in the field, she stood there a good while, and then came into the street at the great gate of the field, where she espied me at my door making obeisances to her Majesty. She beckoned her hand for me : I came to her coach side. She very speedily pulled off her glove and gave me her hand to kiss : and, to be short, asked me to resort to her court, and to give her to weet [to let her know—the word *weet* is used by Shakespeare] when I came there."

In 1583 he had gotten himself into so evil an odour through his pretended incantations and astrological predictions, that he thought it wise to remove into foreign parts. The mob, break-into his house, damaged the library and destroyed his chemical apparatus.

Elizabeth's famous visit to Kenilworth, where she was entertained on the most superb scale by the magnificent Leicester, has been rendered so familiar by Sir Walter Scott's description of it in his brilliant romance, that I shall not attempt to dwell upon it. I turn to one of her latest Progresses—the last attended with any special degree of pomp and circumstance—her visit to Harefield Place, the seat of the Countess of Derby, in July, 1602, a few months before her death. She was then on the verge of seventy, and had begun to feel the weight of her many cares. The following narrative is condensed from a curious contemporary record :

After Elizabeth had entered the precincts of Harefield, " near the Dairy-house," she was met by two persons, a " Bailiff " and a " Dairy-maid," with " the Speech." The Queen, on horse-

back, pulled up under the shelter of a leafy tree—for it rained—to hear their discourse, which assumed the form of a dramatic duologue :—

Bail. Why, how now, Joan? are you here? God's my life, what make you here, gadding and gazing after this manner? You come to buy gape-seed, do you? Wherefore come you abroad now, i'faith, can you tell?

Joan. I am abroad to welcome these strangers.

Bail. Strangers! how knew you there would come strangers?

Joan. All this night I could not sleep, dreaming of green rushes; and, yesternight, the chattering of the pies and the chirking of the frisketts [grasshoppers?] did foretell as much; and, besides that, all this day my left ear glowed, and that is to me (let them say what they will) always a sign of strangers, if it be in summer; marry, if it be in the winter, 'tis a sign of anger. But what makes you in this company, I pray you?

Bail. I make the way for these strangers, which the Way-maker himself could not do; for it is a way was never passed before. Besides, the Mistress of this fair company, though she know the way to all men's hearts, yet she knows the way but to few men's houses, except she loves them very well, I can tell you; and therefore I myself, without any commission, have taken upon me to conduct them to the house.

Joan. The house? which house? do you remember yourself? which way go you?

Bail. I go this way, on the right hand. Which way should I go?

Joan. You say true, and you're a trim man; but, i'faith, I'll talk no more to you, except you were wiser.

[She then turns to the Queen and her train, and continues]—

I pray you heartily, forsooth, come near the house, and take a simple lodging with us to-night, for I can assure you that yonder house that he talks of is but a pigeon-house, which is very little if it were finished, and yet very little of it is finished; an you will believe me, upon my life, lady, I saw carpenters and bricklayers and other workmen about it within less than these two hours. Besides, I doubt my master and mistress are not at home; or, if they be, you must make your own provision, for they have no provision for such strangers. You should seem to be ladies, and we in the country

have an old saying that "half a pease a day will serve a lady." I know not what you are, neither am I acquainted with your diet; but, if you will go with me, you shall have cheer for a lady: for, first, you shall have a dainty syllabube; next, a mess of clouted cream; strokings, in good faith, redd cow's milk, and they say in London that's restorative; you shall have green cheeses and cream (I'll speak a bold word) if the Queen herself (God save her Grace) were here, she might be seen to eat of it. We will not greatly brag of our possets, but we would be loth to learn to praise; and if you love fruit, forsooth, we have jennetings, pearmains, russet coats, apple-johns, and perhaps a pear-plum, a damson, ay, or an apricot too, but that they are no dainties this year, and therefore, I pray, come near the house and welcome heartily, do so.

Bail. Go to, gossip; your tongue must be running. If my mistress should hear of this, i' faith, she would give you little thanks, I tell you, for offering to draw so fair a flight from her Pigeon-house, as you call it, to your Dairy-house.

Joan. Wisely, wisely, brother Richard; i' faith, as I would use the matter, I daresay she would give me great thanks, for you know my mistress charged me earnestly to retain all idle harvest-folks that passed this way and my meaning was that, if I could hold them all this night and to-morrow, on Monday morning to carry them into the fields, and to make them earn their entertainment well and thriftily, and to that end I have here a rake and fork to deliver to the best housewife in all this company.

[In the original MS. the rake and fork are described in a note as "two jewels." Probably they were toys, wrought in gold or silver.]

Bail. Do so, then. Deliver them to the best housewife in all this company, for we shall have as much use of her pains and patience there as here. As for the dainties that you talk of, if you have any such, you shall do well to send them; and as for these strangers, set thy heart at rest, Joan; they will not rest with thee this night, but will pass on to my master's house.

Joan. Then, I pray, take this rake and fork with you; but I am ashamed and woe at my heart you should go away so late, and I pray God you repent you not, and wish yourselves here again, when you find you have gone farther and fared worse.

[The reader may think this dialogue dull, and certainly it does not err on the score of liveliness, but I take it to be vivacity itself in comparison with "the addresses," which we nowadays inflict upon royal personages at their public appearances.]

The Queen, having dismounted, and ascended three steps close to the principal entrance to the house, found a carpet spread and a chair set for her accommodation. Then *Place* and *Time* came forward, and spake in the following fashion—*Place* dressed in a parti-coloured robe, like the brick house, and *Time* with yellow hair, and in a green robe with an hour-glass, stopped, not running.]

Place. Welcome, good *Time*.

Time. Goodden [good e'en], my little pretty private *Place*.

Place. Farewell, Godbwy [God be with you], *Time*. Are you not gone? Do you stay here? I wonder that *Time* should stay anywhere. What's the cause?

Time. If thou knewest the cause, thou wouldst not wonder, for I stay to entertain the Wonder of this time, wherein I would pray thee to join me, if thou wert not too little for her greatness; for it were as great a miracle for thee to receive her as to see the ocean shut up in a little creek, or the circumference shrink into the point of the centre.

Place. Too little! by that reason she should rest in no *place*, for no *place* is great enough to receive her. Too little! I have all this day entertained the Sun, which, you know, is a great and glorious guest. He's but e'en now gone down yonder hill, and now he is gone, methinks, if Cynthia herself would come in his place, the place that entertained him should not be too little to receive her.

Time. You say true, and I like your compassion; for the Guest that we are to entertain doth fill all place with her divine virtues, as the Sun fills the world with the light of his beams. But say, poor *Place*, in what manner didst thou entertain the Sun?

Place. I received his glory, and was filled with it; but, I must confess, not according to the proportion of his greatness, but according to the measure of my capacity. His bright face (methought) was all day turned upon me; methinks his beams in infinite abundance were dispersed and spread upon other places. . . .

[They continue in this style of elaborate and artificial com-

pliment much longer than the reader's patience would allow, though it seems not to have wearied Queen Elizabeth's.]

Time. In good time do you remember the hearts of your owners, for, as I was passing to this place I found this heart [a heart-shaped diamond], which, as my daughter Truth tells me, was stolen by one of the nymphs from one of the servants of this Goddess; but her guilty conscience informing her that it doth belong only of right unto her that is mistress of all hearts in the world, she cast it from her for this time; and Opportunity, finding it, delivered it unto me. Here, Place, take it then, and present it unto her as a pledge and mirror of their hearts that owe [*i.e.*, possess] thee.

Place. It is a mirror, indeed, for so it is transparent. It is a clear heart, you may see through it. It hath no ebon corners, no darkness, no unbeautiful spot in it. I will, therefore, presume the more boldly to deliver it; with this assurance, that Time, Place, Persons, and all other circumstances, do concur altogether in bidding her welcome.

Here follows—

“The humble Petition of a guiltless Lady, delivered in writing upon Monday morning, when the . . . [robe or petticoat ?] of rainbows was presented to the Queen by the Lady Walsingham.*

“Beauty's rose† and Virtue's book,
Angel's mind and angel's look,
To all saints and angels dear.
Clearest Majesty on earth,
Heaven did smile at your fair birth,
And since your days have been most dear.

“Only poor St. Swithun now
Doth hear you blame his cloudy brow :
But that poor saint devoutly swears,
It is but a tradition vain
That his much weeping causeth rain,
For saints in Heaven shed no tears.

* Lady Walsingham was the wife of Sir Thomas Walsingham, of Chislehurst, Kent.

† That is, Queen Elizabeth, at the age of 69 !

- “ But this he saith, that to his feast
Cometh Iris, an unbidden guest,
In her moist robe of colours gay ;
An she cometh, she ever stays
For the space of forty days,
And more or less rains every day.
- “ But the good Saint, when once he knew
This rain was like to fall on you,
If saints could weep, had wept as much
As when he did the lady lead
That did on burning iron tread,*
To ladies his respect is such.
- “ He gently first bids Iris go
Unto the Antipodes below,
But she for that more sullen grew.
When he saw that, with angry look,
From her her rainy robes he took,
Which here he doth present to you.
- “ It is fit it should with you remain,
For you know better how to *reign* [rain] ;
Yet if it rain still as before,
St. Swithun prays that you would guess
That Iris doth more robes possess,
And that you should blame him no more.”

[What Dryasdust cudgelled his hide-bound brains to produce these melancholy verses, I know not, but if anything were worse at Harefield Place than its prose, it was—its poetry.]

When Elizabeth took her departure from Harefield, she was compelled to listen to some final compliments.

Place. Sweet Majesty, be pleased to look upon a poor widow, mourning before your Grace. I am this place, which at your coming was full of joy ; but now at your departure are as full of sorrow. I was then, for my comfort accompanied with the present cheerful *Time*, but now he is to depart with you, and blessed as he is, *must ever fly before you*. But, alas, I have no wings, as Time hath. My heaviness is such that I must stand still, amazed to see so great happiness so soon bereft me. Oh ! that I could remove with you, as other circumstances can.

* An allusion, apparently, to the ordeal of Queen Emma, mother of Edward the Confessor, 1041.

Time can go with you ; *Persons* can go with you ; they can move like Heaven. But I, like dull earth (as I am, indeed) must stand unmoveable. I could wish myself like the enchanted Castle of Love, to hold you here for ever ; but that your virtues would dissolve all my enchantment. Then, what remedy ? As it is against the nature of an angel to be circumscribed in Place, so it is against the nature of Place to have the motion of an Angel. I must stay forsaken and desolate. You may go with majesty, joy, and glory. My only suit before you go is that you will pardon the close imprisonment which you have suffered ever since your coming, imputing it not to me, but St. Swithun, who of late hath raised so many storms, as I was fain to provide this anchor [a jewel so shaped]. I beseech you take it with you. And I pray to Him that made both Time and Place that, in all places wherever you shall arrive, you may anchor as safely as you do, and ever shall do, in the hearts of my owners."

III.

I have no intention of attempting a biography of Queen Elizabeth in these pages, too few of which are at my command to render it possible for me to do any kind of justice to a subject so rich in interest and so full of variety. Moreover, to a great extent it runs parallel with one of the most remarkable periods in our English history, and cannot easily be dissociated from it. History and biography run together so closely that the space between is not easily discernible. All, therefore, that I shall essay is to sketch a few of the principal scenes in her life which develop and illustrate the more striking features of her character.

The daughter of Henry VIII. and Queen Anne Boleyn, she was born at the royal palace of Greenwich, in Kent, on the 7th of September, 1533. She was barely three years old when her mother perished on the scaffold. Disinherited and illegitimatised, the poor child's position at first was painfully uncertain. "She hath neither gown, nor kirtle, nor petticoat," wrote her governess, Lady Brian, to the Minister Cromwell ; "nor no manner of linen, nor fore-smock, nor kerchiefs, nor sleeves, nor rails,

nor body stitchets, nor muffles, nor biggins." But her household was afterwards ordered in a manner suitable to her rank as a king's daughter. And great care was bestowed on her education, which she repaid by her rapid progress and her love of letters. Henry's sixth and last wife, Queen Catherine Parr, was an accomplished and learned lady, and their similarity of tastes led to the growth of a close intercourse between her and her young step-daughter, which helped the early ripening of the latter's intellectual powers.

In 1544 she was reinstated by Act of Parliament in the line of succession, and her legitimacy formally acknowledged. These rights were confirmed by Edward VI.'s will, in January, 1547, which allotted to her a pension of £3,000 and a marriage dowry of £10,000. It also placed her under the guardianship of Queen Catherine Parr—an unfortunate provision, which involved her in critical circumstances. For the ex-Queen, with most indecorous haste, married Sir Thomas Seymour, the lord high admiral. Elizabeth had grown up tall and comely, with a buoyancy of spirits which sometimes led her to the verge of indiscretion, as in certain rompings with Sir Thomas, a handsome and daring, but unscrupulous and ambitious man, who, after Catherine's death, aspired to the Princess's hand, and apparently endeavoured to entrap her into some equivocal position, which would have rendered it difficult for her to reject his suit; but his dark designs were foiled by the vigilance of his brother, the Protector. He was arrested on a charge of high treason, declared guilty by act of attainder, and hurried to the scaffold in March, 1547. This was a fortunate escape for the Lady Elizabeth. It must be remembered that she was only in her fourteenth year, and that the manners of the period permitted a familiarity between the sexes which would now be considered unbecoming. But that she regarded the admiral with a partiality which might easily have ripened into a stronger feeling, it is impossible to deny.

Her narrow escape from grave scandal sobered the vivacious girl, and imposed upon her a caution and reserve unusual in one so young. She addressed herself with increased ardour to her studies, and with a success to which so competent an authority as Ascham bears no grudging testimony:—"Numberless honourable ladies of the present time surpass the daughters of Sir Thomas More in every kind of learning. But amongst

them all, my illustrious mistress, Lady Elizabeth, shines like a star, excelling them more by the splendour of her virtues and her learning than by the glory of her royal birth." After alluding to her various instructors, Grindal and Ascham himself, he continues: "The Lady Elizabeth has accomplished her sixteenth year, and so much solidity of understanding, such courtesy united with dignity, have never been observed at so early an age. She has the most ardent love of true religion and of the best kind of literature. The constitution of her mind is exempt from female weakness, and she is endued with a masculine power of application. No apprehension can be quicker than hers, no memory more retentive. French and Italian she speaks like English; Latin with fluency, propriety, and judgment; she also spoke Greek with me, frequently, willingly, and moderately well. Nothing can be more elegant than her handwriting, whether in the Greek or Roman character. In music she is very skilful, but does not greatly delight. . . .

"She read with me almost the whole of Cicero and a great part of Livy; from these two authors, indeed, her knowledge of the Latin language has been almost exclusively derived. The beginning of the day was always devoted by her to the New Testament in Greek, after which she read select orations of Isocrates and the tragedies of Sophocles, which I judged best adapted to supply her tongue with the purest diction, her mind with the most excellent precepts, and her exalted station with a defence against the utmost power of fortune. For her religious instruction, she drew first from the fountains of Scripture, and afterwards from St. Cyprian, the 'Commonplaces' of Melancthon, and similar works which convey pure doctrine in elegant language. In every kind of writing she easily detected any ill-adapted or far-fetched expressions. She could not bear those feeble imitators of Erasmus who bind the Latin language in the fetters of miserable proverbs; on the other hand, she approved a style chaste in its propriety and beautiful by perspicuity, and she greatly welcomed metaphors when not too violent, and antithesis when just and happily opposed. By a diligent attention to these particulars, her ears became so practised and so nice, that there was nothing in Greek, Latin, or English, prose or verse, which, according to its merits or defects, she did not either reject with disgust, or receive with the highest delight."

The character of Elizabeth at this period of her life is put in a very favourable light by Dr. Aylmer, who afterwards became Bishop of London, in his work entitled "A Harbour for Faithful Subjects," he writes: "The King left her rich cloaths and jewels; and I know it to be true that, in seven years after her father's death, she never in all that time looked upon that rich attire and precious jewels but once, and that against her will. And that there never came gold or stone upon her head, till her sister forced her to lay off her former soberness, and bear her company in her glittering gayness. And then she so wore it as every man might see that her body carried that which her heart misliked. I am sure that her maidenly apparel which she used in King Edward's time, made the noblemen's daughters and wives to be ashamed to be dressed and painted like peacocks; being more moved with her most virtuous example than with all that ever Paul or Peter wrote touching that matter. Yea, this I know, that a great man's daughter (Lady Jane Grey) receiving from Lady Mary before she was Queen good apparel of tinsel, cloth of gold and velvet, laid on with parchment lace of gold, when she saw it said: 'What shall I do with it?' 'Marry,' said a gentlewoman, 'wear it.' 'Nay,' quoth she, 'that were a shame, to follow my Lady Mary against God's word, and leave my Lady Elizabeth which followeth God's word.' And when all the ladies, at the coming of the Scots Queen-Dowager, went with their hair frownsed, curled and double curled, she altered nothing, but kept her old maidenly shamefacedness."

In 1555, Ascham, while acting as Latin secretary to Queen Mary, resumed his classical lessons to Elizabeth, who read with him in Greek the Orations of Æschines and Demosthenes. At a later date he bore witness to her proficiency in Greek, declaring that there were not four men in England, distinguished either in the Church or in the State, who were better acquainted with it. As an illustration of her general linguistic acquirements he mentions, in a letter to his friend Sturmius, that he had been present at court when she had given answers at the same time to the Imperial, the French, and the Swedish ambassadors in Italian, French, and Latin respectively; and in each case, "fluently, without confusion, and to the purpose." Of her knowledge of her native tongue I shall give an example in a letter which she addressed to her brother, King Edward VI.—

he was greatly attached to her, and called her his sweet sister Temperance—on his expressing a wish for her portrait :—

“ Like as the rich man that daily gathereth riches to riches, and to one bag of money layeth a great sort till it come to infinite, and so methinks your Majesty, not being sufficed with so many benefits and gentleness showed to me afore this time, doth now increase them in asking and desiring where you may bid and command ; requiring a thing not worthy the desiring for itself, but made worthy for your Highness’ request. My picture I mean : in which, if the inward good mind toward your Grace might as well be declared as the outward face and countenance shall be seen, I would not have tarried the commandment but prevented [anticipated] it, nor have been the last to grant but the first to offer it. For the face I grant I might well blush to offer, but the mind I shall never be ashamed to present. But though from the grace of the picture the colours may fade by time, may give by weather, may be spited by chance ; yet the other, no Time with her swift wings shall overtake, nor the misty clouds with their lowering may darken, nor Chance with her slippery foot may overthrow.

“ Of this also yet the proof could not be great, because the occasions have been so small ; notwithstanding, as a dog hath a day, so may I perchance have time to declare it in deeds, which now I do write them but in words. And further, I shall humbly beseech your Majesty, that when you shall look on my picture you will witsafe to think that, as you have but the outward shadow of the body afore you, so my inward mind wisheth that the body itself were oftener in your presence. Howbeit because both my so being I think could do your Majesty little pleasure, though myself great good ; and again, because I see not as yet the time agreeing thereunto, I shall learn to follow this saying of Horace, ‘ Feras, non culpes, quod Vitari non potest.’ And thus I will (troubling your Majesty I fear) end with my most humble thanks, beseeching God long to preserve you to His honour, to your comfort, to the realm’s profit, and to my joy.”

During the reign of her sister Mary, Elizabeth underwent some sharp experiences. The regard in which she was held by the most eminent Englishmen, and her general popularity, pro-

voked the Queen's jealous temper, which was further embittered by the preference manifested towards her on the part of Edward Courtney, the handsome and accomplished young Earl of Devonshire, upon whom Mary herself looked with considerable favour. The rebuff she received induced Elizabeth to retire from court to the serene seclusion of her house at Ashridge, in Buckinghamshire. All her prudence could not prevent her from being suspected of countenancing Sir Thomas Wyatt's insurrection, and the Queen sent her a sharp summons to return to court (January 21st, 1554), which was enforced by a troop of horse. At the time she was grievously sick, and though the distance from London was but twenty-seven miles, it was possible to move her only at so slow a pace that four days and nights were occupied in the journey. On the green heights of Highgate she was welcomed by a large company of gentlemen who had ridden out to meet her as a token of sympathy and admiration, and the road to London was lined on either side by crowds of people from whom she received the most significant marks of respect. Her litter was open, so that all could see her pale but resolute face.

Having been rigorously examined before the Council, and nothing criminatory being discovered, she was allowed to return to Ashridge. But the Spanish ambassador and Bishop Gardiner were unwilling that she should escape; fresh charges were invented against her; pressure was brought to bear upon Wyatt to implicate her in his confession; and at length the Court obtained sufficient evidence, it was thought, to justify her committal to the Tower. She was re-arrested and brought to Hampton Court. On Friday, the 16th, she was examined before the Council, and though of opinion that there was no adequate proof against her, the minority reluctantly agreed to Gardiner's demand that she should be sent to the Tower instantly. Her attendants were then dismissed, and replaced by the Queen's, and a strong guard was posted round the palace. Early next morning, the 17th, the Marquis of Winchester and the Earl of Sussex informed her that a barge was waiting for her removal. "The terrible name of the Tower was like a death-knell; the Princess entreated a short delay till she could write a few words to the Queen; the Queen could not know the truth, she said, or else she was played upon by Gardiner. Alas! she did not know the Queen. Winchester hesitated; Lord Sussex, more

generous, accepted the risk, and promised on his knees to place her letter in the Queen's hands."

In this letter, which she wrote with her usual firmness, she repeated her protestations of loyalty and innocence:—"I protest," she said, "before God who shall judge my truth, whatsoever malice shall devise, that I never practised, counselled, nor consented to anything that might be prejudicial to your person, or dangerous to the State by any means." And she concluded, in emphatic language:—"Once again kneeling with all humbleness of my heart, because I am not suffered to bow the knees of my body, I humbly crave to speak with your Highness, which I would not be so bold to desire if I knew not myself most clear, as I know myself most true. And as for the traitor Wyatt, he might peradventure write me a letter, but on my faith I never received any from him; and for the copy of my letter to the French King, I pray God confound me eternally if ever I sent him word, message, token, or letter by any means; and to this my truth I will stand to my death your Highness's most faithful subject that hath been from the beginning, and will be to the end."

Her letter was of no avail, but it led to a day's delay, and it was not until the following morning, Palm Sunday, March the 19th, that she began her dreary voyage. On arriving at the grim palace, fortress, and prison associated with so many memories, sorrowful, romantic, or glorious, she at first refused to land at Traitor's Gate—"that gate misnamed," as the poet calls it,—and when the nobleman in attendance rudely remarked "that she should not choose," but offered her his cloak to protect her from the rain, which was falling heavily, the high-mettled lady put it from her "with a good dash." As she set foot on the ominous stairs she exclaimed—"Here landeth as true a subject, being a prisoner, as ever landed at these stairs; and before Thee, O God! I speak it, having no other friends but Thee alone!" Observing the Tower Guard drawn up in formidable array, she turned to Sir John Gage, the lieutenant,—“Are all those harnessed men there for me?” “No, madam,” said Gage. “Yes” she rejoined, “I know it is so; it needed not for me, being but a weak woman.” The poor men dropped on their knees and prayed God to preserve her; for which simple action they all lost their places on the following day.

A few steps farther she sat down on a stone to rest herself. Lord Chandos begged her to rise and come in out of the wet

and cold. "Better sitting here than in a worse place," she exclaimed, "for God knoweth whither you will bring me." At these despairing words her gentleman-usher wept; whereupon she gently chided him, reminding him that he ought rather to be her comforter, especially since she knew her own truth to be such, that no man should have cause to weep for her. Then, rising, she entered within "those walls of stone"; its doors were locked and barred behind her; but, bravely conquering her first natural emotion of dismay and alarm, she called for her book, and devoutly prayed that she might build her house upon the Rock.

As the iron bolts shot home, Lord Sussex experienced a thrill of alarm, for he knew the Queen's angry feelings towards her sister, and how these were fed and stimulated by those about her. "What mean ye, my lords?" he said angrily to Chandos and Page, "what will you do? She was a King's daughter; she is the Queen's sister; go no further than your commission, which I know what it is."

The chief danger which threatened her was assassination; but the rising temper of the people soon convinced the plotters of the Court that any attempt against the Princess's life would meet with prompt and terrible punishment. Wyatt, on the scaffold, strongly asserted her entire innocence of any knowledge of or participation in his designs. Parliament indignantly rejected a bill for declaring her illegitimate and excluding her from the succession; and another which proposed to confer upon the Queen the power of naming her successor—a power which she would have exercised by naming her husband, Philip of Spain. The Court party at length were compelled to abandon their designs against her life and rights, and reluctantly to consent to her release from the Tower; but they were determined that she should not occupy her legitimate position in the country as heiress to the Crown. On the 19th of May she was taken up the river. She herself believed that she was being carried off *tanquam ovis*, as she said—like a sheep for the slaughter; but the people supposed she was set at liberty, and as her barge shot under London Bridge they fired three salvoes of artillery from the Steelyard in token of their joy. At Richmond she landed, and mounting on horseback, rode, under a strong escort, to Woodstock, everywhere receiving marks of the popular affection. Here she remained for a twelvemonth, in custody of Sir Henry Bedingfield.

His treatment of the Princess seems to have been sufficiently harsh, but some of the anecdotes related of his insolence are undoubtedly apocryphal, or else she was of a more forgiving spirit than is generally supposed; since, after her accession, he was frequently received at her court, and she visited him once when on a progress. Meanwhile, events were working in her favour. The Queen's marriage had disappointed her eager hopes: there was no likelihood of her bearing an heir to the throne; disease and sorrow and heart-ache were shortening her days; and all eyes were beginning to turn towards the prisoner at Woodstock. The Spanish party recognised the necessity of changing their policy; and Philip himself pressed earnestly for her release. A final effort was made by Bishop Gardiner to entrap her into an acknowledgment of guilt; and a "secret friend" implored her to submit to the Queen's mercy. But Elizabeth's prudence was equal to the occasion. She had committed no offence, she said, and therefore would not ask for mercy. If she were guilty, she deserved justice and not mercy; which she well knew she would not have found if evidence could have been procured against her. But she thanked God she was in no danger of being proved guilty; she wished she was as safe from secret enemies.

About the end of April, 1555, the Princess was informed that her attendance was required at Hampton Court. At Colnbrook she was met by her own gentlemen and yeomen to the number of sixty—"much," says Foxe, "to all their comforts, which had not seen her of long season before; notwithstanding they were immediately commanded in the Queen's name to depart to town, and she not suffered once to speak to them." On her arrival at the Court, however, she felt and knew that the worst was over. Lord William Howard hastened to pay his respects, and when the courtiers crowded in with their congratulations—which were probably more sincere than such congratulations generally are—provoked the anger of Queen Mary and King Philip by making them kiss her hand. In his turn Gardiner appeared, and "humbled himself before her with all humility." He still urged her, however, to make her submission to the Queen, as a necessary preliminary to obtaining her favour. Elizabeth stood firm; she had committed no offence, and required no forgiveness. She had rather lie in prison all her life than confess when there was nothing to be confessed.

Next day Gardiner waited again upon her. "The Queen marvelled she would so stoutly carry herself, denying to have offended; so that it should seem the Queen had wrongfully imprisoned her Grace." She must tell another tale, if she expected her liberty.

But no other tale would Elizabeth tell. "Then," said the bishop, "your Grace hath the vantage of me and the other councillors for your long and wrong imprisonment." Elizabeth "took God to witness that she sought no vantage against them for their so dealing with her. Gardiner and the rest then kneeled, desiring that all might be forgotten, and so departed; she being locked up again."

A week later, on an evening early in July, she received a sudden summons to the Queen's presence, and was conducted by torchlight across the gardens to the royal apartments. With what feelings she saw the sister who had plotted against her liberty and her life; with what feelings the Queen looked upon the sister she had wronged, whom she had always hated and envied, and still hated and envied; who was as beautiful as she was ill-favoured, and as gifted in mind as she was intellectually poor; the historian cannot inform us, but we can readily imagine. The short conversation that passed between them was, however, conducted under decorous forms.

"God preserve your Majesty," said Elizabeth; "you will find me as true a subject to your Majesty as any; whatever has been reported of me, you shall not find it otherwise."

"You will not confess," exclaimed the Queen, "you stand to your truth. I pray God it may so fall out."

"If it does not," rejoined Elizabeth, "I desire neither favour nor pardon at your hands."

"Well," said Mary, with a dull frown, "you persevere in your truth stiffly; belike you will not confess that you have been wrongly punished."

"I must not say so, your Majesty."

"Belike you will to others?" questioned the Queen.

"No, please your Majesty," answered Elizabeth; "I have borne the burden, and must bear it. I pray your Majesty to have a good opinion of me, and to think me your true subject, not only from the beginning, but while life lasteth."

"Sabe Dios (God knows)," muttered the unhappy Queen, turning away. But before Elizabeth left, they exchanged a few

words of kindness, and Mary put on her sister's finger, as a token of friendship, a ring worth seven hundred crowns.

The story runs that, during the interview, Philip was concealed behind a curtain, anxious to obtain a glimpse of the "captive damsel" who was in such high favour with his wife's subjects. As Elizabeth was then in the fulness of her beauty, a tall and finely-proportioned young woman of twenty-two, with a queenly carriage and a gait as elastic and graceful as that of the Andalusian maidens of his own land, he probably contrasted her with his pale, sickly, and uncomely wife, greatly to the latter's disadvantage. And he may then have conceived the idea, which he afterwards vainly attempted to realise, of taking her as his second wife on Queen Mary's death.

Elizabeth was set at liberty, but not allowed to remain at the Court. Her sister did not care that her own unattractiveness should be emphasised by the constant juxtaposition of Elizabeth's blooming womanhood. She returned at first to Ashridge, but after awhile was allowed to take up her permanent residence at Hatfield Palace, under the charge of Sir Thomas Pope, who treated her with affectionate respect. A considerable amount of liberty was not denied to her. She frequently visited Enfield Chase, and shot at the hart; on three or four occasions she was summoned to Court, and in Shrovetide, 1556, Sir Thomas provided her with one of those splendid and fanciful entertainments "which so did take Eliza and our James." It is thus described in a contemporary chronicle:—"Sir Thomas Pope made for the Lady Elizabeth, all at his own costs, a great and rich masking in the great hall, where the pageants were marvellously furnished. There were twelve minstrels, entirely disguised, with forty-six or more gentlemen and ladies, many of them knights or nobles, and ladies of honour apparelled in crimson satin, embroidered upon with wreathes of gold and garnished with borders of hanging pearl. And the devise of a castle of cloth of gold, set with pomegranates about the battlements, with shields of knights hanging therefrom; and six knights in rich harness tourneyed. At night, the cupboard in the hall was of twelve stages, mainly furnished with garnish of gold and silver vessel, and a banquet of seventy dishes; and after a voidee of spices and subtleties with thirty-six spice plates; all at the charges of Sir Thomas Pope. And the next day the play of Holophernes. But the Queen percase misliked these folleries

as by her letters to Sir Thomas it did appear ; and so their disguisings ceased."

Elizabeth's three years' seclusion at Hatfield was shared between study and recreation. When she was not reading Greek or translating Latin, she played on the lute or virginals, or executed embroidery work on gold and silver. A more friendly feeling gradually sprang up between the Queen and herself, and in the late spring of 1557, Mary paid a visit to Hatfield, where many courtly pastimes were prepared for her diversion, including a grand exhibition of bear baiting, "with which their Highnesses were well content," and the performance of a play by the children of St. Paul's.

Thereafter Sir Thomas Pope felt emboldened to get up another show for the Lady Elizabeth's gratification. She was invited to repair to Enfield Chase to join in hunting the hart. Twelve ladies in white satin attended her on their ambling palfreys, and twenty yeoman clad in green. On the threshold of the forest she was received by fifty archers in yellow caps and scarlet boots, each carrying a gilded bow, and presented her with a silver-tipped arrow winged with peacock's feathers. The "follery" concluded, according to the laws of the chase, by the presentation of the knife to the Princess as the first lady on the field, who, accordingly, with her fair and princely hand "took say" of the buck, that is, drew blood from it.

It was in the golden summer time of the same year of grace that Queen Mary desired her sister's presence at a pageant which she proposed to give at Richmond. Accompanied by Sir Thomas Pope and four ladies of her chamber, she was conveyed from Somerset Place in the royal barge, which was gaily embellished with garlands of artificial flowers, and covered with an awning of green sarcenet, wrought with branches of eglantine in embroidery and powdered with blossoms of gold. Six boats were provided for her retinue, who were clothed in russet damask and blue embroidered satin, tasselled and spangled with silver, their bonnets cloth of silver with green feathers. The Queen received her in a magnificent pavilion which had been erected in the labyrinth of the gardens—a pavilion of cloth of gold and purple velvet, most fine to see, fashioned like a castle, with its sides divided into compartments, which bore alternately the fleur de lis in silver, and the pomegranate (the

escutcheon of Granada) in gold. After a sumptuous banquet, a company of minstrels sang and played, and in the soft hush of the summer twilight Elizabeth returned in her barge to Somerset Place, whence, on the following day, she rode back to Hatfield.

As heiress to the crown of England, and a lady of rare gifts of mind and person, Elizabeth was the frequent object of matrimonial overtures, but the peculiar circumstances of her position early determined her to a celibate life. Her political aims were high and noble, the union of England, which religious strife had divided into two hostile camps, Protestant and Catholic, and its independence, which was menaced at one time by Spain, and at another by France. It was almost impossible for her to marry without compromising these aims. During her sister's life-time, a proposition was made to her, unknown to Queen Mary, on behalf of Prince Eric, the heir of Sweden; she avoided a personal affront by replying that she could not listen to any suit which had not first obtained her Majesty's sanction. This deference was highly acceptable to the Queen, who directed Sir Thomas Pope to express to Elizabeth her approval of her conduct, and at the same time to ascertain her general sentiments on the subject of matrimony. Shortly afterwards he communicated the result of his inquiries in a letter which the reader will find of considerable interest:—

“First, after I had declared to her Grace how well the Queen's Majesty liked of her prudent and honourable answer to the same messenger, I then opened unto her Grace the effects of the said messenger's credence, which, after her Grace had heard, I said, the Queen's Highness had sent me to her Grace, not only to declare the same, but also to understand how her Grace liked the said motion. Whereunto, after a little pause taken, her Grace answered in form following:—‘Master Pope, I require you, after my most humble commendations to the Queen's Majesty, to render unto the same like thanks that it pleased her Highness of her goodness to conceive so well of my answer made to the same messenger; and herewithal, of her princely consideration, with such speed to commend you by your letters to signify the same unto me, who before remained wonderfully perplexed, fearing that her Majesty might mistake the same; for which her goodness, I acknowledge myself bound

to honour, serve, love and obey her Highness during my life. Requiring you also to say unto her Majesty, that in the King my brother's time there was offered me a very honourable marriage or two; and ambassadors sent to treat with me touching the same; whereupon I made my humble suit unto his Highness, as some of honour yet living can be testimonies, that it would like the same to give me leave, with his Grace's favour, to remain in that estate I was, which of all others best liked me, or pleased me. And, in good faith, I pray you say unto her Highness, I am even at this present of the same mind, and so intend to continue, with her Majesty's favour, and assuring her Highness I so well like this estate, as I persuade myself there is not any kind of life comparable unto it.'

"And when her Grace had thus ended, I was so bold as of myself to say unto her Grace, her pardon first required, that I thought few or none would believe but that her Grace could be right well contented to marry, so that there were some honourable marriage offered her by the Queen's Highness or by her Majesty's assent. Whereunto her Grace answered:—'What I shall do hereafter I know not; but I assure you, upon my truth and fidelity, and as God be merciful unto me, I am not at this time otherwise minded than I have declared unto you; no, though I was offered the greatest Prince in all Europe.' And yet percase, the Queen's Majesty may conceive this rather to proceed of a maidenly shamefacedness, than upon any such certain determination."

Elizabeth was at Hatfield when the news came of the Queen's death and her own accession to the throne, on the 17th of November, 1558. The oak under which, according to tradition, she was sitting when the courtiers arrived, with heads bared, and making many humble obeisances, is still pointed out. It is said that, falling on her knees, "after a good time of respiration," she exclaimed, in words borrowed from the Psalmist, "*A Domine factum est istud, et est mirabile oculis nostris*" (It is the Lord's doing, and it is marvellous in our eyes), and to the last year of her reign these words of gratitude were stamped upon her golden coinage. Nor did she ever lose the feeling that "her preservation and her reign were the issues of a direct interposition of God." The leading men in the country hastened to rally round her; and, appointing the

shrewd and faithful Sir William Cecil (afterwards Lord Burleigh), by whose advice she had been guided during her retirement at Hatfield, her principal secretary, she held her first privy council on Sunday, the 20th, and her second, which was still more numerously attended, on the day following.

On Wednesday, the 23rd, she set out for London, escorted by no fewer than one thousand gentlemen, and was everywhere greeted with such a welcome as probably no English sovereign had enjoyed since Henry V.'s triumphal entry into his capital after the memorable campaign of Agincourt. For a while she lodged at Lord North's mansion of the Chartreux, or Charterhouse, and thence removed, according to the custom of our kings, to the Tower, entering as a sovereign the palace-fortress in which, but three years before, she had been confined as a prisoner. All the streets through which the cavalcade passed were strewn with fine gravel; singers and musicians made merry by the wayside; and the air rang with enthusiastic acclamations as, preceded by her heralds and great officers, and richly attired in purple velvet, the Queen, mounted on a richly-caparisoned palfrey, rode slowly along, returning the loving greeting of even her humblest subjects with a dignified but graceful affability.

Splendid was the show in the streets of London city on the occasion of Elizabeth's coronation; and well it might be, for the new reign was to open up a new era in the history of the English people—an era of political expansion and literary development—of maritime adventure and colonial enterprise—an era of imperial growth, of which the end is not yet.

With a blare of triumph and a blaze of heraldry, the Queen issued from the Tower, in a sumptuous chariot, "most honourably accompanied as well with gentlemen, barons, and other the nobility of this realm, as also with a notable train of goodly and beautiful ladies, richly appointed." The ladies, like their lords went on horseback, and both were attired in crimson velvet, with which their horses were also draped. As the procession made its slow way through the thronged and resounding streets, it came upon a series of "pageants," which the citizens of London had erected to the honour, and partly for the edification, of their young Queen. There were structures which spanned the streets like triumphal arches. Sentences, in both

English and Latin, were inscribed upon them, and in each a child was stationed who explained its purpose in English verse.

The first was in three stories, on the first of which were represented, by living figures, Henry VII. and his queen, Elizabeth of York, from whom her Majesty's Highness derived her baptismal name; on the second, Henry VIII. and Anne Boleyn; and, on the third, the Queen herself—all in royal robes. The verses extolled the felicitous union of the two Houses of York and Lancaster—to which she owed her existence and her crown—and the good results of concord always and everywhere.

The second pageant was styled, "The Seat of Worthy Governance," on the summit of which sat another representative of the Queen; beneath were the cardinal Virtues trampling under foot the opposite Vices, including, of course, Ignorance and Superstition.

The third displayed the Eight Beatitudes, each of which was ingeniously designed to point a compliment to our Sovereign Lady the Queen.

The fourth was severely moral: on the one side it showed forth the features of a decayed, and on the other those of a flourishing commonwealth; from a cave below issued Time, conducting his daughter Truth, who held in her hand an English Bible, and offered it to the Queen's acceptance. Elizabeth, who knew how to do the right thing always at the right time, received the sacred volume with reverence, pressed it to her lips and to her heart, and, amid the tears and the blessings, half-spoken and half-sobbed, of the excited multitude, declared that she thanked the citizens for that Book more than for all the cost they had bestowed upon her, and that she would constantly read its pages.

The last pageant exhibited "a seemly and meet personage, richly apparelled in parliament robes," with a sceptre in her hand; over her head was written, "Deborah, the Judge and Restorer of the House of Israel."

Near the end of Cheapside, where terminated the long and splendid array of the City Companies that extended as far back as Fenchurch, the Recorder of London rode up to her Majesty's coach, and humbly asked her acceptance of a splendid purse, containing one thousand marks in gold. Elizabeth, nothing loth, received it with both hands, and to the Recorder's elaborate harangue, replied "marvellous pithily."

On either side of Temple Bar, having for the nonce abandoned

their time-honoured posts in the Guildhall, stood the two city giants, Gog and Magog (or Gogmagog and Corinæus), supporting, with hands joined above the gate, a copy of Latin verses, which recapitulated the meaning of all the aforesaid pageants, and concluded with appropriate congratulations and compliments. In a few expressive words the Queen thanked the citizens for their cost and pains; assured them that "she would stand their good Queen," and passed through the famous Gate.

"How many noseays," exclaims Holinshed, "did her Grace receive at poor women's hands? How many times stayed she her chariot when she saw any simple body offer to speak to her Grace? A branch of rosemary given her Grace, with a supplication, by a poor woman about Fleet Bridge, was seen in her chariot till her Grace came to Westminster."

As the procession swept along, "Yonder," said one of the knights attending on her person, "is an ancient citizen, which weepeth and turneth his face backward. How may it be interpreted that he doth so?—for sorrow or for gladness?" With ready confidence the Queen replied, "I warrant you it is for gladness."

The Catholic prelates appointed by Mary refused to take any part in the coronation of a sovereign whom they regarded as illegitimate; and only one of them, Oglethorpe, Bishop of Carlisle, could be induced to assist, though the ritual observed was in all respects that of the ancient Church.

IV.

Mr. Green, in his brilliant sketch of Elizabeth's character, justly remarks that her choice of advisers showed her ability. "She had a quick eye for merit of any sort, and a wonderful power of enlisting its whole energy in her service. The sagacity which chose Cecil and Walsingham was just as unerring in the choice of the meanest of her agents. Her success, indeed, in securing from the beginning of her reign to its end, with the single exception of Leicester, precisely the right men for the work she set them to do, sprang in great measure from the noblest characteristic of her intellect. If in loftiness of aim the

Queen's temper fell below many of the tempers of her time, in the breadth of its range, in the universality of its sympathy, it stood far above them all. Elizabeth could talk poetry with Spenser and philosophy with Bruno; she could discuss euphuism with Lyly and enjoy the chivalry of Essex; she could turn from talk of the last fashions to pore with Cecil over despatches and treasury books; she could pass from tracking traitors with Walsingham to settle points of doctrine with Parker, or to calculate with Frobisher the chances of a north-west passage to the Indies." The versatility and many-sidedness of her mind enabled her to understand every phase of the intellectual movement about her, and to fix by a sort of instinct on its higher representatives.

Cecil—the Lord Burleigh, or Burghley, of tradition—was 38 years old when Elizabeth ascended the throne. His solid abilities had been recognised by her father, at whose instance he had given up his legal studies, and embarked on the stormy waters of a political life. His marriage with the sister of Sir John Cheke—she was one of the learned women of her time—introduced him to powerful patronage, and he obtained the office of Secretary of State to Edward VI. Looking at most subjects from a purely intellectual point of view, Cecil was not disposed to wreck his chances of preferment by an unselfish devotion to the Reformed Church, and during the reign of Mary he kept his Protestantism in the background, attending Mass like a good Catholic. It must be admitted, however, that in his place in Parliament he boldly opposed the persecution to which the Reformers were subjected, and narrowly escaped committal to the Tower as a punishment for his freedom of speech. He maintained with Elizabeth, in her hours of adversity, a close and secret correspondence, and to his wise advice she owed her escape from many dangers.

As a statesman he possessed some admirable qualities: he was reticent of speech, but quick and versatile of intellect; a keen observer of men and manners; fertile of resource; cool, calm, and patient; never allowing himself the luxury of too passionate an attachment to a friend or too eager a hatred of an enemy. His special characteristics were his good sense, which almost amounted to genius; his self-control, and his moderation. He was as much a peace minister as Sir Robert Walpole; but he had all an Englishman's pride in his country, and when invasion was threatened, rose to meet it with as ardent a temper as a

Howard or a Drake. His life was unstained by the immoralities of the age ; his religion was sound and practical, but he had nothing of the devotion of the saint or the enthusiasm of the martyr. To his royal mistress he was strongly attached, and for forty years he served her with equal zeal and wisdom. His integrity has never been impugned ; and it is his highest praise that in his diligent service of his sovereign he never wronged her people ; so that his death was mourned by both with almost equal sorrow. As for Elizabeth, she shed unaccustomed tears at the loss of her friend, her adviser, and her servant ; and to the end of her life could never hear or speak his name without emotion. Her strong sense of his merits she had manifested in many ways. She gave him the Garter, which she otherwise most jealously reserved for persons of royal or noble birth. She made him be seated in her presence, as he suffered much from gout, and would say to him, pleasantly,—“ My lord, we make much of you, not for your bad legs but good head.” When he was ailing, she paid him frequent visits ; and it was on one of these occasions that being cautioned by his attendant to stop as she entered at his chamber-door,—“ For your master’s sake, I will,” she replied, “ though not for the King of Spain.” In his occasional fits of the spleen, when he would retire to Theobalds or Hatfield, she would recall him by cordial and even playful letters ; she had her pet names for the faithful minister ; and attested her belief in his fidelity and shrewdness by almost always acting in accordance with his advice.

Sir Francis Walsingham was inferior to Burghley neither in mental capacity nor faithful service. His intellect was of a subtler cast than Burghley’s ; was more like that of the crafty and insidious statesmen whom we are accustomed to designate as of the school of Machiavelli. In the interest of his Queen and country Walsingham could be unscrupulous. He maintained an army of spies and informers who assisted him in unravelling the intrigues and conspiracies directed either at the life of the Queen or the liberties of England ; but often, it is to be feared, deceived him by false information, which involved many an innocent person in ruin. In his youth he had been an exile for the Protestant cause ; and through life he showed a deep sense of religious belief and practice which exposed him to the charge of Puritanism. He served his Queen and country in a pure spirit of patriotism ; neither emoluments nor honours rewarded

his labours; and at length he accumulated a load of debt which almost overwhelmed him by its pressure. By the skill and patience with which he detected the details of Babington's plot, he saved Elizabeth from assassination, and England from invasion. Out of the confiscated estates of the conspirators he hoped for some relief. Burghley undertook to intercede in his behalf: and representing to Elizabeth how much she owed to her minister's efforts, he plainly said that it would be a great dishonour to her if she allowed him to be crushed. "She listened, seemingly favourable but slow to resolve." For some unknown reason, Leicester raised objections. The Queen wavered, and finally gave Babington's estates to Raleigh; whereupon Walsingham, in angry disgust, retired to his house at Barn Elms.

"I humbly beseech your lordship to pardon me," he wrote to Burghley, "that I did not take my leave of you before my departure. Her Majesty's unkind dealing towards me has so wounded me, as I could take no comfort to stay there; and yet, if I saw any hope that my continuance there might either breed any goodness to the Church, or furtherance to the service of her Majesty or the realm, the regard of my particular should not cause me to withdraw myself. But seeing the declining state we are arriving into, and that men of best desert are least esteemed, I hold them happiest in this Government that may be rather lookers-on than actors. I humbly therefore do beseech your lordship that, as I do acknowledge myself infinitely bound unto you for your most honourable and friendly furtherance yielded unto me in my suit, which I will never forget, so you will be pleased to increase my bond towards you by forbearing any further to press her Majesty in the same, which I am resolved fully to give over. I do assure your lordship, whatsoever conceit her Majesty maketh of me, I would not spend so long time as I have done in that place, subject to so infinite toil and discomfort, not to be made Duke of Lancaster. My hope is, however I am dealt withal by an earthly prince, I shall never lack the comfort of the Prince of Princes, to whose protection I commit your lordship." Dated "Barn Elms," 16th of December, 1586.

However, Walsingham was too loyal and too patriotic not to conquer this just irritation. He returned to his work, and during the critical time of the Armada rendered the State most

zealous and able service. Still he obtained no reward; and as he was too pure-minded to make money by the sale of his influence, he died in such poverty "that his body was buried at night to save the cost of an expensive funeral." Or, as Thomas Fuller puts it, "he thought that gold might, but intelligence could not, be bought too dear;—the cause that so great a *statesman* left so small an *estate*, and so *public* a person was so *privately* buried in St. Paul's."

One of the ornaments of Elizabeth's court—at least, in his own estimation—was the vain, quarrelsome, haughty, impetuous, yet accomplished and graceful nobleman, Edward Vere, seventeenth Earl of Oxford.* He had an ambition to be thought a poet, and two or three of his lyrics have contrived to escape oblivion, such as "Fancy and Desire," and "The Complaint of a Lover wearing Black and Tawny." A man of elegant tastes, he travelled in France and Italy, and knew something of French and Italian letters; and from Italy he brought into England the fashion of wearing perfumed and embroidered gloves. He presented a superb pair to Elizabeth, who admired them so much that she wore them when sitting for her portrait. In the chivalrous pastime of tilt and tourney he excelled almost every competitor; and when he proved victorious in the jousts of 1580, was conducted in full armour, into the presence-chamber, to receive the prize from the Queen's own hands.

Having been wounded by Sir Thomas Knyvet in a duel, he openly assembled his friends, retainers, and servants, to take vengeance upon him; and the Queen, to protect Sir Thomas, was compelled to allow the latter a guard. He quarrelled also with Sir Philip Sidney. One day, when Sidney was playing at tennis in the palace-court, Oxford entered, and commanded him to make room. "Had your lordship been pleased," retorted Sidney, "to express your desire in milder words, perchance you might have led out those whom you will find will not be driven out." The Earl angrily called him a puppy. The French ambassadors were sitting at the time in the galleries overlooking

* Described as "a gentleman of new-fashioned apparel and Tuscanish gestures, cringing side-neck, eyes glancing, fiznomic smirking"; or, to quote Gabriel Harvey's hexameters:—

"Delicate in speech, quaint in array, conceited in all points;
In courtly guiles a passing singular odd man."

the tennis-court ; and as Sidney had warmly opposed the projected marriage between the Queen and the Duke of Anjou, they were well pleased at the slight thrown upon him. Sidney, therefore, turned round upon Oxford, and hotly demanded what he had said. The Earl repeated the insult, and Sidney rejoined with "the lie direct"—an open challenge to a duel. A day passed, however, without any message from the Earl, and Sidney then sent his friend, Fulke Greville, to rouse him "out of his trance." But Oxford stood upon his dignity as a peer ; he could insult a commoner, but would not fight him. To what lengths the quarrel might have gone, I cannot profess to determine. With her usual tact the Queen interfered to compose it, though not, it must be confessed, to the satisfaction of Sidney, who retired from court to his brother-in-law's seat at Wilton, and forgot the troubles of a courtier's life in the composition of his "Arcadia."

Sir Philip Sidney is generally accepted as the type and flower of English chivalry, just as Bayard is of the chivalry of France ; but he was a man of far wider intellectual range and larger scope of vision than the French hero. Short as was his career he found time in it to play many parts, and to play them well—poet, politician, courtier, soldier, scholar—though it is true that we must judge him in some measure by his glorious and abundant promise, rather than by the fullness of his performance, which was abruptly cut short by his death-wound on the field of Zutphen. The Queen—a good judge of a man—esteemed him highly, distinguished him by special marks of her favour, and happily called him "the jewel of her times." Also "*her* Philip," in contradistinction to Philip of Spain, whom she called "the Pope's Philip." His death provoked one of those bursts of rage by which she was accustomed to disguise her disappointment or her sorrow. But the regret which it inspired was universal. James VI. of Scotland invited Apollo and Minerva and all the Muses to share his grief for the loss of one who had been so richly endowed with their divine gifts. The scholars of Oxford and Cambridge celebrated him in volumes of elegiac verse ; and New College, Oxford, had a volume—a "*Peplus Sidnæi*"—all to itself. Even the grave Camden, with his well-balanced mind, broke out into a fervent protestation that Providence had sent Sir Philip only as a model of the virtues, and had fitly removed him back to Heaven from an earth that was unworthy of him,

and that none had seen him long enough to learn the lesson of his example. The genius of Spenser embalmed in his finest verse the memory of his departed friend, the gentle Astrophel. By lesser singers the elegiac strain was taken up, until the English Parnassus everywhere resounded with lamentations over the untimely grave of Sir Philip Sidney. The whole nation seems to have joined in them.

It is difficult, I admit, for posterity to understand the immense impression which Sidney produced upon his age. In his life, his works, his character we see enough to elicit admiration and affection, and to justify expectation; but not much that will explain the excess of love, almost of reverence, with which his contemporaries obviously regarded him. "The secret of his fame," says a recent writer, "seems to lie in the singular beauty of his life, which has been well described (by the poet Campbell) as 'poetry put into action.'" But he was not the only Elizabethan Worthy whose life was pure and beautiful, nor is such stainlessness of life always the thing that attracts the world's gaze. Certainly, it is by no means an infallible passport to fame. That he was gifted with some of the qualities of a successful diplomatist; that as a soldier he was brave to a fault; that as a captain he possessed the faculty of command; that as a man he knew how to inspire the sweet loyalty of friendship,—all this we may (and must) consider without getting nearer to the key of the enigma. There must have been in him something more than his contemporaries have been able to tell us of, or his books to embody and perpetuate; a combination of gifts, personal, intellectual, and moral, exceptional in their nature, and specially attractive to those who came into actual contact with them. The devotion he inspired in a man like Fulke Greville—who sought no higher distinction than to be remembered as "the friend of Sir Philip Sidney"—is such a testimony to his merits as no one can fitly dispute or safely deny; seems in itself to warrant the general conviction that England lost in the hero of Zutphen one of her most brilliant sons, who, had not Fate with abhorred shears too soon cut short the thread of his thin-spun life, would have done some noble work, worthy of his large brain and generous heart.

In his poetry as in his life we are attracted by the possibilities more than by the achievement. It is the utterance of a fine, sympathetic, and elevated nature; it is clear and luminous, but,

as in the clearness and luminousness of crystal, there is no depth. The series of songs and sonnets called "Astrophel and Stella" show him at his best, and form a remarkable exposition of the various phases of unsuccessful love from hope to despair; but when we compare them with the sonnets (let us say) of Shakespeare, we feel at once their deficiency in power and insight. Yet Sidney's poetical influence upon his contemporaries was not less marked than his personal. We might have said, indeed, that this, too, was partly personal, had it not survived him, and prevailed over the writers even of the Stuart period. But there is no just cause of complaint. Sidney's poetry, like his prose, belonged to the new social order, the new era of literature; had a genuineness of feeling in it which touched the heart, and a structural elegance which charmed the fancy. If it had something of the immaturity and imperfection of youth, it had also its freshness and its unconventionality. It discarded the old frigid artificialities, and reflected Sidney himself—reflected the individual. The note of truth is seldom absent from it.

The illustrious roll of Elizabethan Worthies includes few more brilliant names than that of Raleigh, who first appeared at Elizabeth's Court about two years after the *débüt* of Sidney. Great as were some of his contemporaries, one sees that he fairly holds his own among them. A man of splendid intellect, but of restless and imperious temper,—of lofty qualities of mind and heart, marred by the stress and strain of a devouring ambition; a man of dazzling successes and disastrous failures—his romantic and stormy career furnishes one of those themes on which the moralist loves to accumulate his dusty commonplaces. And it may fairly be said that there is hardly a more pathetic chapter in English Biography than that which records the story of his rise and fall—his long captivity—his brief respite—his escape and recapture—his Guiana venture—and his heroic death upon the unjust scaffold. Raleigh was the "Admirable Crichton" of his age; remarkable for the many-sidedness as well as for the force and vitality of his genius; as accomplished a soldier and seaman as he was wary and dexterous a politician; a courtier of infinite address, a graceful poet, a weighty and philosophic historian. It has justly been said of him that "a soldier from his youth, at an early period

connected with the great movements of his time ; ever the foremost hater and antagonist of Spain and all its works ; one of the first, if not the first, to fully conceive the idea of colonisation and to attempt to realise it, and at the same time taking an active, too active, part in the party intrigues and contentions of a Court where the struggle for place and favour never ceased raging ; yet amidst all his schemes and enterprises, noble and ignoble, finding leisure also for other interests and pursuits ; capable of a keen enjoyment of poetry—himself a poet of true and genuine quality—he is in a singular degree the representative of the vigorous versatility of the Elizabethan period.” His character is something of a problem, it was marked so strongly by the broadest contrasts and oppositions. He despised the mean cabals of political intrigue, and yet was incessantly engaged in them, No one was more profoundly conscious of the absolute worthlessness of the ends which, nevertheless, he strove with unscrupulous activity to attain. His imagination rose far above the gross mundane atmosphere wherein, however, he voluntarily lived and moved and had his being. In a well-known poem he bids his soul say to the Court that “it glows and shines like rotten wood,” and yet its applause was the meat and drink of his daily life ; to the ambitious, that though their purpose was ambition, their “practice was only hate,” and yet he himself was continually shuffling the cards in ambition’s reckless game. The truth would seem to be that his life and himself were never in accord ; that the man was better than his life.

It is impossible to speak of Elizabeth’s Court without referring to the proud and splendid noble who was its principal figure, in virtue not of superiority of genius or of service, but of the favour and affection with which Elizabeth regarded him. Lord Robert Dudley, on whom she bestowed the well-known title of Earl of Leicester, was the younger son of the Duke of Northumberland, and about four years older than the Queen, whose playfellow he had been in childhood, and a fellow-prisoner with her in the Tower. If ever any one really touched that proud, daring, self-confident heart of hers, it was Robert Dudley. If there were any one for whom she would have broken her resolve to lead a single life, it was he. Yet, according to Mr. Froude, he possessed no qualities which should have recom-

mended him to such a woman as Elizabeth. He was "without courage, without talent, without virtue"—"the handsome, soft, polished, and attentive minion of the Court." "The Queen," says Froude, "who had no one to guide or advise her, selected her own friends; and in the smooth surface of Dudley's flattery she saw reflected an image of her own creation, which, because he devoted himself to her, she chose to believe that he resembled." But the historian is here misled by one of those strong prejudices which so unhappily impair his critical authority. It is impossible to believe that a woman like Elizabeth would have loved and trusted the craven trickster he is pleased to put before us as the brilliant and dashing Leicester. On what ground he brands him with cowardice I am unable to ascertain, for though deficient in generalship, he showed no want of bravery in the Netherlands campaign; while during the crisis of the Armada he behaved with coolness and resolution, as well as with some administrative ability. He was not gifted, like Burghley and Walsingham, with the wisdom of the statesman; but he possessed much natural acuteness, and his management of affairs was not wholly unsuccessful. He was a liberal patron of men of letters. The splendid state he maintained made him unduly reckless in raising money to meet his lavish expenditure; but he was no niggard in his bounty, and his dependents had reason to rejoice in the openness of their master's hand. That he was a bitter and persistent enemy, and crushed remorselessly whoever crossed his path, cannot be denied, yet he was prone to a certain devoutness of sentiment, and steadfastly stood by the Puritan party, though he knew it to be a party obnoxious to his royal mistress.

That Leicester should have maintained for so many years his position and influence at Court is in itself a proof that he must have been a man of parts and of some force of character. Of the crimes attributed to him it is but justice to admit, that though there may be grounds for suspicion, there are none for conviction. As his wife, Amy Robsart, seemed to be the sole obstacle to his marriage with Elizabeth, her death, at an apparently opportune moment, not unnaturally gave rise to injurious rumours, and it was whispered that Leicester had brought it about by malpractice. But an impartial examination into the circumstances does not confirm the charge. Amy Dudley, on the 8th of September, 1560, was found dead at the bottom of

a staircase at Cumnor Hall. Her husband at the time was at Windsor. Before he heard of his wife's death, he had despatched his cousin, Sir Thomas Blount, to Cumnor to see that all was right. As soon as the fatal tidings reached him, he sent a letter after Blount, desiring him to order a strict investigation, and to see that an inquest took place immediately. Foreseeing the use his enemies would make of the disaster, he was anxious that "the discreetest and most substantial men should be chosen for the jury," and he begged his cousin, "as he loved him and tendered his quietness, to use all devices and means for learning of the truth without respect to living person," especially urging on Blount himself not to "dissemble," but to tell him faithfully and truly "whether it happened by evil chance or villany." It is, of course, easy to assume that this latter was a crafty expedient; that the coroner's jury was packed; that a second inquiry, made for the fuller satisfaction of the public mind, was equally fictitious. By assumptions such as these anything may be proved. But the whole conduct of Dudley was inconsistent with the theory of his guilt, and I think that, if we set aside the *ex parte* and unproven statements of his enemies, we shall pronounce a verdict of acquittal. And, as a matter of fact, Leicester had nothing to gain by such a course. He was much too shrewd not to know that Elizabeth could never marry a man whose hand was red with his wife's blood. That at any time she *really* intended to take him, I do not believe. She chose to amuse her imagination with the pleasant fancy of marrying "Robin"; but in her cool and wary judgment had resolved never to admit a partner on her throne, and, least of all, a subject. At a later time she proposed him as a suitable husband for the Queen of Scots. Eventually, much to her Majesty's indignation, he married secretly Lady Lettice Knowles, the false wife and widow of Walter, Earl of Essex, and became, it is said, quite an uxorious husband (1576).

Elizabeth soon restored him to favour, and after the defeat of the Armada, contemplated at one time to confer upon him the office of Lieutenant-General of England and Ireland. The remonstrances of Cecil and Hatton, and her own wiser second thoughts, dissuaded her, however, from this dangerous step; and she had no opportunity of reviving the folly, for Leicester, on his way to Kenilworth—the stately seat where he had enter-

tained her with so much magnificence—was carried off by fever (1588).

Sir Christopher Hatton had recommended himself to Elizabeth's notice by his fine dancing; but “Lids,” as she jokingly called him, in allusion to a slight physical defect, would never have secured and retained her confidence had he possessed no other merit. As his legal experience had been confined to a formal residence at one of the inns of court, the public were greatly astonished when, in 1587, Elizabeth gave him the Great Seal. He himself was convinced of his incompetency and tendered his resignation before he entered on the duties of the Chancellorship; while at first the serjeants refused to plead before him. But his prudence and good sense soon overcame the objections felt to his appointment, and his integrity and impartiality won the general confidence. In cases of extreme difficulty he was wont to take the advice of two serjeants “learned in the law”; which, however, was not so complicated with precedents, technicalities, and contradictions as is now the case, so that any man of good intelligence, honourably desirous of arriving at the truth and deciding in accordance with the principles of equity and justice, might then hope to occupy the woolsack without detriment to the public interest.

The career of Robert Devereux, Earl of Essex, belongs to the later years of Elizabeth's reign. The Queen had greatly esteemed his father, who died in 1576, when his son was a bright and handsome boy of nine. The young Earl found excellent guardians in the Earl of Sussex and Lord Burghley; was carefully educated according to the standard of the age; distinguished himself by his address in all chivalrous and manly pastimes; and gained much applause by his gallantry on the field of Zutphen. Introduced at Court under the most favourable auspices he gained at once the patronage of Elizabeth, and a regard which deepened into a sincere affection. In the army levied to defend the kingdom against the Spanish invasion he was appointed General of the Horse, though he was then not more than twenty-two years of age. After the death of Leicester, he enjoyed more completely the confidence of his royal mistress; but his impetuosity of temper and frankness of disposition ill fitted him to take part in the intrigues of a Court, and placed

him at a sore disadvantage when the struggle for superiority began between Sir Robert Cecil and himself. The Queen's doting tenderness—which was that of a mother towards a wayward but darling son—he acknowledged very ungraciously. Lord Bacon, in his “Apophthegms,” tells us, that “a great officer about Court when my Lord of Essex was first in trouble; and that he and those that dealt for him would talk much of my lord's friends and of his enemies, answered to one of them; ‘I will tell you, I know but one friend and one enemy my lord hath; and that one friend is the Queen, and that one enemy is himself.’” It may very well be that the Queen's excessive partiality, acting upon a naturally excitable temperament, stimulated that wild and reckless presumption which brought him to the scaffold (February 25th, 1601).

In the case of Bacon as in that of Essex, the son was recommended to Elizabeth's favour by the services of the father. Sir Nicholas Bacon was her trusty Lord-keeper, and deserved her confidence by his sound judgment and strict honesty. His famous son, Francis Bacon, was born in 1561. As a child his gravity was not less conspicuous than his precocious ability. Elizabeth was wont to call him her “young Lord-keeper.” On one occasion, she asked him, “How old are you?” The quick-witted boy replied, “Just two years younger than your Majesty's happy reign.” At Trinity College, Cambridge, under the tuition of the learned and devout Whitgift, afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury, his progress in his studies was the theme of general admiration. He did not confine himself to the arts and languages; but surveyed the entire system of the Aristotelian philosophy, which he was eventually to supersede by a larger and more liberal system. In his sixteenth year he visited Paris, where he made a long and profitable stay; and was travelling in the south of France when the news of his father's sudden death recalled him to England in 1579. Finding that his inheritance was very small, he adopted the law as a profession, and entered at Gray's Inn. “There can be no doubt,” says Lord Campbell, “that he now diligently and doggedly sat down to the study of his profession, and that he made very great progress in it, although he laboured under the effect of the envious disposition of mankind, who are inclined to believe that a man of general accomplishments cannot be a lawyer; and, *e converso*,

if a man has shown himself beyond all controversy to be deeply imbued with law, that he is a mere lawyer without any other accomplishment. A competent judge who peruses Francis Bacon's legal treatises, and studies his forensic speeches, must be convinced that these were not the mere result of getting up a title of law *pro re nata*, but that his mind was thoroughly familiar with the principles of jurisprudence, and that he had made himself complete master of the common law of England—while there might be serjeants and apprentices who had never strayed from Chancery Lane to 'the Solar Walk or Milky Way,' better versed in the technicalities of pleading and the practice of the Courts."

In 1584 he obtained a seat in the House of Commons, where he proved himself a master of the art of debate, and speedily obtained a commanding influence as its weightiest and most eloquent speaker. The Queen soon afterwards appointed him her Counsel Extraordinary; and his rise would have been rapid but for the hostility of the Cecils. This hostility threw him into the party headed by the Earl of Essex, between whom and the brilliant young lawyer a cordial friendship was not long in being developed. In 1594, when that profound lawyer, Sir Edward Coke, became Attorney-General, Bacon was a candidate for the Solicitor-Generalship. At first the Cecils were on his side, but the Earl of Essex interfering, the Cecils, in their enmity to Essex, turned against him, and exerted their influence with such effect that Bacon was defeated. He felt the disappointment keenly, though somewhat soothed by many marks of the Queen's bounty; among others, the reversion of the lease of Twickenham Park,—to which "sylvan solitude" he for a while retired, in order to enjoy "the blessings of contemplation in that sweet solitariness which collecteth the mind, as shutting the eyes does the sight." It was at this time that he issued the first edition of his "Essays"—those marvellous examples of rich and condensed thought, expressed in true and felicitous language. When the reckless folly of Essex plunged him into intrigues against the person of the Queen to whom he owed so much, Bacon was involved in the odium which the young Earl's conduct excited, and it was with difficulty he made his peace. On New Year's Day, 1601, he contrived, however, to obtain admission to the Queen's presence, and addressed her in a forcible and eloquent appeal, which moved her to forgive him. "Madam," he said, "I see you withdraw

your favour from me. And now I have lost many friends for your sake, I shall lose you too. You have put me like one of those that the Frenchmen call *enfants perdus*, that serve on foot before horsemen; so have you put me into matters of envy without place or without strength; and I know at chess a pawn before the king is much played upon. A great many love me not, because they think I have been against my Lord of Essex; and you love me not because you know I have been for him. Yet will I never repent me that I have dealt in simplicity of heart towards you both, without respect of caution to myself.—And therefore *vivens videns qui pereo*. If I do break my neck, I shall do it, in a manner, as Master Dorington did it, who walked on the battlements of the church many days, and took a view and survey where he should fall. And so, madam, I am not so simple but that I take a prospect of mine overthrow; only I thought I would tell you so much that you may know that it was faith and not folly that brought me into it. And so I will pray for you.”

It is a lurid stain on the renown of Bacon that he consented to compile the indictment against his former friend and patron which was published after the Earl's death with the title of “A Declaration of the Practices and Treasons attempted and committed by Robert, late Earl of Essex, and his Complices.”

I have thus glanced at some of the Queen's principal councillors and courtiers. If my space permitted, it would be pleasant to tell of her kinsman, Henry Lacy, Lord Hunsdon; of the bluff and bold Earl of Sussex; of the chivalrous poet-soldier, Lord Buckhurst; of the loyal seaman, Howard of Effingham, who was chief in command against the Armada; of the Earl of Arundel, who so splendidly entertained Elizabeth at his seat of Nonsuch; of Sir John Harrington; Paulet, Marquis of Winchester; Manners, Earl of Rutland; Sir Henry Lee; Robert, Lord Pembroke; and Wriothesley, Earl of Southampton, the friend of Essex and the patron of Shakespeare.

It does not fall within my province to dwell on the literary glories of Elizabeth's reign; on the remarkable growth of our literature under the various stimulating influences that were brought to bear upon it; on the drama of Shakespeare, Ben Jonson, Beaumont and Fletcher, Marlow, and their contem-

porary playwrights ; on Spenser and his "Faery Queene" ; on Sir Philip Sidney and his "Arcadia" ; on Lyly and his "Euphues" ; on Hooker and his "Ecclesiastical Polity" ; on the historical labours of Camden, Twysden, Daniel (the poet), Knolles, and Raleigh. Hitherto the literature of England had lagged behind the literature of the rest of Western Christendom. "It was now to take its place among the greatest literatures of the world." This was due, no doubt, to the quickening intelligence, the increased intellectual energy of the nation ; but we may fairly connect the name of Elizabeth with it, as it owed something to her patronage and sympathy. Her love of scholarship made scholarship popular, and the favour which she showed to men of letters was emulated by the young nobles and wealthy merchants who delighted to follow in all things their Sovereign's example.

In like manner she extended her patronage to the bold seamen, the Drakes and Hawkinses, the Grenvilles and Frobishers and Gilberts, who in her time disputed with Spain the mastery of the seas, found their way into the farthest ocean, began the colonisation of the Atlantic coasts of North America, and made their country a great naval power. When these adventurers sailed from the Thames on their daring expeditions, their Queen stood at her palace windows at Greenwich and waved them an emphatic God-speed. On their return she visited them on board their victorious ships, or sent for them to Court, and welcomed them with those kindly words which are so valuable when dropped from royal lips. Thus she secured at once the heart and brain of England, the source of all its activity, and was identified with all that Englishmen attempted and achieved.

But at length the end came. In the picturesque language of a recent historian, "Lonely as she had always been, her loneliness deepened as she drew towards the grave. The statesmen and warriors of her earlier days had dropped one by one from her Council-board. Leicester had died in the year of the Armada ; two years later Walsingham followed him to the grave ; in 1598 Burghley himself passed away. Their successors were watching her last moments, and intriguing for favour in the coming reign. . . . But if ministers and courtiers were counting on her death, Elizabeth had no mind to die. She had enjoyed life as the men of her day enjoyed it, and now that

they were gone she clung to it with a firm tenacity. . . . 'The Queen,' wrote a courtier, a few months before her death, 'was never so gallant these many years, nor so set upon jollity.' She persisted, in spite of opposition, in her gorgeous progresses from country-house to country-house. She clung to business as of old, and rated in her usual fashion 'one who minded not to giving up some matter of account.' "

But some mysterious disease had laid hold of the great Queen which undermined her strength, and gradually stole away her vital powers. Her face became gaunt and wizened; her frame shrank almost to a skeleton. She cared no longer to hide the ravages of age; for a week at a time she refused to change her dresses; she spent day and night in a strange settled melancholy. Sir 'John Harrington,* writing to his wife in the last days of 1602, gives a graphic picture of the Queen's pitiful condition:—

"Sweet Mall" (he writes), "I herewith send thee what I would God none did know, some ill-bodings of the realm and its welfare. Our dear Queen, my royal godmother and this state's natural mother, doth now bear some show of human infirmity; too fast for that evil which we shall get by her death, and too slow for that good which she shall get by her releasement from pains and misery. Dear Mall, how shall I speak what I have seen or what I have felt? thy good silence in these matters emboldens my pen. For thanks to the sweet god of silence, thy lips do not wanton out of discretion's path like the many gossiping dames we could name, who lose their husbands' fast hold in good friends rather than hold fast their own tongues. Now I will trust thee with great assurance; and whilst thou dost brood over thy young ones in the chamber, thou shalt read the doings of thy grieving mate in the Court.

"I find some less mindful of what they are to lose than of what they may perchance hereafter get. Now, on my own part, I cannot blot from my memory's table the goodness of our sovereign lady to me, even, I will say, before born. Her affection to my mother, who waited in privy chamber, her bettering the state of my father's fortune (which I have, alas, so much worsted), her watchings over my youth, her liking to my free speech and admiration of my little learning and poesy, which I

* Author of the "Nugæ Venales."

did so much cultivate on her command, have rooted such love, such dutiful remembrance of her princely virtues, that to turn askant from her condition with tearless eyes would stain and foul the spring and fount of gratitude. It was not many days since I was bidden to her presence; I blessed the happy moment, and found her in most pitiable state. She bade the Archbishop ask me if I had seen Tyrone.* I replied, with reverence, that I had seen him with the Lord Deputy (in Dublin). She looked up with much grief and choler in her countenance, and said: O! now it mindeth me that you was *one* who saw this man (the Queen's mind had wandered to Essex) *elsewhere*, and hereat she dropped a tear and smote her bosom. She held in her hand a golden cup, which she often put to her lips; but in truth her heart seemeth too full to need more filling.

"This sight moved me to think of what passed in Ireland, and I trust she did not less think on *some* who were busier there than myself. She gave me a message to the Lord-Deputy, and bade me come to the chamber at seven o'clock. Hereat some who were about her did marvel, as I do not hold so high place as those she did not choose to do her commands. . . . Her Majesty inquired of some matters which I had written; and as she was pleased to note my fanciful brain, I was not unmindful to feed her humour, and read some verses, whereat she smiled once, and was pleased to say, 'When thou dost feel creeping Time at thy gate, these fooleries will please thee less; I am past my relish for such matters. Thou seest my bodily meat doth not suit me well; I have eaten but one ill-tasted cake since yesternight.' She rated most grievously at noon at some one who minded not to bring up certain matters of account. Several men have been sent to, and when ready at hand, her Highness hath dismissed (them) in anger; but who, dearest Mall, shall say that 'your Highness hath forgotten'?"

Notwithstanding her illness, Elizabeth, with characteristic force of will, persisted in taking her usual exercises of riding and hunting. One day in January, 1603, she visited the Lord Admiral, probably at Chelsea; and soon afterwards she removed to her palace at Richmond. Here, early in March, her disease

* The great Irish rebel, Hugh O'Neil, Earl of Tyrone, who had been conquered and taken prisoner by the Lord Deputy.

made a sudden advance. Both her nerve and her memory gave way. She insisted on having a sword constantly by her side, and at intervals thrust it through the tapestry hangings as if she thought some person was secreted behind them. Her despondency increased. It was with reluctance, and infrequently, that she took either food or rest. Day and night she sate propped up with cushions, her skinny finger on her lip, her eyes staring at the floor, uttering not a word. "She held an obstinate silence for the most part," says a contemporary, "and because she had a persuasion that if she once lay down she should never rise, could not be got to go to bed in a whole week, till three days before her death." When Sir Robert Cecil imprudently exclaimed that she "must" go to bed, her Tudor temper was all aflame. "Must," (she said) "*must* a word to be addressed to princes? Little man, little man! thy father, if he had been alive, durst not have used that word." Then her tone suddenly changed: "Thou art so presumptuous," she sighed, "because thou knowest I shall die."

During all this time, says another contemporary, she could not be induced to make trial of any medical aid, and retained the vigour of her intellect to her last breath. Her ministers, discussing the question of her successor beside her bed, and naming Lord Beauchamp, the representative of the Suffolk claim, "I will have no rogue's son," she cried, "in my seat!" For the last three days she was speechless, and when the King of Scots was named could make only a motion of her head.

At three o'clock, on the morning of the 24th of March, the great Queen died.

The last sad scenes in the life of Elizabeth are graphically described by Sir Robert Carey. I append his narrative unabridged:—

"When I came to Court, about the end of the year 1602, I found the Queen ill-disposed, and she kept her inner lodging; yet she, hearing of my arrival, sent for me. I found her in one of her withdrawing chambers, sitting low upon her cushions. She called me to her, I kissed her hand, and told her it was my chiefest happiness to see her in safety and in health, which I wished might long continue. She took me by the hand, and wrung it

hard, and said, 'No, Robin, I am not well,' and then discoursed with me of her indisposition, and that her heart had been sad and heavy for ten or twelve days, and in her discourse she fetched out not so few as forty or fifty great sighs. I was grieved at the first to see her in this plight, for in all my life-time before, I never knew her fetch a sigh, but when the Queen of Scots was beheaded. Then, upon my knowledge she shed many tears and sighs, manifesting her innocence that she never gave consent to the death of that Queen.

"I used the best words I could to persuade her from this melancholy humour, but I found by her it was too deep-rooted in her heart, and hardly to be removed. This was upon a Saturday night, and she gave command that the great closet should be prepared for her to go to chapel the next morning. The next day, all things being in a readiness, we long expected her coming. After eleven o'clock one of the grooms (of the chamber) came cut and bade make ready for the private closet, she would not go to the great. There we stayed long for her coming, but at the last she had cushions laid for her in the privy chamber, hard by the closet door, and there she heard service.

"From that day forwards she grew worse and worse. She remained upon her cushions four days and nights at the least. All about her could not persuade her to take any sustenance, or go to bed.

"I, hearing that neither the physicians nor none about her could persuade her to take any course for her safety, feared her death would soon after ensue. I could not but think in what a wretched estate I should be left, most of my livelihood depending on her life. And hereupon I bethought myself with what grace and favour I was ever received by the King of Scots, whensoever I was sent to him."

Oh, these courtiers! While watching by the side of his dying mistress, Sir Robert could think only of his own mean selfish interests, and make haste to worship the rising sun. No wonder the great Queen was rending her heart in silence, as she saw—with those still keen eyes of hers—the hypocrisy of the men who owed everything to her favour. With her old and tried ministers all gone—all the trusty servants who had loved and honoured her in her brilliant past—how lonely she must have felt! And with no children, no husband, no near and dear kinswoman or kinsman to soothe her in her last sad hours.

Surely, deeply to be pitied was this aged, solitary woman, as she lay among her pillows sternly silent, except when from her heavy heart she "fetched a deep sigh."

"I did assure myself," continues our supple courtier, "*it was neither unjust nor dishonest for me to do for myself*, if God at that time should call her to His mercy. Hereupon I wrote to the King of Scots (knowing him to be the right heir to the crown of England) and certified him in what state her Majesty was. I desired him not to stir from Edinburgh; *if of that sickness she should die, I would be the first man that should bring him news of it.*"

"The Queen grew worse and worse, because she would lie so, none about her being able to go to bed. My Lord Admiral was sent for (who, by reason of my sister's death, that was his wife, had absented himself some fortnight from Court), what by fair means, what by force, he got her to bed. There was no hope of her recovery, because she refused all remedies.

"On Wednesday, the 23rd of March, she grew speechless. That afternoon, by signs, she called for her Council, and by putting her hand to her head, when the King of Scots was named to succeed her, they all knew he was the man she desired should reign after her.

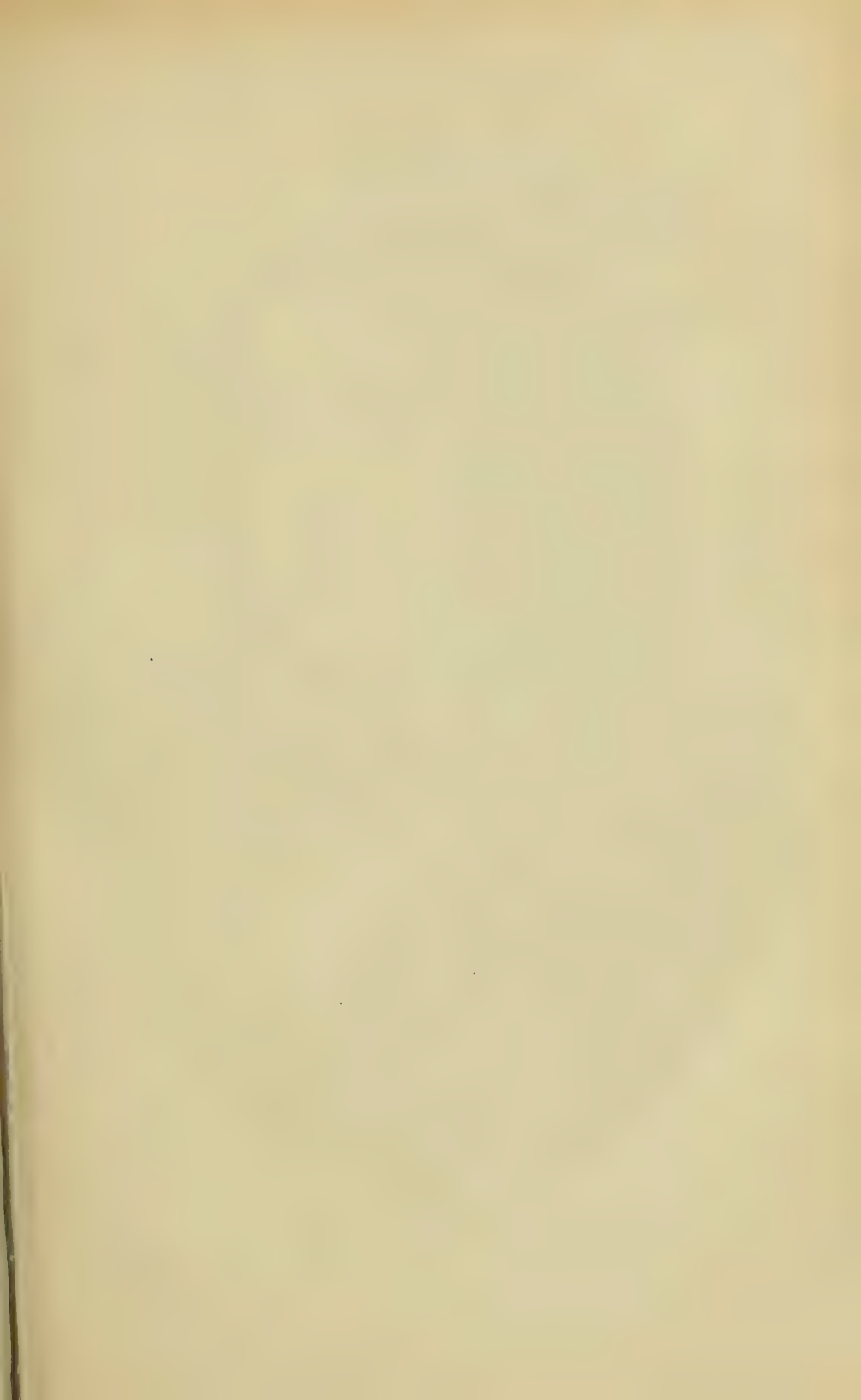
"About six at night she made signs for the Archbishop and her Chaplains to come to her, at which time I went in with them, and sate upon my knees full of tears to see that heavy sight. Her Majesty lay upon her back, with one hand in the bed and the other without. The Bishop kneeled down by her, and examined her first of her faith, and she so punctually answered all his several questions, by lifting up her eyes and holding up her hand, as it was a comfort to all the beholders. Then the good man told her plainly what she was, and what she was to come to; and though she had been long a great Queen here upon earth, yet shortly she was to yield an account of her stewardship to the King of Kings. After this he began to pray, and all that were by did answer him. After he had continued long in prayer, till the old man's knees were weary, he blessed her, and meant to rise and leave her. The Queen made a sign with her hand. My sister Scroope (Lady Scroope, second daughter of Lady Hunsdon), knowing her meaning, told the Bishop the Queen desired he would pray still. He did so for a long half hour after, and then thought to leave her. The

second time she made sign to have him continue in prayer. He did so for half an hour more, with earnest cries to God for her soul's health, which he uttered with that fervency of spirit as the Queen to all our sight much rejoiced thereat, and gave testimony to us all of her Christian and comfortable end. By this time it grew late, and every one departed, all but her women that attended her.

“ This that I heard with my ears, and did see with my eyes, I thought it my duty to sit down and to affirm it for a truth, upon the faith of a Christian, because I know there have been many false lies reported of the end and death of that good lady. I went to my lodgings, and left word with one in the Cofferer's chamber to call me, if that night it was thought she would die, and gave the porter an angel to let me in at any time when I called. Between one and two of the clock on Thursday morning, he that I left in the Cofferer's chamber brought me word the Queen was dead. (The intelligence was premature, however, for the Queen did not die until three.) I rose, and made all the haste to the gate to get in. There I was answered, ‘ I could not enter, the Lords of the Council having been with him, and commanded him that none should go in or out, but by warrant from them.’ At the very instant, one of the Council (the Comptroller, Sir Edward Wotton) asked whether I was at the gate. I said, ‘ Yes.’ He said to me, if I pleased, he would let me in. I desired to know how the Queen did. He answered, ‘ Pretty well.’ I bade him good night. He replied, and said, ‘ Sir, if you will come in, I will give you my word and credit you shall go out again at your own pleasure.’ Upon his word I entered the gate, and came up to the Cofferer's chamber, where I found all the ladies weeping bitterly. He led me from them to the Privy Chamber, where all the Council was assembled ; there I was caught hold of and assured I should not go to Scotland till their pleasures were further known. I told them I came of purpose to that end. From thence they all went to the Secretary's Chamber, and as they went they gave a special command to the porters that none should go out of the gates but such servants as they should send to prepare their coaches and horses for London. Then was I left in the midst of the Court to think my own thoughts till they had done counsel. I went to my brother's (George, second Lord Hunsdon, Captain of the Band of Pensioners) chamber, who was in bed,

having been over-watched many nights before. I got him up with all speed, and when the Council's men were going out of the gate, my brother thrust to the gate. The porter, knowing him to be a great officer, let him out. I pressed after him, and was stayed by the porter. My brother said angrily to the porter, 'Let him out, I will answer for him.' Whereupon I was suffered to pass, which I was not a little glad of."







CHRISTINA, QUEEN OF SWEDEN.

CHRISTINA,

QUEEN OF SWEDEN.

I.

AT Stockholm, on the 8th of December, 1626, was born Christina, third daughter of the famous Gustavus Adolphus, King of Sweden, by his wife, Maria Leonora, of Brandenburg.

Their first-born had lived only a few hours, and their second daughter had died before she was a twelvemonth old. The Swedish astrologers then predicted that the next child would be a son, and when Christina made her appearance, she was so dark-skinned and plain-featured that for a moment it was supposed the prediction had been fulfilled. The mistake was speedily discovered, but no one cared to make it known to the King, who was exulting over the birth of an heir to his throne. When his sister, the Princess Catherine, ventured to show him the infant, he betrayed no sign of disappointment, but kissed it and said,—“Let us thank God, sister; I hope this girl will prove as good as a boy.” His sister reminded him that he was still young, and might yet become the father of a male child. “Sister, I am content,” he said, “and I pray God to preserve this babe.” Observing her winsome ways, he added, “This will be a lively girl, she puts tricks upon us so soon.”

Her mother behaved with less composure, taking a dislike to the child, which she showed by many slights. Christina, in her “Autobiography,” pretends that her attendants frequently let her fall on purpose, from an idea that the Queen would not be displeased if she were quietly put out of the way. This, of course, is an exaggeration; but, owing to an accident of this kind, Christina suffered from a distortion of the right shoulder,

though the defect was easily concealed by an arrangement of her dress.

On his return from a campaign in Poland, in which he had been seriously wounded, Gustavus obtained from the States a recognition of Christina's succession to the throne. The great Captain was passionately fond of his little dark-complexioned daughter, and took her with him on his royal progresses. Once, at the fortress of Calmar, the commandant hesitated to give the usual salute, lest the child should be frightened. The King, however, ordered him to fire, remarking that "she was a soldier's daughter, and must get accustomed to it." And it soon appeared that she enjoyed the din, clapping her hands, and making signs for it to be repeated. Camp-life and the society of warriors and grey-bearded senators was not, however, a good training for so young a child, and at this time no doubt were sown in her disposition the seeds of those eccentric qualities which bore in later life such irregular fruit. The King insisted that she should receive in every respect the education suitable for a prince, and that the only womanly virtues cultivated should be those of purity and modesty. She grew up as might have been expected, with a distaste for the society, the accomplishments, and the occupations of her sex, and probably the regret that weighed most upon her throughout her chequered career was, that she had not been born a man.

When in her fourth year she shed tears for several days at parting with the King (1630), who crossed into Germany to fight the battles of the Protestant States, and after two years of brilliant success fell, victorious, on the field of Lutzen. At this time she was under the immediate charge of her aunt Catherine, wife of the Palatine John Casimir; her governor was the senator Axel Banér, and her tutor was the scholar and moderate theologian, John Matthiæ, Bishop of Strengnäs. Over all these a direct supervision was exercised by the Chancellor, Oxenstiern, the greatest statesman Sweden has produced. During the campaign of 1631, Gustavus wrote in pathetic terms to his minister and friend, entrusting to his fidelity the future Queen of Sweden and her mother:—"Though our cause is just and good," he wrote, "yet, owing to our sins, the aim of war is uncertain, nor can we reckon on the duration of life. Therefore I exhort and entreat you, by the love of Christ, that if all does not go

on well, you will not lose courage. I conjure you to remember me, and the welfare of my family, and to act towards me and mine as you would that God should act towards you and yours, and as I will act towards you and yours if it please God that I survive you, and your family should need my help. If any accident befall me, my family are to be pitied; for the mother is without capacity, and the daughter an infant. Unfortunate if they govern, and in danger if others govern them."

On the death of Gustavus Adolphus, Vladislaus, King of Poland, asserted a claim to the Swedish crown, and endeavoured to form a party among the great Swedish nobles. But in this he failed, nor would the people listen to his pretensions. When the States assembled in February, 1633, Oxenstiern at once proposed that the rights of Christina should be acknowledged. A bluff peasant-deputy inquired, "Who is this daughter of King Gustavus? We do not know her, we have never seen her." "You shall see her immediately," replied Oxenstiern, and leaving the hall, he returned in a minute or two, leading the child-Queen by the hand. "Ay, ay," said the deputy, surveying her carefully, "these be the eyes, this is the nose, this is the forehead of our hero-King. She is his daughter beyond dispute, and she shall be our Queen." It was thereafter decided that, during her minority, the government should be carried on by a regency composed of the five great officers of State; the Chancellor, Axel Oxenstiern; the Grand Seneschal, Gabriel Gustave Oxenstiern; the Grand Constable, Jacob de la Gardie; the High Admiral, Baron Gyldenholm, and the High Treasurer, Gabriel Oxenstiern. These were all men of ability and character, but genius and experience necessarily gave the greatest weight and the foremost place to the Chancellor Oxenstiern, who represented his country in all negotiations with foreign powers, and decided all questions of war and peace.

In March, 1635, the States issued some general instructions relative to their young Queen's education, ordering that she should be brought acquainted with the manners and languages of other countries, that none but persons of the highest character should be in attendance upon her, and that she should be allowed no intercourse with Papists or Calvinists.

"Though her education," they said "had been committed to their Highnesses the Regents, and though we have no reason to doubt that these high noblemen will attend to their charge

without any reminder from us, yet it is of the greatest moment to her Majesty, to the kingdom in general, and to any subject in particular that the matter should frequently be mentioned. We therefore do not consider it superfluous, but on the contrary our bounden duty, to add again these very humble and faithful exhortations, which we conceive to be worthy of serious attention.

“As her Majesty will one day be called to govern the kingdom personally, and as the duty of her subjects is not only to give obedience, but also to preserve her power and royal authority, the happiness and welfare of both parties, that is, of the whole Kingdom, is concerned in the due discharge of reciprocal duties.

“It is necessary that as her subjects are bound to serve her Majesty with entire devotion and fidelity, even to the sacrifice of their lives and property, so she in return should feel for them the greatest solicitude and affection; she should be accustomed to regard and esteem every one, according to his rank and character; to speak well of her country and of the Regents; to pay proper respect to her tutors and the Senate; to behave affably to all her subjects, and to protect every one in the enjoyment of his rights and liberties, according to law.”

One must admit that the Senate had by no means a bad idea of the principles on which the education of a young sovereign should be conducted. If such principles had been more generally observed by the tutors of Kings, the annals of Monarchy would not record so many dreary failures.

To a considerable extent the child-Queen was necessarily under the regimen of her mother, a woman of limited intelligence and narrow views, who, from at first regarding her daughter with indifference, if not with positive dislike, had swerved round to the most exuberant affection. But there was little sympathy between mother and daughter. The ex-Queen devoted herself to the memory of her great husband, and draped all her apartments with black, so that the oppressive funereal gloom drove the child to take refuge in the lecture rooms of her tutors, and kept her at her studies for ten to twelve hours a day, with unquestionable injury to the balance of her faculties. Christina loathed wine and beer, Maria Leonora pronounced water unwholesome, and when the child refused the stimulating beverages, kept her without the much more innocent one. So it happened,

on a certain day, that in the course of an exploration of her mother's dressing-room, she came upon a large carafe full of morning-dew which the Queen used, not for drinking, but for ablution. Christina's thirst was immediately satisfied, and morning after morning she resorted to this welcome supply, much to the Queen's annoyance, who railed at her servants for not duly replenishing her carafe. In vain they protested it was daily filled. How could the Queen believe them when the bottle, half-empty, stared her in the face? At last Christina was caught in the very act—*flagrante delicto*—and received from her mother's hands a smart castigation; which, in later life, she recorded in her "Memoirs" with an obvious feeling of indignation.

The Queen-Dowager was extravagant, vain, feeble, and possessed with an overweening idea of sovereign authority. These foibles brought her into frequent collision with the Regents, who, in 1636, on the ground that she was improperly training the young Queen, removed Christina from her, placing her again under the charge of her aunt.

Christina, a girl of ten, now begun to study the works of Sallust, Terence, Cicero, and Livy. She exhibited a remarkable perception of their different qualities of style, and acquired so sound a knowledge of their language, that she wrote in Latin with facility and good taste. She also learned French, which was then almost unknown in Sweden. Oxenstiern instructed her in political affairs, and found in her an apt pupil, as she found in him a wise and prudent teacher. Theology was included in her educational course. At this time she was very exact in the discharge of her religious duties, and seems to have been inspired with a true sentiment of devotion. Nor were her tutors unmindful of her physical health, while justly eager for the cultivation of her mind and the development of her spiritual life. She rode daily, and with astonishing fearlessness and skill. When she joined in the chase she distanced all but the most experienced huntsmen. And she attained to such a mastery of the fowling-piece that while at full gallop she could shoot a hare (it is said) with a single bail. So that she grew up robust, and lithe, and active, as well as thoughtful and accomplished.

A great misfortune befell her in the last days of 1638 in the death of her aunt, for it left her without anyone of her own sex to whom she could turn for counsel, or in whom she could place her confidence. About the same time the Chancellor Oxen-

stiern, surprised at her capacity and her interest in political problems, began her initiation in public affairs. The good sense she displayed, and her lively attention, led to a resolution on the part of the Council of State a twelvemonth later, that she should attend all important meetings of the Council, so that she might learn the full measure of the responsibilities of government, and not devolve all its onus hereafter on her ministers, as was the evil custom of the German princes. Thus her daily life came to be filled up with regular duties of a nature to develop the stronger and harsher features of her character; and as she was constantly thrown into intercourse with able men, she cared less and less for the society of her own sex. While she gained by this means in intellectual alertness, in decision, and force of will, she lost in grace and refinement, and in those sweet and tender gifts which we sum up in the one word "womanliness"; and though we may admire a Queen who converses on equal terms with statesmen and scholars, one is conscious of a certain dislike for a woman who swears like a trooper, and struts and straddles like a grenadier. Christina professed to be a great admirer of Elizabeth of England, but Elizabeth never forgot that she was a woman, and liked to be complimented as a woman; whereas Christina was wrath that she was not a man, and endeavoured to make the world believe that she ought to have been one. She wore a man's collar, and a black handkerchief round her throat, like a soldier; she bowed and saluted as men did, and imitated them even with such grotesque particularity as to twirl the ends of an imaginary moustache. It was her great misfortune that she despised her sex and its traditions, and delighted to emphasize its supposed weakness and incompetency. "It is almost impossible," she says, "that a woman should perform the duties required of the occupant of a throne. The ignorance of women, their feebleness of mind, body, and intelligence, render them incapable of reigning." Yet history had abundantly disproved the truth of this wholesale assumption; and she herself, in a certain degree, was an example of that higher capacity in woman the existence of which she was so unwilling to acknowledge.

At Stockholm, on her fifteenth birthday, December 8th, 1644, the States formally invested Christina with the royal authority, consulting her own preference and following ancient custom in

addressing her as *Rex Suediæ*, “*King of Sweden.*” Surrounded by her great officers of State and the members of the Senate, she took her seat on a throne of silver, and addressed the assembled deputies in dignified and well-chosen words. After receiving their oaths of allegiance, she promised that she would always show due consideration for the Council, would not govern without consulting them, nor resent any advice they might deem it their duty to offer. It is but just to admit that the young sovereign assumed her solemn duties with a sincere desire to discharge them faithfully, and for the welfare of her subjects; and that she laboured early and late in their conscientious performance. Almost her first important act was to take steps to bring about peace in the northern countries. She entered into negotiations with Christian of Denmark, and insisted upon modifying the severe terms which her Ministers wished to exact. It was mainly through this wise moderation on her part that the treaty of Bromsdero was signed in August, 1645; which, if it did not concede all that Oxenstiern would have asked, was exceedingly favourable to Sweden, and made a large addition to her territories. This action on the part of a girl of sixteen is interesting in many ways, and illustrates the soundness of her judgment as well as the force of her character.

She was still pursuing her studies with assiduity and success. Her command of languages was not inferior to our own Elizabeth's. She spoke Latin, French, German, Dutch, and was able to read Greek. Her acquaintance with patristic literature was extensive and sound; she had read and reflected upon the writings of Augustine, Ambrose, Cyprian, Tertullian, and Gregory Nazienzen. She encouraged the scholars of France, Italy, and Holland to visit her court; entertained them hospitably; and listened to them with charming deference. Every Thursday she held a kind of *conversazione*, or “at home,” at which she heartily welcomed everybody who had any pretension to wit or learning. Fools or bores found no encouragement from the intelligent and vivacious Queen. To gain time for her scholastic pursuits she rose at four in the morning, and devoted to them the first hours of day. She was then free to attend to affairs of State. Over the deliberations of the Council she presided with easy dignity, listening carefully to everything that was advanced, discussing the most difficult questions with wonderful quickness of compre-

hension, and bringing ministers round to her own opinion by sheer force of argument. With all her respect for her great Chancellor, she refused to yield her judgment to his authority, when she considered him ill-advised.

It is politic, perhaps, in sovereigns to treat men of letters with courtesy, as the compliments they receive in return are of a more permanent character than the panegyrics of courtiers or the acclamations of crowds. Posterity can hardly help to regard with favour the young Queen whom the great astronomer Gassendi praised as having fulfilled Plato's wish that kings should philosophise or that philosophers should reign (*"Votum celebre fuit Platonis, ut ad regni felicitatem, aut reges philosopharentur, hoc est sapientiæ studiosi forent, aut philosophi, seu qui forent sapientiæ studiosi, regnarent"*). Vossius declared that she began to understand Greek in a shorter time than most people took to learn the alphabet. Heinsius professed to think that the first happiness of his life arose from the accident that he had been born in the same age with this queen of queens; the second was that he had known her; and the third that he had enjoyed some portion of her favour. As for Bochart, he compared her to Solomon's Queen of Sheba, much to the latter's disadvantage; for, while the southern queen went in search of wisdom, wise men went to the northern queen to find it embodied in her.

*"Illa docenda suis Salomonem invisit ab oris,
Undique ad hanc docti, quo doceantur, eunt."*

And, lastly, even the illustrious Pascal ranked himself among her admirers:—"Your genius, incomparable sovereign, captivates all those who have not submitted to your arms. For my part, not having had the felicity to be born under the first of your empires, I would have the whole world know that I esteem it my glory to live under the second."

A young and clever queen was not long without suitors for her hand, and Christina's subjects, like our English Elizabeth's, were anxious that she should marry. Whether because she loved to imitate Elizabeth's example, though she had not Elizabeth's weighty reasons, or because she was unwilling to share her power with a husband, or because she felt herself unfitted for conjugal and maternal duties, she resolved on leading a single life, and with some slight occasional wavering, adhered to the

resolution. To Chanut she said, on one occasion, that her aversion for the marriage bond was so great that she should prefer death to marriage. When her ministers pointed out that she ought to marry in order to secure the country from the danger of a disputed succession, she retorted that if she married she might as soon become the mother of a Nero as of an Augustus. In her Autobiography, she acknowledges to a warmth of temperament which might have been expected in the daughter of Gustavus, but thanks God that He had gifted her with the power of self-control. And she adds:—"I was born in such a rank that I might have chosen almost any man I preferred, for there was no one who would not have thought himself happy if I had given him my hand. Had I felt any weakness, I should have married, like so many others. I should not have had that unconquerable aversion to marriage, of which I have furnished such remarkable proofs, if it had been necessary to me." She was proud of her celibacy to the last, for one of her latest medals, struck at Rome, bears the emblematical figure of a phoenix, with the inscription, "I was born free, I lived free, and I died free."

Among her suitors were Ferdinand King of Hungary; the Elector Palatine, Charles Louis; the three sons of Sigismund King of Poland; Frederick William Elector of Brandenburg; two sons of King Christian of Denmark; the Archduke Leopold of Austria; Philip IV. of Spain; our own Charles II., before he came to his throne; and her cousin, the gallant and accomplished Charles Augustus. Towards this last she at one time showed a marked inclination, and indeed a letter she wrote to him on the 5th of January, 1644, was very warmly worded:—"I see by your letter," she says, "that you fear to trust your thoughts to the pen. We may, however, correspond with entire freedom, if you send me the key to a cipher, arrange your letters in accordance with it, and change your seals as I change mine, so that the letters may be sent to your sister, the Princess Maria. You must adopt my precaution, for never were people here so much opposed to us as they now are. But they shall never succeed, so long as you remain firm. They talk much of the Elector of Brandenburg, but neither he, nor anyone else, however wealthy, shall alienate my heart from you. My love is so strong that it can be overcome only by death, and if, which God forbid, I should survive you, my heart shall remain

dead for every other ; my mind and affection shall follow you to eternity, there to dwell with you."

Methinks the lady doth protest too much ! In the course of a few months Christina changed her mind, and whistled to the winds this love that was to prove everlasting. Her biographers attribute this mutability—one of Christina's few feminine characteristics—to the partiality she had formed for a handsome young noble, Magnus de la Gardie, whom she sent to Paris as her ambassador, apparently in order to secure herself from his attractions. Had she ever married there can be little doubt that her choice would have rested upon him ; but she conquered the temporary weakness, and went on her way in maiden meditation, fancy free.

To Christina's persistent efforts we must ascribe in some degree the happy conclusion of the Thirty Years' War. She continually urged on her ambassadors the necessity of bringing to an end this calamitous and sanguinary struggle, which had swept the fairest parts of Christendom with fire and sword, and sharply reprimanded them when they attempted to raise insuperable objections or formulate impossible conditions. " Be assured," she wrote, in April, 1647, " that I desire, above everything in the world, a safe and honourable peace. . . . Do not be diverted from this object by the schemes of ambitious persons, unless you are prepared to endure disgrace and encounter my anger." No one rejoiced more sincerely than Christina when the Treaty of Westphalia, in August, 1648, restored peace and safety to bleeding and distracted Europe. On the courier who brought the news of its signature she bestowed a gold chain with 600 ducats ; and the person who brought the auspicious document itself she rewarded with a patent of nobility, and gave him for his arms three crowns united with olive branches, and a dove for the crest.

Christina's noble services in the cause of peace may well appeal to us to treat with indulgence her eccentricities of temper and disposition.

The internal difficulties which originated in the social condition of Sweden and in the immense privileges enjoyed by the nobles, the young Queen faced with much courage and patience, devoting herself with unselfish energy to attempts to find their solution. At last she overtaxed her strength, and induced frequent attacks of intermittent fever, with which her

physicians, according to the evil practice of the time, endeavoured to cope by the free use of the lancet. We may reasonably assume that the exhaustion of vitality caused by this severe regimen had an injurious effect upon the Queen, both physically and mentally. In 1653 her attendants were seriously alarmed by her state of health. She suffered from fainting fits which lasted for hours, and from other evidences of a debilitated constitution, due partly to excessive bleeding, partly to excessive fatigue, and partly to want of sufficient sleep. Her naturally strong constitution, however, carried her through these trials.

She still continued to draw around her the *literati* of Europe. Among those who availed themselves of her liberal hospitality was the learned Salmasius, a man of ability and scholarship, who is best known to English readers as the author of the "Defensio Regis," published in 1649, a panegyric on Charles I., and a diatribe against the Commonwealth. Milton was commissioned to refute it, and produced his "Defensio pro Populo Anglicano," a work which, in spite of some violence of language, is full of learning and eloquence, and inspired by an ardent love of freedom. Salmasius began a reply, but died before it was finished, and the report ran that his death was accelerated by the severe treatment he had received at the hands of his great adversary. Christina, it is said, praised Milton's work to Salmasius himself, a refinement of cruelty of which we decline to believe her to have been guilty! But she could not fail to be pleased with the warm and poetical compliment which, at a later period, the grave austere Republican addressed to her.* Of such a compliment, from such a man, any Queen might well have been proud.

"How happy am I beyond my utmost expectations (for to the praise of eloquence, except in so far as eloquence consists in the force of truth, I lay no claim), that, when the critical exigences of my country compelled me to undertake the difficult and invidious task of impugning the rights of kings, I should meet with so illustrious, so truly royal a witness to my integrity, and to the truth that I had not written a word against kings, but only against tyrants, the spots and the pests of royalty. That you, O Augusta, possessed not only so much magnanimity,

* In his "Defensio Secunda," written in reply to the "Clamor Sanguinis."

but were so irradiated by the glorious beams of wisdom and virtue, that you read not alone with patience, with incredible impartiality, with a serene complacency of countenance, what might seem to be attacks upon your rights and dignity, but expressed such an opinion of Salmasius, their defender, as might well be considered an adjudication of the palm of victory to his opponent.

“ You, O Queen, will for ever be the object of my homage, my veneration, and my love : for it was your greatness of soul, so honourable to yourself, and so auspicious to me, which served to efface the unfavourable impression against me at other courts, and to rescue me from the evil surmises of other sovereigns. . . . It was not in vain that you made such huge collections of books and so many monuments of learning ; not, indeed, that they could contribute much to your instruction, but because they so well teach your subjects to appreciate the merits of your reign, and the rare excellence of your virtue and your wisdom. For the Divinity Himself seems to have inspired you with a love of wisdom and a thirst for improvement beyond what any books could ever have produced. It excites no astonishment to see a force of intellect so truly divine, a particle of celestial flame so resplendently pure, in a region so remote ; of which an atmosphere, so darkened with clouds, and so chilled with frosts, could not extinguish the light nor repress the operations. The rocky and barren soil, which is often as unfavourable to the growth of genius as of plants, has not impeded the maturation of your faculties ; that country so rich in metallic ore, which appears like a cruel step-mother to others, seems to have been a fostering parent to you ; and after the most strenuous attempts to have produced at last a progeny of pure gold.

“ I would invoke you, Christina, as the only child of the renowned and victorious Adolphus, if your merit did not as much eclipse his, as wisdom excels strength, and the arts of peace surpass the havoc of war. Henceforth, the Queen of the South will not be alone renowned in history ; for there is a Queen of the North, who would not only be worthy to appear in the court of the wise King of the Jews, or any king of equal wisdom, but to whose court others from all parts may repair, to behold so fair a heroine, so bright a pattern of all the royal virtues ; and to the crown of whose praise this may well be added, that neither in her conduct nor her appearance, is there any of the

forbidding reserve or the ostentatious parade of royalty. She herself seems the least conscious of her own attributes of sovereignty; and her thoughts are always fixed on something greater and more sublime than the glitter of a crown. In this respect, her example may well make innumerable kings hide their diminished heads. She may, if such is the ill future of the Swedish nation, abdicate the sovereignty, but she can never lay aside the Queen; for her reign has proved that she is fit to govern, not only Sweden, but the world.

"This tribute of praise to so highly meritorious a Queen there is, I trust, no one who will not applaud; if others did not pay it, I could not have withheld it without the imputation of the most heinous ingratitude. For, whether it be owing to the benign aspects of the planets, or to the secret sympathies and affinities of things, I cannot too much extol my good fortune in having found, in a region so remote, a patron so impartial and so kind, whom of all I least expected, but of all the most desired."

It must be owned that if Milton could attack with unmeasured bitterness, he could applaud with noble liberality.

Among others who repaired "from all parts" to behold this "fair heroine," this "pattern of all the royal virtues," were the scholars Vossius, Bochart, and Huet, John Paulinus, Franconius, and Rudbeck—men of learning and ability who are now, for most of us, merely "*nominum umbræ*." They all enjoyed the intelligent patronage of the Queen. Franconius was a physician of merit, and by her express request delivered lectures and performed dissections in the presence of his pupils. To encourage them in their attendance, she was always present at the more important examinations at the University of Upsala. Stiernholm, the mathematician, and Paulinus, an accomplished lawyer, she ennobled. Olaus Rudbeck, the anatomist, she sent at her own expense to visit the great anatomical schools of Germany and Holland.

With some distinguished foreigners—as with Ménage, Bense-rade, and Scarron—she maintained a lively correspondence, in which she by no means appeared at a disadvantage.

"There has seldom been a court," says her English biographer, "where individual character had so much play as in that of Christina. No cold formality brought genius and

mediocrity to the same dull level. Sometimes the speculations of philosophy prevailed, sometimes the fire of wit: the gay young Queen was ever ready for intellectual exercise: she drew out every one, and made her palace a stage on which the most opposite characters figured: they followed in quick succession, dazzling, delighting, or provoking: but ever in the centre was the 'same bright, intelligent face; the eyes which seemed to penetrate the thoughts of every speaker before they found utterance; the mind by which the subtlest arguments were understood as soon as stated, nay, divined when only half expressed.'"

The person of this bright and *spirituelle* young creature was very attractive. Her eyes were of a dark lustrous blue, large, and well-opened, with straight black eyebrows, strongly marked; the nose was aquiline; the mouth well-shaped, with firm full lips; the face, a rather long oval, ending in a finely formed chin; and the head covered with a profusion of beautiful dark hair. Ordinarily her voice was sweet and low—an excellent thing in woman; but when she was angered, it deepened into a tone like that of a man's. Her hands were small but strong. Nothing in her appearance indicated the resolute temper and firm will with which she was endowed; but her bearing could be full of dignity, when she pleased, and she moved like one accustomed to command.

Her coronation in 1650 was made the occasion of great rejoicings. All classes of the population seemed intoxicated with delight, and vied with each other in demonstrations of loyalty and affection. They were proud of their brilliant Queen, who had a twofold claim on their hearts—as the daughter of their great King, and by right of her own gifts and graces. Christina was evidently gratified by the enthusiasm of her subjects; and yet its echoes had scarcely died away before it became known that she was preparing to carry out an idea she had long entertained, and to retire from the throne she occupied so worthily. Such an idea might well commend itself to a sovereign like Charles V., weary with the burden of long years of imperial responsibility, discouraged by disaster, and shaken by disease; but that it should take possession of the mind of a young Queen, in the full vigour of her faculties, and with no sad experience of failure, must always remain a subject of astonishment. None of the reasons given for it—a desire to devote herself to literary pursuits—a longing for the climate and scenery of the South—a

discontent with the social condition of Sweden—seem to account sufficiently for this extraordinary resolution. Probably it was mainly due to that vague thirst for change, that constant restlessness, that general feeling of discontent, which, so to speak, was in her blood ; and had been fostered by the peculiar influences surrounding her in her earlier years.

When she announced her intention to her Council (August 7th, 1651), pointing to her cousin, Charles Gustavus, as her successor, they combated it vigorously. Even an elected King, they argued, was pledged to the protection of his subjects, much more so an hereditary monarch. Her title had been confirmed by the oaths so recently repeated at her coronation, when she too had taken an oath to rule as their sovereign, according to the law. On neither side could such a solemn engagement be violated without reproach. They appealed warmly to her sense of duty, and contended that, born a Queen, she must accept her fortune, and not attempt to escape from its obligations. They pressed their arguments with so much force and with such evident emotion that she consented to withdraw her resignation, though, at the same time, she told her friends that it was only postponed.

Towards the last days of 1653, an English ambassador arrived at her court, Sir Bulstrode Whitelocke, who was sent by Cromwell to concert measures with Sweden for establishing the free navigation of the Sound in spite of the opposition of Denmark. Whitelocke was presented to her on the 22nd of December.

“On entering the room,” he says, “he put off his hat, and then the Queen put off her cap, after the fashion of men, and came two or three steps forward upon the foot carpet. Her habit was of plain grey stuff, her petticoat reached to the ground ; over that was a jacket such as men wear, of the same stuff, reaching to her knees ; on her left side, tied with crimson ribbon, she wore the jewel of the order of Amaranta. A black scarf was about her neck, tied before with a black ribbon, as soldiers and mariners sometimes used to wear ; her hair was braided and hung loose upon her head ; she wore a black velvet cap lined with sables, and turned up after the fashion of the country, which she used to put off and on as men used to do their hats.

“Her countenance was sprightly, but somewhat pale ; she had much of majesty in her demeanour, and though her person

was of the smaller size, yet her mien and carriage were very noble."

Whitelocke became a great favourite with the Queen, who confided to him her resolution to abdicate. At first he thought she was jesting with him, but when convinced of her sincerity, related for her benefit a little apologue. An old English gentleman had been persuaded to surrender his estate to his son. The writings had all been drawn up, and witnesses attended to see them duly signed and delivered. Meanwhile the old squire was seated in the parlour smoking, when the son entered and requested him, for the sake of cleanliness, to remove to the kitchen. Without a word he obeyed, and presently the son returned with the information that the deeds were ready for his signature. Then the old man said he had changed his mind, and intended to keep his estate; for, said he "I am determined to spit in the parlour as long as I live." Christina took the hint in good part, but ingeniously observed, that "in her case, to be quit of the crown would be to spit in the parlour."

Whitelocke describes a masque, at the performance of which he was present. The Queen was one of the players, bearing herself with much propriety. "Its whole design," he says, "was to show the vanity and folly of all professions and worldly things, lively represented by the exact properties and mute actions, genteelly, without the least offence or scandal.

"It held two hours, and after the dances the Queen caused her chair to be brought near to Whitelocke, when she sat down and discoursed with him of the masque. He (according to his judgment) commended it, and the inoffensiveness of it, and rare properties fitted to every representation, with the excellent performance of their parts by all, especially by the Moorish lady and the citizen's wife [the Queen's two characters], at which the Queen smiled, and said she was glad he liked it.

"He replied that any of his countrymen might have been present at it without any offence, and he thanked her majesty for the honour she had done him.

"When the Queen had acted the Moorish lady, she retired into a room to put off her disguise. Pimentelle [the Spanish ambassador] being there, she gave him her vizor, in the mouth whereof was a diamond ring, which shined and glistened gloriously by the torch and candle light as the Queen danced;

this she bade Pimentelle [whose courteous and flattering ways made him a favourite] to keep till she called for it. Pimentelle told her he wondered she would trust a jewel of that value in the hands of a soldier: she said she would have the adventure of it. When the masque was ended Pimentelle offered the ring again to the Queen, who told him that he had not kept it according to her commands, which were, till she called for it, which she had not yet done, nor intended as long as she lived, but that he should keep it as a memorial of her favour."

Christina was always lavish of her gifts, as Whitelocke himself afterwards experienced; yet on this simple incident, her enemies, the French pamphleteers, founded a calumnious accusation. The Queen was frank, free, independent, and careless of the conventionalities, with too little womanly reserve and too great a fondness for affecting masculine speech and manners; but when this has been said the worst has been said, and though it may impugn her judgment it does not impeach her chastity.

Christina was a great admirer of the genius and character of Cromwell, comparing him to her ancestor, Gustavus Vasa. At one time she meditated a visit to England, but received no encouragement from the Protector, partly from reasons of policy, and partly (says Guizot) on account of his wife's jealousy. The treaty between England and Sweden was signed on the 28th of April, 1654.

Scarcely three months before, she had announced her final determination of abdicating—to which she had ultimately been brought by her conversion to the Roman Catholic Church. The Diet assembled on the 21st of May, and received in deep silence the expression of her settled resolve. Further opposition was evidently useless, and on the 6th of June the Act of Abdication was formally completed.

The ceremony was pathetic and impressive.

Christina was simply dressed in white, over which she wore the usual insignia of royalty. For the last time she took her seat on the silver throne, while her successor, Charles Gustavus, clothed in black from head to foot, stood on her right.

An official read in a loud voice the Act by which she released her subjects from their oath of fidelity, and afterwards recited the conditions on which she transferred the crown to her cousin. The domains which she reserved for herself were enumerated, and it was stipulated that she should be independent of all

control, and enjoy full and unrestricted authority over her retinue.

The Queen then handed to the great officers of state the various emblems of royalty—the sword, the apple, and the sceptre were placed on a table at her left hand; but when Brahe, her minister, was requested to remove her crown he firmly declined the unwelcome duty, and Christina was compelled to take it off with her own hands. Her mantle was torn into shreds by those who were anxious to secure a souvenir of their beloved sovereign.

Standing forward, she then addressed the Deputies in a voice which sometimes trembled with emotion:

“I thank God who raised me to be queen over so mighty a nation, and has favoured me with such wonderful blessings and successes. I thank the nobles who preserved the kingdom for me during my minority, and the States for their unwavering allegiance.

“In difficult times I have done nothing with which my conscience reproaches me.

“So far as my strength would allow, I sacrificed my own peace to secure the tranquillity of my subjects.”

After adding some words of counsel to her successor, she was conducted to her apartments, and, a few hours later, Charles Gustavus was crowned in the Cathedral of Upsala.

Thus did Christina complete that act of renunciation which for the rest of her life she never ceased to regret.

II.

Five days afterwards she was on the road to Copenhagen, assuming a man's disguise as soon as she had crossed the frontier, and calling herself Count Dohna. At Hamburg she resumed her own dress and name so long as she remained there; but donned her black wig, hat, boots, breeches, sword, and carbine, when she set out for Antwerp. Thence she voyaged to Brussels along the great canal, her barge fitted up gorgeously, and carrying twelve pieces of cannon. She was received at Brussels with royal honours; the houses were all illuminated,—

soldiers lined the streets—and a magnificent display of fireworks turned night into day. It was here that the self-willed ex-Queen chose to make public abjuration of the Lutheran faith, and thus to dishonour the memory of her father who had died as its champion. At Innspruck she made public confession of her new religion, and thence she wrote a brief explanation to the new King of Sweden (November 4th, 1655).

“My Brother,” she wrote, “I have arrived here safely, and have received permission from his Holiness to declare openly what has long been a secret.

“I am happy to obey him, and consider this a greater glory than that of reigning over the powerful states which are now yours.

“You ought to be pleased at this step of mine, even if you believe it to be mistaken, since it is so useful and so glorious to you.

“I declare, nevertheless, that the sentiments of friendship I have always felt for you remain undiminished.

“My love for Sweden is also unchanged; and will continue so while I live.”

It would be a weariness to the reader, and would convert this chapter into an itinerary, if I followed the ex-Queen in her erratic course from city to city, and land to land. Two motives impelled her—her innate restlessness and thirst for novelty, and her desire to experience some of the honours paid to royalty, and to feel that though she had laid aside her crown she was still a Queen. When she entered Rome, on the 19th of December, she was welcomed with all the picturesque pomp the authorities could devise. Triumphal arches spanned the streets—flags and flowers added to the beauty of the spectacle; musicians at suitable points discoursed lively music; the Papal regiments were all under arms; the Roman ladies in their richest dress blazed in balcony and window like constellations of coloured stars, and along the resounding way rode Christina, in masculine fashion, on a snow-white horse. At St. Peter's she was met by the purple-robed dignitaries of the Church, who conducted her, still in her Amazonian attire, to the high altar, where she received the sacrament of Confirmation, and took the name of Alexandra,—in compliment, I suppose, to the Pope, Alexander VII.

She spent several months at Rome, patronizing artists and

men of letters, and restlessly examining the works of art and treasures of antiquity which to this day are the glory of the ancient capital of the civilised world. Some characteristic anecdotes are told of her sayings and doings. At church she frequently scandalised the congregation by the freedom of her behaviour, and she loved to engage the Cardinals in a lively conversation. As a delicate hint, the Pope sent her a rosary, with a recommendation to use it in prayer-time to prevent her attention from wandering. Christina pettishly replied, that she did not mean to be a Catholic according to the rosary.

A statue of Truth, by Bernini, elicited her cordial admiration. "Heaven be praised," said a Cardinal, "that your Majesty loves Truth, which persons of your exalted rank seldom appreciate." "That is very likely," answered the Queen, "for the truth is not always of marble."

When she inspected the College "de Propaganda Fide," the printing-presses were at work in two-and-twenty languages. Eight of them, in a few minutes, presented her with a printed welcome,—“May Christina live for ever!” And a group of scholars addressed to her some words of homage and congratulation in each of the twenty-two tongues, the polyglot compliments being afterwards printed with the title of “The Concordance of Languages in Praise of Christina.”

She founded an *Accademia*, to which all the most distinguished men in Rome belonged. She received them once a week in her apartments, and presided over their discussions of things old and new with a surprising vivacity and intelligence.

Having exhausted the sights and amusements of Rome, the impetuous Queen resolved on visiting Paris. She arrived at Marseilles on the 24th of July, 1656, and was received there by the Duke of Guise on behalf of the French Court. He accompanied her to the capital, and *en route*, wrote the following graphic description of her for the amusement of a friend:—

“She is not tall, but well-proportioned. Her arm is handsome, and her hand white and excellently shaped, but more like a man’s than a woman’s. One shoulder is somewhat higher than the other; but she conceals the defect so skilfully with her strange dress and movements, that you might make a bet about it.

“Her face is large; her features are strongly marked; the

nose is aquiline, the mouth large but not unpleasant, and the teeth are good. Her eyes are beautiful, and full of animation. Her complexion is good ; but she wears an extraordinary head-dress, namely, a man's wig, made very large and high in the front. She uses a great deal of powder, and seldom carries gloves. Her boots are men's boots, and she has a man's voice and manners. She is very polished : speaks eight languages well, and French as if she had been born in Paris. She knows more than all our Academy and the Sorbonne put together ; is an admirable judge of paintings and of everything else. She knows more of the intrigues of our land than I do,—in short,—she is an extraordinary person.

“I am escorting her to Paris, so that you will be able to judge of her for yourself. I think I have omitted nothing from her portrait, except that she sometimes wears a sword and a buff jerkin.”

At Paris she was overwhelmed with attentions. Those of the French ladies were by no means to her taste. “What has inspired them,” she said, “with such a passion for kissing me ? Is it because I am like a man ?” Her eccentricities of conduct, which increased every year, caused a good deal of satirical comment. When she went to the theatre with Madame de Montpensier, she stretched her legs over the back of the chair, threw herself down on the carpet, and indulged in strange oaths. The Parisians, however, appreciated her wit and talent for repartee.

On a second visit to France, she was lodged at Fontainebleau, where a tragic incident occurred. The Marquis Monaldeschi, an Italian, who was one of her suite, and had received very generous treatment at her hands, was guilty of an act of treachery, for which he merited punishment. Christina, however, instead of leaving him to be dealt with by the French law, resolved of her own sovereign authority to put the traitor to death. She sent for him to the so-called Gallery of the Stags, and having taxed him with his guilt and forced him to acknowledge it, left him in the hands of a couple of soldiers, who despatched him with their swords. So high-handed and cruel an action, committed in the palace of the French monarch, necessarily exposed Christina to severe criticism, and was resented by Louis XIV. with such unmistakable coldness that she found it advisable to leave France.

On the death of Charles Gustavus in 1660, she returned to Sweden, in order to arrange for the confirmation of her revenues and the payment of her arrears. But her abandonment of Lutheranism had turned the tide of public opinion against her, and her imprudence in asserting a claim, under certain circumstances, to the throne she had voluntarily deserted, had so offended the States that they compelled her to execute a second act of renunciation, and were prepared to imprison her for life. At last she obtained some pecuniary concessions, and she then, in May, 1661, returned to Hamburg, whence she departed to Rome.

In 1667 she was again in Sweden, but spent there only a few weeks. Her journeys were so numerous, however, that I shall not attempt to follow them; nor need I dwell on her unsuccessful efforts in 1668-9 to secure her election to the throne of Poland. There was, as I have said, an impatience, a restlessness in her disposition which urged her on seek something novel, some new excitement, some fresh interest, and when the sphere of political action was closed to her, she hurried from place to place or sought intellectual diversion in literary pursuits. Let it be recorded to her honour that she remained to the last a generous patron of men of letters, and to the honour of those whom she benefited that they publicly exhibited their gratitude. In the poems of Manzini, of Filicaja, and of Guidd, —to mention no others,—her praises are celebrated with equal sincerity and grace.

Her last years were spent in Rome, in a tranquillity which contrasted strongly with the incessant activity of her earlier life. She continued to take an interest in public affairs, but simply as a remote spectator. In February, 1689, she had a dangerous attack of erysipelas and fever, from which she partly recovered; but a second attack carried her off on the 19th of April, at the age of sixty-three. She was interred in the stately pile of St. Peter's.



MARIA THERESA, QUEEN OF HUNGARY AND EMPRESS OF GERMANY.

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MARIA THERESA, elder daughter of the Emperor Charles VI., by his beautiful wife, Elizabeth of Brunswick, was born at Vienna in 1717. She inherited her mother's personal attractions, to which nature had added not a few graces of her own; while, even in her early years, she was distinguished by an exceptional force of character, and considerable intellectual capacity. As he had no son, and no hope of male issue, the Emperor bestowed great attention on the education and up-bringing of the handsome girl, who was to continue the family of the Hapsburgs; nor was he less solicitous that her future succession to their numerous crowns should take place unopposed. For this purpose he effected the new domestic settlement known as the Pragmatic Sanction (1724), by which the female succession, according to primogeniture and the unity and indivisibility of the monarchy, was affirmed to be the fundamental law of the country. Thereafter he laboured, and, as it seemed, successfully, to secure the adhesion to it of all the German potentates and European powers, and England and Spain, Russia, Poland, Prussia, Sweden, and Denmark bound themselves by treaty to maintain it. The assent of France was purchased by the cession of the duchy of Lorraine, in 1735, and the Pragmatic Sanction was formally placed "under the protection of the public faith" of Europe.

On the 12th of February, 1736, the daughter for whom this diplomatic web had been so painfully woven was married to Francis Stephen, who had been compelled to exchange his duchy of Lorraine for the grand duchy of Tuscany. The marriage proved a singularly happy one; as wife and mother Maria

Theresa was irreproachable. In the felicity of her domestic relations she found some compensation for the anxiety and tribulation which fell to her lot as a sovereign.

The Emperor Charles, the last descendant in the male line of the house of Austria, died of fever, after a very short illness, on the 19th of October, 1740. He would not allow his daughter, who at the time was approaching her accouchement, to be distressed by the spectacle of her father's mortal agony; but, causing himself to be raised upon his couch, he turned towards the side of the palace where her apartments were situated, and, with uplifted hands, and in a loud voice, pronounced a paternal blessing upon her. She was in her twenty-fourth year when thus called upon to take up the reins of government—to assume the responsibilities of Imperial power.

Taller than the ordinary stature of women, with a finely-proportioned figure, of a brilliant complexion, her face a regular oval, her golden hair rich and luxuriant, her eyes mild but animated, with a lovely mouth, and slightly aquiline nose, Maria Theresa was a queen whom men might willingly live and die for. Her voice was musical; her demeanour majestic, without being frigid. She was of a cheerful disposition and vivacious manner; conversed well and freely; was generous, even to a fault; never resented an injury, and never forgot a kindness. On these points of her character, however, I will not now insist. The liveliness of her temperament was evinced in her youth by her liking for dancing, and especially for masquerades. The latter afforded her an opportunity for amusing but innocent jests, which varied the monotony of Austrian court-life. She once made a wager with her husband that she would attend a ball with a mask for her partner whom he would fail to recognise. She chose Duval, the master of the mint, whom Francis had discovered in a wood near Luneville sitting under an old oak, and studying maps and books. The poor boy had risen to a high position, but still retained an uncouth simplicity of demeanour. Having been summoned to the Queen's apartments, he was at once seized upon by her young lady-dressers, and, in spite of his entreaties, attired in the disguise of a Pierrot, and informed of the part he was expected to play. "Well, Duval," said the Queen, smiling, "I trust you are grateful for the honour I am doing you; but, remember, I forbid you to betray yourself to the Emperor in any way! And I expect you

to dance a minuet with me." "Impossible, your Majesty," cried Duval, with a gasp of alarm, "in the woods I have learned only how to make somersaults." "Which would be out of place in a ball-room!" retorted the Queen. "But, never mind; at the right moment I will tell you what to do." All the evening Francis closely watched Maria Theresa and her partner, but did not succeed in identifying him, and was forced to admit, next day, that he had lost his wager.

Maria Theresa had a considerable knowledge of music. She played well on the harpsichord, and had a fine voice; but, during the early troubles of her reign, gradually relinquished the amusement. She was a bold and skilful horsewoman; and, it is needless to say that, with her fine figure, she showed to advantage when mounted. During the lifetime of her beloved husband, she paid great attention to her toilette; for, strong-minded and brave-hearted as she was, Maria Theresa, like our own Elizabeth, was not wholly free from a strain of vanity. Flattery, however, she despised. Her greatest weakness, perhaps, was her desire to appear as masculine as possible, and Count Podewits reports that, at one time, she seriously thought of commanding her armies in person. Yet, in all womanly qualities, she was a very woman—a loving and faithful wife, a fond and vigilant mother. She was sincerely, even fanatically, religious; and her attachment to the Roman Church sometimes led her into acts of injustice against her Lutheran subjects. Such was Maria Theresa when she succeeded to the vast inheritance of the Hapsburgs. Apparently no sovereign had ever ascended a throne with less cause for anxious forebodings. Peace prevailed throughout her wide dominions. Her subjects hailed with delight the accession of a ruler of whom nothing was known that was not favourable. And the European Powers hastened to give assurances that the settlement they had formally sanctioned would be faithfully observed. So little was trouble expected from any external source that the Imperial army, though on paper it numbered 135,000 men, had been allowed to sink to some 68,000 effectives.

The first decrees of the new Government referred to the prohibition of a superstitious custom connected with May-trees, to the popular festival cavalcade on the backs of asses to Hurnalo, and some sanitary measures on the frontier of Hungary. So late as on the 1st of November, says Vehse, Maria Theresa,

unsuspicious of danger from without, was conferring honours on her husband, and planning for his election to the Imperial throne. Then, suddenly, like "a bolt from the blue," the news reached Vienna that "the Prussians were in Silesia."

On her accession the young Queen of Hungary had received from the King of Prussia, who—as his grandfather, Frederick, Elector of Brandenburg, had been elevated to the rank of king by the Emperor Leopold, might be considered bound to the Hapsburgs by the ties of gratitude—the most cordial promises of friendship and support. But to Frederick, misnamed "the Great," the aggrandisement of Prussia was a sufficient justification for violating his plighted faith, and disturbing the European peace. Silently and secretly he assembled a great army, and marched it into Silesia. At the same time his ambassador, Baron Gotter, appeared in Vienna, and preferred an antiquated and unfounded claim to the four Silesian principalities, in return for which Frederick offered to defend the remainder of the Austrian dominions against all enemies, and to give his vote in favour of Francis at the election of the Emperor of the Romans. "What is this?" cried Bartenstein, the Austrian secretary. "His father, as arch-chamberlain of the Empire, had to present to the Emperor the basin for washing hands; and the son would now dictate to the daughter!" Gotter then showed to the Grand Duke a letter from Frederick, in which he wrote:—"If the Grand Duke wishes to ruin himself, let him do so!" For a moment Francis appeared to hesitate; but Count Kinsky, the Bohemian chancellor, having forcibly pointed out that to comply with the Prussian demand would be an indelible disgrace, it was summarily rejected. "The time has arrived," then wrote Frederick, "when the old political system must undergo a complete change. The stone is loosened which will smite down the image of Nebuchadnezzar, composed of many metals."

The Prussian battalions quickly overran Silesia, where the small Austrian force was wholly unable to cope with them. Glogau was blockaded; Ohlau and Breslau surrendered without firing a gun; no attempt was made to encounter Frederick in the open field; and, before the end of January, 1741, he returned in triumph to Berlin.

But at this juncture Maria Theresa showed herself worthy of her long line of ancestors. She concentrated her energies

on the equipment of a considerable army, which she placed under the command of Count Neipperg, and, in the early spring, despatched it to the relief of the Austrian garrisons which still held out in Silesia. Thus begun that long struggle between the Hapsburgs and the Hohenzollerns, which was finally concluded on the field of Sadowa in our own time. It was characteristic of Frederick that in entering upon it he changed the motto hitherto borne on the Prussian standards, "For God and the country," ordering the first two words to be struck out. "God," he said, "had nothing to do with the wars of kings or the quarrels of men. I am going to fight for a province, and not for religion."

The two armies met at Mollwitz on the 10th of April, 1741, and the Austrians were totally defeated. The road to Vienna was thrown open to the conqueror, and the Prussian cavalry general Ziethen galloped across country as far as the heights of Bisamberg, whence he looked down on the spires and roofs of Maria Theresa's capital. The Viennese were seized with a sudden panic, and the wealthier classes fled in hot haste into Hungary, Styria, or Carinthia. The ladies of the Imperial family, the treasure, and the archives were removed to the castle of Grätz.

The disaster at Mollwitz let loose against Maria Theresa a swarm of enemies. Bavaria took up arms, and France put her legions in the field as the ally of Bavaria. Saxony also intervened in the hope of sharing in the prospective partition of the Queen's dominions. Encouraged by the support of France, Frederick enlarged his demands, and invaded Moravia. The French and Bavarians penetrated into Bohemia, where they were joined by the Saxons. Prague was captured, and the suffrages of his colleagues placed on the head of Charles, the Elector of Bavaria, that Imperial crown which the practice of centuries had constituted almost the hereditary appanage of the House of Austria. Yet amidst these thick-gathering misfortunes the fortitude of Maria Theresa never failed. Her condition seemed desperate; for the armies of her adversaries were threatening the safety of her capital. In this strait she resolved to appeal to the chivalry of her Hungarian subjects, whom her ancestors, it was true, had always found turbulent and restless, but whose brave and generous temper was attested by the record of impartial history. Maria Theresa resolved that her appeal should be made under circumstances well calculated to awaken their loyalty; and therefore she announced her intention of

being crowned at Pressburg. In the midst of disaster and peril she had given birth to a son, afterwards the Emperor Joseph the Second. Scarcely had she recovered, when she hastened to Pressburg, and there, surrounded by the Magyars, in all their picturesque pomp of costume and pageantry, and in the presence of an excited crowd, who trembled with emotion, was crowned with the crown and robed with the robe of St. Stephen. Then, girding on her sword, she mounted a stately war-horse, and, escorted by her nobles, rode gallantly up the Mount of Defiance, or the King's Hill, as the ascent is also called, and, pointing her sword to the north and to the south, to the east and to the west, with a glow of hope and pride on her beautiful pale face, challenged the world to deprive her of her rights—a challenge endorsed by a roar of acclamation from ten thousand throats. Afterwards she presided at a public banquet in the public hall of the palace, where her grace of manner and charm of conversation completed the conquest which her beauty and her courage had begun.

At the first sitting of the Hungarian Diet, on the 11th of September, the Queen, in deep mourning for her father, but in Hungarian dress—wearing the crown of St. Stephen and the sword of State—stepped before the assembled magnates and deputies, and, in a brief speech, appealed to their loyal and patriotic feelings. “The depressed condition of our affairs,” she said, speaking in Latin, the language used in the Hungarian Diet, “has induced us to bring before the faithful States of our most dear kingdom of Hungary the fact of the invasion of our hereditary province of Austria, and of the danger which impends over this kingdom also. The kingdom of Hungary, our royal person, our child, our crown, all are at stake. Deserted by every one, we throw ourselves, as our only support, on the loyalty of these illustrious States, on the arms and ancient courage of our Hungarians. I earnestly exhort you, my States, and each of your orders, in this great peril, to take with all speed measures for the safety of our person, our children, our crown, our kingdom, and in everything that depends on ourselves, in everything in which we can contribute to maintain the ancient prosperity of this realm, and the honour of the nation, our faithful States shall see our royal goodness and liberality ungrudgingly exerted.”

Moved to a passion of enthusiasm by these words, and by the

bearing of their beautiful young Queen, who threw herself so unreservedly on their allegiance, the deputies sprang to their feet, half drew their swords, and eagerly pledged themselves to devote their lives and fortunes to her service. Until then her firmness had never given way before the public eye; but this spontaneity of enthusiasm so went to her heart that she sank down upon her throne, and wept aloud. Yet greater still was the emotion both of sovereign and subjects when, a few days later, she once more stood before the assembled States, and presented to them her little son; with one voice, the magnates and deputies responding in the historic cry:—"Moria-mur pro nostro Rege Maria Theresa" (Let us die for our king, Maria Theresa!) She had proved herself worthy of this devotion by her courage in appealing to it; nor, throughout her reign, did it ever fail her. It is but justice to record that her gratitude to her Hungarian subjects was as enduring as their liberty, and that she murmured her thankful acknowledgments with her dying breath.

The Hungarian "insurrection," or national militia, consisting of 30,000 infantry and 15,000 horse, together with 20,000 recruits for the regular army, and several free corps, in all about 100,000 fighting men, marched at once to the rescue of Austria. Frederick, meanwhile, through the mediation of England, concluded a treaty of peace at Oberschnollendorff by which Maria Theresa sacrificed Silesia, but was set free to direct her whole force against France and Bavaria. She was everywhere triumphant; her Hungarian warriors fighting with an ardour and a daring that no enemy could resist. Driven out of Bohemia, the French retreated upon the Rhine with heavy loss. Bavaria was ravaged by Croat, and Pandour, and Hussar, whose names now first became known to Western Europe. The unfortunate Elector, deserted by his allies, vanquished by Austria, and expelled from his dominions, was hurried "by shame and remorse" to a premature grave.

But the successes of the Austrian arms awakened the fears of Frederick lest he should be forced to disgorge his ill-gotten booty. Hastily concluding an alliance with France, which desired the dismemberment of Austria, he suddenly took the field in the autumn of 1744, without notice, without any colourable pretext, and, at the head of 80,000 men, broke through the territories of the Elector of Saxony, invaded

Bohemia, planted his standards on the walls of Prague, and even menaced Vienna. But his victorious career was soon arrested. The Austrians, under Duke Charles of Lorraine, threw themselves across his line of advance, while Saxony rose in arms in his rear. Reverse followed reverse, and he was compelled to retreat. It was in this hour of peril that his military genius was first developed. Gathering up reinforcements, he opened the campaign of 1745 with unabated spirit, and inflicted severe defeats on the Imperialists at Hohenfriedburg, and at Sorr. As soon as he saw that his position was secure, he again broke faith with France, made peace with England, and concluded his second treaty with Austria at Dresden, on Christmas Day, 1745. Its stipulations were the same as those of Breslau—"the bad man," as Maria Theresa called Frederick, retaining the rich province of Silesia. But Francis of Lorraine, her husband, was raised, with the general assent of the Germanic States, to the Imperial throne.

The war with France dragged on for three years longer; but peace was finally concluded through the exertions of Prince Kaunitz, the greatest of Austrian statesmen, at Aix-la-Chapelle, in 1748.

During the eight years of tranquillity which followed (1748 to 1756), the Empress-Queen was assiduously engaged in the work of consolidating her heterogeneous dominions, and establishing a kind of unity in her loose-knit empire. Her tendencies were decidedly absolutist, as might be expected; for she was a Hapsburg, and had never been trained in the principles of constitutional government; but she was no tyrant. There was nothing harsh or arbitrary in her policy. She had neither the desire nor the intention to set herself *contra legem*; at the most, now and then, *præter legem*. From our English point of view, her measures were injurious to the national liberties; but "to individuals and families she behaved like a true mother, as the kindest and most benevolent interpreter and agent of their wants and wishes." The great object of her reforms was to Germanise the various races collected under her sceptre, and this she laboured at with patient persistency, gradually reducing the power of the great nobles, encouraging the use of the German language, and settling a swarm of German officials in every province. She was fond of the nobility so long as they remained

under her eyes in Vienna, but regarded them with suspicion when they presumed to take up an independent position at their castles and on their estates. She, therefore, threw out every possible inducement to attract them to her court, and retain them there, and she succeeded, especially with the Hungarian aristocracy—among whom, in place of their traditional lawlessness and national arrogance, she sought to introduce, by intermarriages, the German tone and German civilisation. For this purpose she founded the Theresianum at Vienna for the education of the Magyar youth.

While occupied in these internal reforms, which converted the Austrian monarchy into a compact State, she was also engaged, with the help of her great minister, Kaunitz, in forming a coalition against Prussia. It may be, as Macaulay says, that she had never for a moment forgotten the wrong done to her by Frederick; and that there was no peril which she was not ready to brave, no calamity which she was not ready to bring on her subjects, or on the whole human race, if only she might once taste the sweetness of a complete revenge. But, in justice to Maria Theresa, we must remember that something more than her personal feelings were at stake, and that on grounds of public policy she might reasonably desire the recovery of an important part of her dominions, wrongfully taken from her, and the abasement of a Power which threatened to become a dangerous rival. Moreover, Frederick the Great was, as an individual, distasteful to the Empress-Queen. A woman of her exquisite purity of life and simple devotion to her Church could not be expected to regard with other than feelings of aversion and alarm a king whose immoralities were gross and notorious, and whose writings and conversation were ostentatiously profane.

Maria Theresa's diplomacy was more successful than her arms had been. She had little difficulty in securing the support of Russia. The King of Poland readily promised the assistance of the Saxon forces. The chief obstacle was France. For nearly three centuries a mortal feud had prevailed between the Houses of Hapsburg and Bourbon, and that they should coalesce seemed as impossible as (to use Frederick's simile) that fire and water should unite. Again, as a matter of state-craft the enmity between Prussia and Austria dictated a closer alliance between France and Prussia. But the Imperial Minister,

Kaunitz, was equal to the occasion. He understood the French and he appealed to their military pride, their love of glory, and their ambition; to the religious bigotry of Louis XV. and the cupidity of his favourite, the Marquise de Pompadour. He enlarged on the treachery of Frederick, who had twice broken his pledges to the French Government; and he skilfully managed the resentment which his coarse jests had excited in the breasts both of the King and his mistress. At his suggestion Maria Theresa, the proud and pure daughter of the Cæsars, condescended to write a friendly note to that shameless and profligate courtesan, addressing her as "*Madame ma chère sœur et cousine.*" He pointed out how much the two Powers had to gain by amity, and how much to lose by continued hostility; and the result of his persevering efforts was the Treaty of Versailles, ratified on the 3rd of May, 1756, by Count Stahremberg, on the part of Austria, and the Abbé Bernis on the part of France.

Frederick, meanwhile, who saw this formidable coalition growing up against him, and knew that its object was the partition of his dominions and the abolition of Prussia as an European Power, had turned in his extremity to his only possible ally, and concluded a treaty of alliance with England on the 16th of January. Fully conscious of the advantage to be gained from striking the first blow, he pushed forward his battalions, and in the early weeks of summer began the second great struggle with Austria, known in history as the Seven Years' War, by pouring 60,000 troops into the rich Electorate of Saxony, which was soon overrun and subjugated. In the following year he invaded Bohemia and marched upon Prague. Under its walls lay Marshal Brown with an Imperialist army. Frederick attacked him on the 6th of May, and a bloody battle ensued, in which the Prussians gained a complete victory. But it was dearly purchased, for it cost them 18,000 of their best troops. The Austrian loss, however, was still greater, amounting to 24,000 killed, wounded, and prisoners.

Count von Daun, with another force of Imperialists, advanced to the relief of Prague, and was encountered by Frederick on the 18th of June at Kolin. This was one of the most desperate engagements of the whole war, and lasted from morning until long after sunset. The Austrians were well led and fought with great intrepidity, repulsing every charge of the Prussians,

and at length compelling them to retreat, to raise the siege of Prague, and retire in great haste from Bohemia. It seemed at first as if this effective blow must end the war, and the Empress-Queen, in her exultation, founded the Order of Maria Theresa. The net had closed so completely round the Prussian monarch that to extricate himself from its meshes appeared impossible. The Russians had taken the field, and were ravaging with fire and sword his eastern provinces. Silesia was occupied by the Austrians. Berlin had been taken and plundered by the Croats. And, lastly, a great French army was advancing from the west under the Marshal Soubise. Yet over all these difficulties the military genius of Frederick triumphed "in the short space of thirty days." Marching first against Soubise, he crushed his army at Rosbach, on the 5th of November. Then he turned his arms towards Silesia, and on the 5th of December overthrew the Imperialists under the Archduke Charles, on the famous field of Leuthen. "That battle," said Napoleon, "was a masterpiece. Of itself it is sufficient to place Frederick in the first rank among generals." 21,000 Austrians, equal to two-thirds of the Prussian army, were made prisoners; 50 stand of colours were taken, 4,000 waggons, and 100 guns. Breslau immediately afterwards surrendered, and Silesia was reconquered.

But I am not about to write the history of the Seven Years' War. In 1758, Frederick won the battle of Zorndorf over the Russians: but in the same year was defeated by the Austrian generals Daun and Loudon, at Hochkirchen. Loudon, the Empress-Queen's ablest commander, won a still greater victory at Kunnersdorff in 1759. The fifth year of the war, 1760, proved unfavourable to the Austrians, who, under Loudon, were defeated at Lignitz, and under Daun, at Torgau. In 1761, Loudon restored victory to the Imperial arms by the capture of the important fortress of Schwiednitz; but Russia withdrew from the coalition on the accession of Peter II., and transferred her support to Frederick, while at the same time England and France agreed to a treaty by which they bound themselves to neutrality during the remainder of the war. Thus Austria and Prussia were left alone, confronting each other sullenly. Both were exhausted by the fury of the prolonged conflict, but neither seemed disposed to yield, when the gathering of a large Turkish army on the frontiers of Hungary compelled the Empress-Queen to bend her haughty spirit, and the Seven

Years' War was terminated by the Peace of Hubertsberg, in February, 1763, which left Silesia in the hands of Frederick.

Among the public events which marked the latter years of Maria Theresa's reign was the partition of Poland, promoted by Prussia and Russia, and most reluctantly acceded to by the Empress-Queen, under the pressure put upon her by her son, the Emperor Joseph, and Kaunitz, her minister. This great public crime revolted her sense of justice, while her sagacity divined the evil consequences to Austria that would assuredly result from it. In 1772 she was made to sign the deed of partition, which, as usual, was drawn out "in the name of the Holy and Undivided Trinity." She affixed her signature, with a sigh, and on the margin of the memorandum sent in by Kaunitz, wrote:—" *Placet*, because so many great and learned men wish it; but when I have been long dead, people will see what must come from this violation of everything that until now has been deemed holy and right."* When the memorandum was returned to Kaunitz, he found enclosed in it a note which even Carlyle is forced to characterise as "beautiful, faithful, wholesome, well-becoming a high and true sovereign-woman." It ran as follows:—

"When all my dominions were attacked, and I no longer knew where I might go to lie-in quietly, I stood steadfast on my good right and the help of God. But in this transaction, when not only public right cries to Heaven against us, but also all fairness and common sense condemn us, I must confess that all the days of my life I have never before felt so troubled, and I am ashamed to show myself before the people. Let the Prince consider what an example we give to the world, when, for a miserable slice of Poland, or of Moldavia and Wallachia, we throw our honour and reputation to the winds. I know well that I am alone, and no longer in health and strength; and, therefore, although not without very great sorrow, I allow matters to take their course."†

The great domestic sorrow of Maria Theresa's life was the death of her husband, the Emperor Francis I., to whom she

* Here are her own words:—" *Placet*, weil so viel grosse und gelehrte Männer es wollen; wenn ich aber schon längst todt bin, wird man erfahren, was aus dieser Verletzung, an allem, was bisher heilig und gerecht war, hervorgehen wird."

† "Als alle Meine Länder angefochten warden, und gar nit mehr

was tenderly attached. He was a handsome and accomplished gentleman, with a fascinating address, much good humour, and not a little common sense, of active and manly habits, a keen sportsman, and a good rider. He loved the fine arts, and bestowed a liberal and enlightened patronage on painters, sculptors, and musicians. He collected coins, pictures, and antiquities. Simple in his bearing and in his dress, he liked to be surrounded by magnificence. His tact was very great, and though he had been appointed co-regent with his wife, he never interfered in affairs of government, knowing that the Empress was jealous of her power, and conscious also that she was his superior in political sagacity and force of character.

In August, 1765, he went to Innspruck, to attend the marriage of his second son, Leopold,—afterwards the Emperor Leopold II.,—with the Spanish Infanta, Maria Louisa. When the wedding festivities came to an end, the Court began to prepare for its return to Vienna; and, in the meantime, Francis paid frequent visits to the Imperial Chapel, which contains the mausoleum of Maximilian I., and the bronze statues of kings and heroes. Here, on one occasion, he joined with his two sons, Joseph and Leopold, in singing vespers, thenceforward remembered as the Three Emperors' Vespers; on another suddenly rousing himself as from a dream, he exclaimed:—"This shall be my resting place also." He had for some time been suffering from asthma, and though of a plethoric habit of body, had discontinued taking exercise; while the damp atmosphere of the Tyrol so troubled and oppressed him that he was heard to say:—"Ah, si je pouvois seulement sortir de ces montagnes du Tyrol." On Sunday, the 18th of August, he had been to the opera, and was passing through the galleries of the palace to his apartments, when he was seized with an apoplectic fit, and fell senseless into the arms of a sentinel. His attendant, Baron Reischach, immediately caused him to be carried into a neighbouring room, where he

wusste, wo ruhig niederkommen sollte, steiffete ich mich auf mein gutes Recht und den beistand Gottes. Aber in deiser Sach, wo nit allein das offenbarre Recht himmel schreient wider Uns ist, muess bekhennen, dass so zeitlebens nit beängstiget mich befunden und mich sehen zulassen schäme. Bedenk der Fürst was wir aller Welt für ein Exempel geben, wenn wir für ein ellandes stuk oder von der Moldau und Wallachey unnser ehr und reputation in die Schanz schlagen? Ich merkh woll, dass ich allein bin und nit mehr *en viguer*, damm lasse ich die sachen, jedoch nit ohne meinen grössten Gram, ihr Weg gehen."

was laid on the truckle bed of a lackey. Medical assistance was summoned, but he never rallied, and died in the arms of his son Joseph, who had been hastily summoned.

Maria Theresa gave way to a passion of grief, and some days elapsed before she recovered sufficiently to accompany the body of her dead husband to Vienna. "I have lost in him," she wrote, "the most affectionate friend, the most dearly beloved companion during a union of thirty years, and the joy of my life." With her own hands she made his shroud. On the spot where he had breathed his last she ordered an altar to be erected, and the room to be converted into a chapel. For the remaining fifteen years of her life, she wore invariably the deepest mourning, and the trappings of her carriages and the hangings of her rooms were also black. She would never again occupy the apartments at the Hofburg, which she had shared with Francis, but took possession of another suite, all of which were hung with black velvet. During the whole month of August—the month in which he died—and on the eighteenth day of every other month she shut herself up in the strictest seclusion and mourned alone. In the closing months of her life, she spent several hours daily in the chapel of the royal tomb, before a crucifix and the portrait of her husband as he lay in his coffin, together with one of herself as she might be expected to look in hers.

In her later years Maria Theresa became very stout, and in 1767, two years after her husband's death, was much disfigured by an attack of small-pox. Her life was saved by the care and skill of her celebrated body-physician, Baron Gerard von Swieten, and the day on which she was declared convalescent was one of great rejoicing at Vienna. Some years after, however, she sustained a more serious disfigurement by being thrown out of her carriage. It was a marvel that accidents of that kind did not happen frequently, since, like Frederick the Great, she was accustomed to drive at a break-neck pace, and her horse-guards were compelled to gallop by the side of her carriage all the way. The vehicle was overturned on one of her frequent visits to her daughter Christina at Pressburg; she was thrown out on her face, and was so much injured, that her eyes were with difficulty saved.

Her religious prejudices sometimes betrayed her into injudicious acts, and the "Commissions of Chastity" which, in a

laudable zeal for the public morality, she established, interfered unduly with individual liberty; but on the whole, the Empress's administration of public affairs was conducted in a liberal and enlightened spirit. She eagerly supported every measure which promised to ameliorate the condition of her subjects; encouraged the labours of men of science and artists; and favoured, so far as she could, every form and development of intellectual activity. In these efforts she was assisted and advised by her physician Von Swieten, who was president of the Supreme Board of Censorship; by Paul von Riegger, in ecclesiastical matters; and by Joseph Baron von Sonnenfels, in legal reforms. The last-named owed everything to the patronage of the Empress, who had raised him from the humblest ranks, and in 1779 appointed him Aulic Councillor. To his exertions Austria owed the abolition of torture in 1776, and numerous other beneficial reforms. He conducted at one time an influential weekly journal, in which he wrote with so much freedom, that his enemies represented him to the Empress as an infidel and a revolutionist. She could not be induced, however, to listen to their accusations. Once, when the censorship had deleted several pages of the weekly issue, he sent in his name to the Empress, though she had sat down to her usual evening card-table. She at once went out to speak to him, and in her usual hasty way, stroking back with one hand her hair and her mob-cap from her forehead, while with the other she impatiently turned and twisted her pack of cards, she exclaimed:—"Well, what is it, Sonnenfels? Are they teasing you again? What fault do they find with you? Have you written anything against us? If so, you have our full pardon; a true patriot must indeed grow restless at times. I know very well what you mean by it. Or against religion? But no, you are not a fool! Against morality? I will not believe it, for you are no black-guard! But if you have written anything against ministers,—well, my dear Sonnenfels, you will have to fight your own battles. I cannot help you, and I have warned you often enough." The Empress then returned to her card-table.

The Queen, like her husband, was fond of pageantry and diversions,—in which, moreover, she indulged on political grounds,—partly to convince her subjects that she felt sure of success in her wars, and partly, because they encouraged trade. Dutens describes a splendid entertainment of which he was an

eye-witness in 1770. It was given at the Schlosshof, a summer palace near Vienna; and though the palace was very spacious, additional accommodation was procured by the erection of a temporary annexe, 400 feet long, which was lighted with upwards of 100,000 lamps. In the apartments of the palace more than 1,800 tapers were burning. Nearly 6,000 persons were present at the ball. Dr. Moore, the author of "*Zeluco*," and father of Sir John Moore, was present at a grand masquerade at Schönbrunn in 1775, for which 4,000 invitations had been issued. Dragoons were stationed along the road from Vienna, to keep order among the carriages. In three large salons on the ground floor of the palace tables were laid out with a cold collation, consisting of poultry, ham, sweet-meats, pine-apples, and all kinds of fruits, with hock and champagne in profusion. At the farther end of the large dining-hall was a raised seat for the Empress and some ladies of her suite. Then some of the Archdukes, Archduchesses, and the highest nobility, twenty-four in all, danced a splendid ballet, all of them attired in white silk fancy costumes, trimmed with pink ribbons, and glittering with diamonds.

Maria Theresa was naturally liberal and free-handed. She never went out for a drive until she had filled her pockets with Kremnitz ducats, which she flung out of her carriage-windows to all classes of the poor. Frederick the Great gave copper, Maria Theresa gold. But this liberality necessarily raised her expenditure to a very high figure, and we are told that she spent annually 6,000,000 florins, or about £600,000.

Her good nature, liveliness, and gracious manners made her the idol of her subjects, and she was accessible even to the humblest. In the earlier years of her reign audiences could be obtained without the slightest formality; afterwards the applicants were required to produce a card from the Lord Chamberlain, countersigned by one of the ministers. Petitions she accepted at ten o'clock every morning, when they were delivered in the ante-chamber to the Chamberlain on duty, or to the Captain of the Halberdiens on guard. The following instance of her good-nature is worth repeating:—She once forbade a certain Prince Christian of Löwenstein the Court, for having been too free of speech. Quite cool and easy the Prince reappeared next morning, as if nothing had occurred. When the Empress espied him she at once sent one of her officials to

reprimand him. "Ha, ha," replied the Prince, "in Berlin orders are given once for all, but in Vienna they are repeated three times before they are obeyed." With evident amusement the Empress spoke about "the bad tongue" of the Prince; but she removed the prohibition.

At times the Empress-Queen would harangue her subjects in public places, and in the homeliest manner possible. After the death of her husband she had absented herself from the theatre for nearly three years, when, on the 12th of February, 1768, a son and heir was born to her second son, Leopold, then Grand Duke of Tuscany. She received the news in the evening, while working in her cabinet. At once, without changing her dress, she ran through the ante-chamber, the outer rooms and passages, into the theatre of the Hofburg, and leaning far over the front of the Imperial box, called out in the broadest Vienna dialect, "Poldd (Leopold) has a boy; and, just as a token of remembrance, on my wedding-day—is not he gallant?" It is needless to say that the audience enthusiastically responded to their Sovereign's motherly pride.

The following sketch of the Empress-Queen's daily occupations I adopt from Vehse:—

In the summer she rose at five, and in the winter at six o'clock. After a short prayer she dressed for the day, heard Mass at a neighbouring chapel; then took a hasty breakfast, which occupied only a few minutes, and worked without intermission until nine. She read the petitions and reports which had been delivered the evening before, or sometimes they were read to her by her women of the bedchamber, or by some of the young ladies who were brought up under her eye, and afterwards settled in the world. She then heard a second Mass, spent some time with her children, and worked until one, when she dined, generally sitting down alone, and eating very moderately. Then she resumed her work. About six o'clock she attended vespers, after which followed her regular card-parties, for which invitations were issued to her ladies. The game ("faro") lasted until eight o'clock, when the Empress took a slight supper, generally consisting only of broth, and retired to her couch. In summer she sometimes went out for a walk after supper, but as a rule she went to bed early that she might rise early. Even at the Court balls and *ridottos* she did not care to remain as a spectator later than eleven o'clock.

Being of an ardent temperament, she sat while at work, though in the midst of winter, with windows and even doors open, and often allowed the fire to go out altogether. At Schönbrunn she occupied the eight rooms of the ground-floor near the orangery. They were mostly painted in what was called the Indian fashion, that is, with date-trees, birds, festoons of flowers, and clusters of fruit. Some were decorated in white and gold, with the furniture in ash-grey and gold. Her bedroom was painted ash-grey, and her bed hung with damask of the same colour. She was exceedingly partial to a bower at the Glorietta, erected by Prince Kaunitz at Schönbrunn, and in the summer often worked there in the open air. A glass door opened from her apartments on to a covered avenue, which led to this secluded arbour; and thither the Empress-Queen would repair, carrying a tray full of documents, letters, and memorials, slung round her neck by straps. A sentinel was posted at the entrance of the bower to prevent intrusion.

Maria Theresa worked with great assiduity, frequently pausing in the midst of reading her papers, and looking, after the manner of Charles V., either up to the sky or fixedly before her; and after having carefully weighed the subject, she set down her orders in clear, concise, and forcible terms.

Maria Theresa was not less loving as a mother than as a wife. Every three weeks couriers were regularly sent to her daughters, Marie Antoinette, Caroline, and Amelia, at Paris, Naples and Parma respectively, with long letters of sage motherly advice and anxious inquiries about their health, their doings, and their children. Her letters to Marie Antoinette, who was married in 1770 to Louis XVI. of France, at the age of fifteen, and, as everybody knows, was iniquitously put to death by the guillotine in 1793, have been collected and published. They are rich in admirable maxims of state craft, and prove that Maria Theresa had formed a lofty conception of the duty of princes to their subjects. Her family, I may add, consisted of five sons (two of whom, Joseph II, and Leopold II., succeeded her) and eleven daughters.

The Empress-Queen was swift and abrupt in all her movements. Her temper was naturally impetuous, but its manifestations were softened by her lofty and dignified bearing, which never failed her even in her moments of supreme anger.

This was easily provoked, but as easily propitiated ; and particularly so when the offence concerned herself alone. On the other hand, when she thought she had been in the wrong, she endeavoured to make amends by an overflow of kindness ; for she was just and conscientious to the extreme of scrupulousness. She had only to be convinced that a thing was not right and she gave it up immediately at whatever cost, and was unwilling to hear it spoken of again.

“ Like all great minds,” says the historian, “ she was an enthusiast both in love and friendship ; to anyone she loved she gave her whole heart. She never trusted people by halves. The sentiment of gratitude she possessed in a remarkable degree, never forgetting the least service nor the smallest proof of attachment. The name of the Hungarians, who had saved her at the beginning of her reign, was one of the last words on her lips in the hour of death. She never forgot that the Turks did not at that time take advantage of her distress ; but that the Grand Vizier and the Mufti had even exhorted the Most Christian and Catholic King to keep faith with her. There was no vestige in her of the humour and the jovial moods of her ancestor Rudolph ; but she was always cheerful, and in her youth fond of pleasure, festivity, and splendour. The most dangerous crisis of fortune could scarcely disturb her equanimity ; as for despondency, it had no place in the heart of this daughter of the Cæsars. She was exceedingly fastidious on the point of womanly purity ; and ever present to her mind was the idea that, as the first lady and head of the Empire, it behoved her to be the guardian of the dignity and virtue of her sex.”

Like her mother, the Empress Elizabeth, she became in her old age so feeble in her limbs and ankles that she was unable to walk any distance, and generally wore gaiters for support. As it was with difficulty she went up and down stairs, her bedroom was so constructed that part of the floor could be raised, and she was thus enabled to hear Mass, which was read in a chapel fitted up on the story below.

I have mentioned the frequent visits which she paid to her husband's tomb in the Church of the Capuchins. On these occasions she caused herself to be lowered in a chair, slung on ropes, into the vault. The last time she performed this melancholy duty, the rope of the chair snapped as she was being

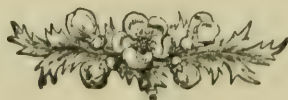
drawn up, and regarding the accident as a kind of summons from her husband to follow him, she exclaimed, "He wants to keep me with him; I shall soon go." A few days afterwards dropsy supervened, and she took to her bed. As her illness increased she several times said to those about her, "You are all so timid, but I am not afraid of death. I only ask God to give me strength to the end." To the physician who was watching by her side she said one night, "Is this already the last agony of death?" And when he replied, "No, madam, not yet," she said, with a sigh, "Oh, then, the last must be terribly severe!"

Her son Joseph did not leave her for a moment during the closing days. He was the recipient of her last wishes, and she frequently entreated him to be a father to his brothers and sisters. Her last thanks were addressed to her Minister, Kaunitz, and to her Hungarian subjects.

She had agreed with her physician, Störk, that when the final moment drew nigh he should apprise her of it by asking her if she would like any lemonade. As he gave the signal, Maria Theresa started up, oppressed with fever and a sense of suffocation, and exclaimed, "Open the windows," but they were already open. "Whither would your Majesty go?" said Joseph, gently taking her arm to support her. "To thee! I am coming!" she cried, and fell back dead in her son's embrace.

It was then a quarter to nine in the evening, on the 29th of November, 1780. Maria Theresa had not completed her sixty-fourth year, but incessant labour and anxiety had brought on premature old age.

She was a great Queen and a noble woman, and will long live in the memories of men.



LOUISA, QUEEN OF PRUSSIA.

BEFORE she was born her genius stood in the presence of Destiny and said : “ I have many wreaths for the child, the flower-wreath of beauty, the myrtle-wreath of marriage, the crown of a kingdom, the laurel and oak-leaves of the love of the German Fatherland, and also a crown of thorns ; which of all these may I give her ? ” “ Give her all thy wreaths and crowns,” replied Destiny, “ but there is one held back which is worth all the others.” On the day when the crown of death was placed on that noble head again appeared the genius, but questioned Destiny only with his tears. A voice answered, “ Look up ! ” and lo, there stood the God of Christians.

Such is the graceful apologue in which Jean Paul Richter sums up the story of the sad but beautiful life of Louisa, Queen of Prussia.

Louisa Augusta Wilhelmina Amelia was the daughter of Prince Charles Louis Frederick, Duke of Mecklenburg-Strelitz (brother of Queen Charlotte, wife of George III.). Her mother, a Princess of Hesse-Darmstadt, died after giving birth to her tenth child in May, 1782. Louisa, then about six years old, was entrusted to the charge of a Fraulein Wollzogen ; but three years later her grandmother, the Dowager-Landgravine—a woman of superior capacity and fine character—having observed the quick susceptibilities and imaginative temperament of her beautiful grand-daughter, interested herself in her education, and provided her with a *gouvernante* and instructress, named Gelieur, a Swiss lady, whose amiability, piety, and intellectual

acquirements admirably fitted her for the post. We know from the after-life of her pupil how conscientiously and how successfully she fulfilled her duties. We also know that she secured her pupil's affectionate regard, and that her pupil's husband, the King of Prussia, always acknowledged freely his gratitude for her wise training of his Louisa—long after whose death he paid Fraulein Gélieur a visit at her residence in Neufchatel, and, selecting from the relics of his wife a shawl which she had worn, presented it to the ex-governess, because (he said) he knew that the Queen would have wished the friend she so much venerated to have possessed some souvenir of her former pupil.

In her childhood the Princess made two or three journeys in the company of her grandmother to famous localities. Thus, in 1792, she and her sister Frederica went with the Landgravine to Frankfort to attend the gorgeous coronation ceremonies of the Emperor Francis II. On this occasion they paid a visit to Goethe's mother, which is fully described in Goethe's "Correspondence with a Child." The two young Princesses, we are told, amused themselves immensely by pumping water in the "Frau Rath's" Hof, and refused to desist from so delightful a pastime until their Hofmeisterin compelled them to come in, and shut them up in her room lest they should again elude her vigilance. The Frau Rath was much concerned at this abrupt termination of their pleasure, and by way of compensation spread before them a liberal repast of her "Eier-kuchen" and "Speck-salat," of which they ate and were merry. A pleasant little incident this, as testifying to the true child-nature escaping from the thraldom of conventionalities and delighting in its temporary freedom.

When the sanguinary war-tide of the French Revolution overflowed the Rhine-land the two Princesses were sent to stay with their married sister, the Duchess of Hildburghausen, where Louisa's romantic temperament found much enjoyment in the picturesque landscapes of the valley of the Wena. In 1793 they set out on their return to Darmstadt by way of Frankfort, which at the time was the headquarters of the Prussian army. There the Dowager-Landgravine had an opportunity of presenting her two grand-daughters to Frederick William II., King of Prussia. She had intended to resume her journey immediately, but an invitation to sup^r with the King induced her to put off her departure, a delay which led to important consequences.

The Princess Louisa was seventeen years of age, and already gave abundant promise of that bright and supreme beauty which afterwards subjugated every heart. She was tall and slender in person, well proportioned, and gifted with an exquisite grace of movement. Her features were fine and regular, her deep blue eyes shone with a tender lustre, her sensitive mouth was curved "like Cupid's bow." But her fascination consisted in a nameless indescribable *something*—an expression of countenance, a poetry of motion, a magic of manner—far transcending mere beauty of grace and figure; a *something* felt and confessed by all; an attraction confessed alike by old and young, by prince and peasant, by cynic and enthusiast. The courtier Von Lang, when he speaks of this fair young creature and her ethereal loveliness, breaks out into raptures:—"She floated before us," he says, "like a wholly unearthly being of angelic form and honey-sweet eloquence, by means of which she concentrated all the beams of her graciousness, so that every one seemed rapt in a magic dream." The Frau von Berg alludes also to her spirituality:—"An inexpressible grace clothed her every motion; but this grace was not merely external—it arose from the inner depths of her mind, and therefore was it so full of soul." Jean Paul Richter, in his "Herbst-Blumine," referring to her and her sisters under mythological names, identifies her with the Greek goddess of Love and Beauty:—"Aphrodite, Aglaia, Euphrosyne, and Thalia looked down into the earthly clear-obscure here below, and, weary of the ever-bright but cold Olympus, wished themselves below the clouds that envelop our earth, where the soul ever loves more because it suffers more, and where, if sadder, it is warmer. They heard the holy tones arise with which Polyhymnia, unseen, wanders through the deep valleys in order to refresh and quicken us, and they sorrowed because their thrones stood so far distant from the sighs of the helpless. Then they resolved to assume the earthly veil and clothe themselves in our form. But when they stirred the first blossoms of earth, and cast beams only but as shadows, then Fate, the mournful queen of Gods and Men, raised her eternal sceptre, and said, 'Immortals become mortals upon earth, and every spirit becomes a human being.' So they were made human, and were called Louisa, Charlotte, Theresa, and Frederica."

At the royal supper-party the Princess Louisa was seen by the Crown Prince. To see her was to love her. He afterwards

told his friend, Bishop Eylert, that he immediately said to himself, "'Tis she or none on earth." And he added, "I remember to have met with a passage in Schiller which contains these words, and describes the emotions that awoke in my heart at that moment." The passage occurs in Schiller's "Bride of Messina :"—

" As I turned
My eyes, they fell on her who stood beside,—
And strange, mysteriously mighty, wonderful,
Her presence seized upon my inner life . . .
Beloved at once, I felt graved on my heart
' 'Tis she or none on earth ! ' "

At the same time the Princess Frederica found an admirer in Prince Louis, the Crown Prince's brother, and before many days had passed the two brothers sought the approval of their royal father, and successfully pleaded their suits before their respective lady-loves. The King's consent was given willingly, and he himself exchanged the rings on the occasion of the betrothal of the two young pairs of lovers at Darmstadt in April, 1793. In May, Louisa and Frederica visited the Prussian camp before Mainz, and were enthusiastically received by the soldiery. Goethe, who was present with the army, writes (on May the 27th) :—"A pleasant spectacle was prepared for us all, especially for me. The Princess of Mecklenburg had dined with the King, and after dinner came to see the camp. I concealed myself in my tent, so that I could see their Highnesses, who passed up and down immediately in front of it. I observed them narrowly ; and truly, amidst the tumult of war, one might have taken these two young ladies for heavenly visions, whose impression will never be effaced."

In November the Crown Prince having given up the command of his division, he and his brother proceeded to Berlin to prepare for the reception of their beautiful brides. A few weeks later (on Sunday, the 23rd of December) the two Princesses made their public entry into the Prussian capital, which turned out all its population in holiday attire to give a hearty welcome to their future Queen. Thousands of excited townsfolk streamed towards the Gate of Honour, which was erected at the entrance of the Lindens, and so profusely decorated with splendid flowers and orange and citron trees as to invest the cold clear winter day with some-

thing of the balm and brightness of summer. At the approach of the Princess Louisa, whose radiant loveliness touched every heart in that vast assemblage, fifty comely young maidens, dressed in white and wreathed with blossoms, stepped forward to offer posies, while their leader presented some verses of congratulation. Deeply moved by the affectionate warmth of her welcome, the Princess clasped the child in her arms, kissing her repeatedly. At such a breach of etiquette, the new Oberhofmeisterin, the Countess Voss,* who had been reared in an atmosphere of the most rigid formality, was greatly shocked, and exclaimed, "Mein Gott! what has your Highness done?" "What," said Louisa simply, "may I not do that again?"

The wedding took place on Christmas Eve. The good people of Berlin would fain have illuminated, but on hearing of their intention, the Crown Prince said:—"Nay, if they wish to celebrate my marriage in a way that will give me pleasure, let them bestow upon the poor the money which the illumination would cost."

There have been few happier marriages. A perfect sympathy existed between the young husband and the young wife. They were simple in their tastes, unaffected in their manners, and fully conscious of their humanity beneath all the gauds and trappings of Court life. In their familiar intercourse they discarded the conventional "Sie" when addressing each other, using instead the familiar "Du," just as if they had been peasants, said the courtiers! Great was the horror of the etiquette-mongers of the Court, and at length the King was persuaded to remonstrate with the Crown Prince. "I have heard," said he, "that you call the Crown Princess 'Du'?" "Yes," replied the Prince, "and there is a good reason for it. With 'Du,' one knows where one is; with 'Sie,' one has always to consider whether it should be written with a large or a small letter."

The Berlinese could not repress their surprise when they saw the young couple, without courtiers or attendants, sauntering

* The Countess, who afterwards exercised a great influence at court, was then about sixty-five years of age. Some thirty-five years before she had been driven into a (not very happy) marriage by the persecuting addresses of August Wilhelm, brother of Frederick the Great. Her father had been present at Malplaquet (1710), and she herself lived to see the Battle of Leipzig (1813). Her diary, extending over fifty-four years of Court life, and containing many anecdotes of her royal mistress, was published some years ago.

hand-in-hand about the gardens, or driving in an open carriage here, there, and everywhere, enjoying themselves with unrestrained freedom. Both husband and wife regarded the State days as onerous afflictions, to be endured merely as a matter of duty; and when the Princess put away her jewellery and ornaments the Prince welcomed her as "a pearl restored to its native purity." On one occasion, seizing her hands, and looking into the limpid depths of her dark blue eyes, he exclaimed, "Thank God, thou art my wife once more." "What? am I not always thy wife, Fritz?" "Ah no," he replied, "there must so often be only the Crown Princess."

No princely couple, it is clear, could give less satisfaction to a conscientious Oberhofmeisterin. They absolutely refused to be bound by any conventional rules, and persisted in cultivating the utmost simplicity of life and manners. A bitter cup was this for the Frau von Voss, and it was made bitterer, perhaps, sometimes, by her consciousness that the Crown Prince, who was not without a quiet humour of his own, laughed gently at her worship of *les convenances*. Once he requested her to make formal announcement that his Royal Highness the Crown Prince desired to have the honour of paying his respects to her Royal Highness the Crown Princess. Imagine, if you will, the dignified gratification with which the Oberhofmeisterin advanced to the Princess's private apartment, threw open the door, and—but what met her astonished gaze? The Prince and his wife seated on a sofa side by side. He had stolen round by another entrance in order to surprise her. "You see, my dear Frau von Voss," he said, "my wife and I see each other unannounced as often as we please, which is as it should be in right Christian order; but you are an admirable Oberhofmeisterin, and we will make you Lady of Etiquette."

On another occasion, the Frau ordered the Grand State equipage, with four horses and outriders, for the Prince and Princess to pay some formal visit. As soon as the carriage drove up, the Prince ceremoniously handed in the Oberhofmeisterin, then quickly shut the door, and ordered the coachman to go on, while he and the Princess went as usual in their little pony carriage.

Yet another anecdote (which, like the preceding, has Bishop Eylert for authority).—At Paretz, the Prince's little country seat, he invited the Frau von Voss to join him and the Princess in an

expedition into the woods. She accepted the invitation, but, at the appointed hour, instead of an elegantly appointed carriage, a common *leiter-wagon* (ladder-waggon), the most primitive kind of vehicle imaginable—consisting of a couple of ladders, meeting at the bottom like the sides of a V—made its appearance, and though the Prince and Princess gaily sprang into their rude seats, and beckoned to her to join them, she would not be persuaded, preferring disobedience to indignity.

The Crown Prince was much better fitted by nature to adorn a private than a public station; and his innate modesty and reserve had been encouraged by the circumstances of his youth and early training. His tutors, failing or not caring to understand him, had held him under a rigid restraint which had prevented the growth of an adequate self-confidence; his tastes had been thwarted and his judgment contradicted. Consequently he had become shy and taciturn, and amid the pleasures and pomp of a Court moved with an embarrassed air. He was far from being as deficient in ability as his detractors represented, and on the battle-field he showed both courage and conduct, but he wanted decision, resource, self-reliance. Professor Seeley describes him as the most respectable and at the same time the most ordinary man that has reigned over Prussia; and adds, that throughout his reign he betrayed a lowly estimate of himself, an unassuming modesty, which if it be a virtue is of all virtues the least kingly, and, I may remark, the least often found in a king! His defects, such as they were, and I think Professor Seeley unduly magnifies them, were less conspicuous in the heir-apparent than they were afterwards in the sovereign; and probably the happiest time for himself and for others was the brief period of comparative privacy he and his wife enjoyed before they were called to the Prussian throne.

It was certainly the happiest time in the life of the fascinating and virtuous Princess. She was happy in the devoted love of her husband; in the affectionate regard of her husband's mother; in the cordial esteem and admiration of the king, who styled her his "Princess of Princesses," and was constantly lavishing tokens of his favour upon her. On her first birthday as a wife he made her a present of Oranienburg, once the favourite residence of her namesake, the Electress Louisa. In a transport of delight she cried, "Now I want only a handful

of gold for the poor of Berlin!" "And how large would the birthday child like the handful to be?" inquired the king. "As large," she rejoined, "as the heart of the kindest of kings." Frederick William was much pleased with the reply, and the handful proved to be so liberal that the Princess was enabled to bestow her largesse on all the poor of the city.

In May, 1794, the Crown Prince took part in a campaign in Poland, and won laurels by his gallantry at the storm of Wola. "I tremble," wrote Louisa, "at every danger to which my husband is exposed, but I perceive that the Crown Prince who follows the King upon the throne must also follow him in the field."

Her anxiety for her husband's safety, and an accidental fall, brought about the loss of her first child—a daughter; but on the 15th of October, 1796, she gave birth to a son, Frederick William, great great uncle of the present German Emperor. Then followed a year of the purest domestic enjoyment, spent chiefly on the Prince's small estate of Paretz, near Potsdam, where he built for himself a modest residence of the character and dimensions of an English country gentleman's house. Even after his accession to the throne he spent there all the leisure he could snatch from the performance of his kingly duties. He would jestingly call himself the "Schulze," or magistrate, of Paretz; and the Queen, when asked by a foreign Princess whether she did not find life dull in such a "hermitage," answered, "O, no! I find it delightful to be the 'Lady Bountiful' of Paretz."

A great grief befell the young couple in the last days of 1796 in the death of Prince Louis, the Crown Prince's brother, and the husband of Princess Frederica. The Crown Prince felt so deeply the unexpected bereavement that he lay for some time seriously ill. Then, in January, 1797, came the death of the Queen-Dowager, which was followed in the autumn by that of King Frederick William II., and the accession of the Crown Prince with the title of Frederick William III. It was characteristic of his modest disposition that, when asked by what name he would be proclaimed, he replied, "Frederick William. Frederick"—referring to his illustrious grandfather, Frederick the Great—"is unattainable by me."

At first the Court officials endeavoured to maintain the old traditional routine, but the young sovereign soon made it under-

stood that he did not intend to be fettered by its shackles. While he was Crown Prince only one of the folding-doors had been thrown open for his admission, but for the King both were opened. "Am I grown so stout since yesterday," said he, "that you find this necessary?" The Grand Marshal stationed himself behind the royal chair at dinner. "Why do you stand there?" inquired the King. "Etiquette demands it, your Majesty." "How long must you remain?" "Until your Majesty drinks." "Does etiquette insist upon any particular liquor?" "Not that I am aware of, your Majesty." "Then pass me the water bottle." His Majesty drank, and the Grand Marshal disappeared.

The King and Queen drove out with as little ceremony as the Crown Prince and Princess had done; not altogether, at the outset, to the satisfaction of the people, who could not understand Royalty without its show. At the Christmas "Market," or Fair, they moved freely about among the stalls, purchasing such wares as took their fancy; and the King might frequently be seen in the streets, alone and on foot. His subjects soon learned to appreciate this manly simplicity and straightforwardness, and to reverence the sovereign who endeavoured with his own eyes to see something of their actual condition, and with his own ears to hear what were their wants and wishes, while they could not but be touched by the confidence with which he trusted among them the beautiful young wife whom he was known to love and treasure with intense devotion.

In May, 1798, King and Queen started on a royal progress through their dominions, being everywhere received with a welcome, of which the most gratifying feature was its evident sincerity. Some charming stories are related of Queen Louisa in this connection. At Stargard nine little girls came forward with floral offerings, and one of them told her that there should have been ten, but that the tenth had been sent home because she "looked so ugly." Every true woman loves children; and Queen Louisa loved them so passionately that she would say, "Die kinder-welt ist meine welt" (The children's world is my world). When she thought, therefore, of the little ugly one, "sitting at home, and weeping her bitter childish tears," she would not and could not be comforted until the child had been

sent for, and she had taken her to her kindly bosom and made much of her.

At a military parade her quick eye caught sight of a venerable old man vainly trying to get through the press, in order that he might see the beautiful young Queen, whose praises were on every lip. She immediately begged an officer to clear a way for him, and bring him as near to her as possible. And the old man lifted his cap and bent his head; and then for a moment he gazed steadfastly at the lovely face that beamed upon him, while he thought that no angel in Paradise could sweeter be or fairer.

At Köslin the people thronged around her carriage, begging her to taste their "Eier-Kuchen." At Danzig they reared a bower for her on the summit of the Karlsberg, at a point commanding the finest view; after her departure they called the place by her name, Luisens-heim, so as to associate her memory with it.

Afterwards they visited Silesia, where the Queen's ardent imagination kindled at the succession of romantic and sublime landscapes through which she passed. She stood on the crest of the Rusingebirge by her husband's side, with clasped hands and wondering reverential eyes, looking forth, awe-stricken, on the scene before and around them, where peak rose upon peak as if to scale the very heavens, and precipices and gloomy ravines and dark masses of forest-growth filled up the sombre picture with a stern magnificence. They explored the celebrated mines, and found a party of miners with a boat prepared to conduct them through the subterraneous passage of the Stollen-water at the Fuchs-grabe. Long years afterwards, one of the boatmen would tell how, as the boat glided along, with the torchlight revealing at fitful intervals the stalactitic roof above and the dark waters below, and the distant tones of the hymn, "Praise ye the Lord, the mighty King of honour," swelling and sinking upon the ear, Louisa grasped her husband's hand and softly whispered, "Slowly, good steersman, oh, slowly!" "In all my life," he would say, "I never saw a woman with such a face as hers. She looked grand like a queen, and yet simple and friendly as a child. *Mein Gott*, what a woman that was! Why did the dear God let her die so early?"

On returning home, the royal couple resumed their tranquil

life at Paretz, where, in the autumn, they entertained the peasants at a harvest-feast. Köckeritz, the King's old aide-de-camp,* tells us something about it. "I have spent some happy days," he says, "with our gracious ruler at Paretz. We have amused ourselves exceedingly well, and enjoyed to the full all the pleasures of a country life. These good people delight most thoroughly in the simplicity of nature and in freedom from all restraints; they join heartily in the quaint manifestations of the pleasure of the country folks. Especially at the joyous harvest supper the fair and noble royal lady forgot her rank, and mingled in the merry dance of the young villagers, mixing with them joyously, in the best interpretation of the words 'freedom' and 'equality.' I myself ceased to remember my five-and-fifty years, and danced with her, as also did the Frau Oberhofmeisterin von Voss, being invited by our gracious master. Oh, how happy we all were!"

Bishop Eylert tells us that the Queen, observing how the old Major-General invariably retired after dinner, though the King and she herself would have wished him to remain, watched him, and discovered that his object was to smoke his pipe. The next day she had one in readiness, and deftly lighting it, handed it to him with the remark that she was sure he would no longer refuse her and her husband the pleasure of feeling that he was quite "at home" with them.

Among other pleasant anecdotes, it is related that once, when through her continual charities, she had exhausted her funds, and her chamberlain was unable to replenish them, she found herself unable to meet some urgent demand, and was therefore much depressed. On going to her *escritoire* soon afterwards, she was overjoyed to find that the empty drawer had been refilled. "Oh," she cried, "what angel has done this?" "There

* Baron Stein, the great statesman, says of him:—"Köckeritz became his inseparable associate, and soon his friend and confidant. He had passed his whole life in the petty service of the Potsdam garrison, where the suppression of individuality, devotion and monkish obedience were inculcated with the utmost rigour. Here his understanding had been formed into a representative of commonness and subordination; capable only of the shallowest views, he desired nothing but repose and peace without and harmony within, that he might be able to enjoy his cards and his pipe without disturbance." Nevertheless, he was a faithful servant according to his lights.

are many angels, replied the King, "but I know the name only of *one*. You remember the text, however, 'God giveth to His beloved when sleeping.' " *

The King generally breakfasted in the Queen's apartments. One day, espying a new cap on her toilet table, he inquired how much it cost. "Oh," said Louisa, "it was cheapness itself, only four thalers." "Four thalers; and you call that cheap?" And the King called to an old soldier, a favourite of his, whom he saw from the window, and bade him come in. "Do you see," he said, "that beautiful lady on the sofa? She is very rich. She gave four thalers for that cap there. Go and ask her to give you the same amount." The Queen, laughing, gave him the money, and then, pointing to her husband, said with an arch smile, "You see that fine gentleman yonder at the window? He is much richer than I, and gives me all I have. Go to him and ask him to give you twice as much as I have done."

A poor woman, one Sunday, strayed unwittingly into the royal pew at church, and, at the instance of a kindly lady who smiled sweetly upon her, seated herself. Great was her terror when the Grand Marshal afterwards threatened her with all kinds of pains and penalties for having sat in the Queen's presence. It so happened that the harsh language he had used reached the Queen's ears, and she immediately sent Bishop Eylert to the poor creature to re-assure her, and to make her a small gift.

Such incidents as these—and many are on record—reveal the fine sweet nature of Queen Louisa, her deep sympathy, and her keen sense of that common humanity which binds together the noble and the peasant, Dives and Lazarus, and places all on the same level in the presence of the Divine love.

It is needless to say that her influence upon Court life was that of a purifying and elevating spirit. Impurity, corruption, vice of every kind, fled before her gentle example. "Formerly," says a contemporary authority, "it was imperative to flee with one's wife and children from the Court as from a place of infection, but now one withdraws from the immoralities of Society to the Court as to a happy island. Formerly a young

* Psalm cxxvii. So translated in the German, but our English version reads, "For so He giveth His beloved sleep."

man went in quest of a wife to the far provinces, or, at all events, to families which had no connection with the Court or the capital. Now he turns to the Court as the source of all that is purest and fairest, and blesses his lot if he receive a wife from the hands of the Queen. How wonderful a transformation which has changed a Court into a family, a throne into an altar, a royal marriage into a union of hearts." This great and good service did Louisa perform for Prussia; she restored the domestic ideal in all its sweetness and serenity, and impressed upon her people the happiness and holiness of the marriage bond.

But this felicity was broken in upon by the course of political events which brought Prussia into collision with France and Napoleon. It may at once be acknowledged that Frederick William III. was unfitted by the character of his mind and tastes, by his virtues and high qualities, almost as much as by his defects, to cope successfully with the dangers of the critical situation in which circumstances had placed him. Moreover, he was ill-served by the ministers whom his father had bequeathed to him; they were deficient equally in sagacity and honesty. So it came to pass that when Great Britain, Russia, and Austria sought to stay the aggressions of Napoleon by a formidable coalition, Frederick William determined on a policy of neutrality, pursuing an undecided and vacillating course which disgusted the Allied Powers, while it exposed him to the most contumelious treatment on the part of Napoleon. Queen Louisa, with the Archduke Louis, and Hardenberg, the ablest statesman in the Prussian service, were anxious that Prussia should have joined the Coalition and supported the cause of law and order in Europe; and when Napoleon, in 1805, at the opening of the Austerlitz campaign, grossly violated Prussian neutrality by marching his troops across the territory of Ansbach, they strongly advocated immediate war with France. Even Frederick William resented this direct insult, and began to assemble his forces on the southern frontier. Overtures were made to Russia, the Emperor Alexander visited Berlin, and over the tomb of Frederick the Great, the two sovereigns swore eternal friendship, the King of Prussia pledging himself, if Napoleon refused his terms of mediation, within four weeks to join the Coalition with 180,000 men (November 2nd). Haugwitz, the Prussian minister, was despatched to notify this agree-

ment to Napoleon, and to intimate that if he rejected it, hostilities would begin on the 15th of December. But Haugwitz delayed the notification, and after Napoleon's crushing defeat of the Russo-Austrian army at Austerlitz, abandoned the object of his mission; presented his sovereign's congratulations on the victory—a message of which, as Napoleon caustically observed, Fortune had changed the address—and sealed the shame and degradation of Prussia by an “unholy compact” which, in return for the annexation of Hanover, ceded some of her southern provinces to France and Bavaria. The treaty of Schönbrunn was signed on the 15th of December—the very day on which Prussia was to have drawn the sword. This was followed by another treaty which compelled Prussia to assume an attitude of hostility towards England; a treaty reluctantly ratified by Frederick William on the 3rd of March, 1806. “The lowest point of humiliation,” says Professor Seeley, “was now reached. The neutrality of Prussia was destroyed, and it might seem that nothing remained to her but to become a servile accomplice of France. Such, then, was the end of Prussia's neutrality. She had always intended to defend her own honour, but now it appeared that she could not do this without being prepared to defend much more. At one crisis she found her army not ready, and at another she found it reduced again to a peace footing. On looking back she might have confessed that she could not afford to wait to be insulted by such a Power as France now was, but must be ready when the insult came both with soldiers and alliances; in other words she might have confessed that her policy of neutrality had long been inadequate, and that she ought to have joined the Coalition.”

It soon became evident from the measures taken by Napoleon that Prussia was to be his next victim. The seizure of various portions of her territory to enlarge Murat's duchy of Cleves and Berg; the formation of the Confederation of the Rhine; and the heavy contributions levied on Hamburg, Bremen, and Frankfort, were ominous signs that could not be mistaken. A passionate feeling of shame and indignation filled the hearts of the Prussian people at the temporising policy which had brought the Prussia of Frederick the Great to such a pass. The war party in Berlin now gained the ascendant; the high-spirited Queen, who always spoke of Napoleon with an inward shudder as the enemy of all goodness and purity, partook of the national enthu-

siasm ; the Prussian officers whetted their sabres on the window-sills of the French ambassador ; negotiations were opened up with England and Russia. Haugwitz, discovering that he had been deceived, advised the King to mobilise his army—a decisive step which led to immediate war. For almost simultaneously with this demonstration on the part of Prussia came another occurrence which decided Napoleon to accept at once the challenge thus offered. A treaty with Russia which the Russian ambassador had been induced to sign at Paris had not been ratified. “It was a treaty which would have had the effect of breaking the understanding between Russia and England, and thus of leaving England isolated and the Continent pacified under the ascendancy of Napoleon, as it afterwards was through the Treaty of Tilsit. But now came the news that the Czar had refused his ratification. . . . It appears that Napoleon connected in his mind the Russian refusal with the Prussian mobilisation, that he divined the secret negotiations which had actually been going on between the two Courts, and that he thought he saw a new coalition between England, Russia, and Prussia, ready to assail him, a coalition which it was desirable, since Germany was already full of his armies, to crush before its forces could be brought together.”

Meanwhile, the Prussian army was in motion. The Queen’s regiment of dragoons, on its march towards the theatre of war, passed through Berlin, and Queen Louisa went out to meet it, wearing a spencer of the regimental colours, a compliment which so touched the soldiers that they petitioned for the garment, and ever afterwards treasured it as a sacred relic of their beautiful sovereign. This incident brought down the wrath of Napoleon on her head, and he inveighed against her in a notorious bulletin. “The Queen of Prussia,” he wrote, “is with the army, dressed as an Amazon, attired in the uniform of her dragoons, writing twenty letters a day, to spread the conflagration in all directions. We seem to behold Armida in her madness, setting fire to her palace.” This was the first of a series of invectives by which the French Emperor endeavoured to excite the odium of Europe against the patriotic Queen, who was simply doing her duty as a King’s wife. It was urged as a reproach against her that she accompanied the army to the battle-field, but in this she did but obey the wish of her husband, and, moreover, she knew that her presence acted like

an inspiration upon the soldiers. "She has been blamed," writes a German historian, "because on that fearful day of Jena, in the death-hour of the Prussian State, she was still in the midst of her army. This is too hard! That illustrious lady had never intervened in political affairs until the Emperor Alexander revealed to her the danger which threatened her house and the State. Then, all her womanly feelings were stirred; she saw her husband, the King, her children, the succession, all that was dear and precious to her, in peril—she sacrificed everything to share it, and to share it with her husband. For this reason did the gentle Louisa betake herself to the army; for this reason did she show herself, on foot, in the streets of Weimar, to the troops, enlivening by her courage, and exalting by her presence, all that there was to enliven and encourage. It was she who thus contributed to inspire her husband with that gallantry of spirit which proved him so heroic a soldier in the conflict."

Gentz, the celebrated publicist, describes an interview which he had with the Queen at Nuremberg on the 3rd of October:—

"For a year," he says, "I had heard constant praises of this Princess. I was prepared therefore to find her very different to the image which I had formed in my earlier conceptions; still I had not anticipated the noble and majestic qualities which she developed every moment during a conversation of nearly an hour's duration. She reasoned with exactness, closeness, and energy, displaying at the same time a prudence which I should have thought admirable in a man; and yet in all she said manifesting such a depth of feeling that one could not forget it was a woman's mind to which one paid one's tribute of admiration. Not a word but had its purpose—not a single reflection or expression of emotion but was in entire harmony with the general subjects of discussion! The result was a combination of dignity, benevolence, and delicacy such as I had never before met with or imagined.

"Her first question was, what I thought of the war? 'I do not ask to gather courage,' she said; '*that*, thank God, I do not need. I know also that if you have formed an unfavourable opinion you will not tell it to me. But I should like to know on what those who are in a position to judge of the posture of affairs found their judgment, that I may see whether their reasons and mine coincide.' I stated all that occurred to me on

the brighter side of the question ; I laid particular emphasis on the state of public opinion, on the favourable dispositions of the Powers, and on the zealous desire in which all the parties in Germany vied with each other that Prussia's undertaking should be crowned with success. She spoke of her apprehensions as to the light in which public opinion, especially that of other countries, would view this expedition, as she well knew that it was not generally favourable to Prussia ; yet for some weeks latterly she had heard reports which had given her greater confidence in this respect. 'You know the past better than I ; but is not this a moment in which it should be forgotten ?'

"She showed herself to be fully acquainted with the incidents of the war of 1805, and spoke of the misfortunes of Austria with profound emotion ; several times her eyes filled with tears. She related with touching simplicity that on the day when she heard of the disaster that had overtaken the Austrian army, her son (Frederick William IV.) had for the first time worn his uniform, and she had said to him, 'I hope that the day you wear this dress in battle your first thought will be to avenge your unhappy brethren.' There was a tenderness in her manner of speaking of the Emperor and Empress, such as she might have wished others to use in speaking of the King and herself under similar circumstances. She mentioned several of the generals, Prince Hohenlohe, Prince Louis, Schmettau, Rüchel, Blücher ; but the name of the Duke of Brunswick never once passed her lips. She asked me if I had seen an article in 'The Publicist' which commented severely upon her political action. 'God knows,' she said, 'I have never been consulted upon public affairs, and I have never desired to be. If I had been I freely confess that my voice would have been for war, because I believe it was necessary.* Our position had become so critical that we were compelled, at all hazards, to disembarass ourselves, and it was indispensable that we should get rid of the ill-feeling and suspicion we had incurred. We were called upon by every principle of honour, and consequently of duty, so far as I understand it, to take this course.' With regard to her supposed prejudice against the Russians, she said it was the most absurd of accusations, for as regarded his zeal

* The reader will find a lucid statement of the reasons which justified the Queen in forming this opinion in Professor Seeley's "Life and Times of Stein," vol. i., part i., chapters 2, 3, 4, and 5.

and devotion in the cause, she had always done, and always would do, full justice to the Emperor Alexander ; yet, far from regarding Russia as the principal instrument in the deliverance of Europe, she looked upon its assistance as a last resource, and was firmly convinced that the chief guarantee of safety was to be found only in the close union of all who prided themselves on bearing the German name."

It is clear that the Queen's political sagacity was not inferior to her sweet womanliness. Gentz continues :—

"Much difference of opinion prevailed upon the subject of the Queen's continuance in the camp. She herself was naturally averse to leaving her husband unless the step became one of necessity. Lombard* expressed his disapproval of her remaining in the strongest terms ; while, on the other side, the utmost importance was attached to her continued presence by men of equal discernment and less dubious integrity. General Kalckreuth, among others, entreated me, if I could find a suitable occasion, to protest against her departure. . . . I could not give an opinion, but could say only that the Queen's conduct during her residence in the camp had been open to no reproach, and had exhibited a dignity, a discretion, and a prudence, such as ought undoubtedly always to distinguish a Princess of her rank, but were very rarely to be met with in such circumstances as those under which she was unhappily placed. I thought that, when viewed from all points, and disconnected from the danger she might incur by remaining, which was as nothing in her eyes, the question decided itself in favour of her remaining. Seizing a favourable occasion therefore, I said :—'I have remarked that the question is much debated here to prolong your Majesty's sojourn in Dresden for a few days.' 'I acknowledge,' she replied, 'that under different conditions a longer stay in Dresden would have given me much pleasure, but now I should not enjoy it. My mind is too busy with serious thoughts ; besides I do not know what my position might become ; but in this, as in all other things, I submit myself wholly to the King's will. I dread also the alarming reports with which one is continually harassed when remote from the scene of action, and you know how active ill-will already is.' "

* This minister's fidelity was very doubtful. He is suspected of having given valuable information to Napoleon.

On the termination of the audience Louisa dismissed Gentz with a few parting words, "the sweetness of which," he writes, "I shall never forget."

The reader must turn to the histories for full details of the disastrous campaign which placed Prussia at Napoleon's feet. Frederick William, though as brave as a King ought to be, had no military capacity, nor was his generalissimo, the Duke of Brunswick, competent to measure swords with so consummate a captain as Napoleon. The Prussians, who in their imprudent confidence, took the field without waiting for Russia, were completely out-generalled and out-matched. They could not resist the veterans of Napoleon; and in a single week, between October 10 and October 17, all the divisions of the Prussian army, numbering some 120,000 men, were defeated with heavy loss at Saalfeld, Jena, Auerstadt, and near Halle, Prince Louis being killed, and the Duke of Brunswick receiving wounds from the effects of which he died soon after. Then began the surrender of fortresses—Prentzlau, Spandau, Stettin, Küstrin, Lubeck, Magdeburg. All was lost. Prussia was left a ruined and conquered State. Napoleon, following in the track of his victorious armies, passed by Weimar and Wittenberg to Berlin, which he entered with all the pomp of victory on the 20th of October.

The Queen, on the morning of the disastrous day of Jena, had returned to Berlin, whence, when the result of the battle became known, she retired to Küstrin. Here she was joined by the King; and, as the French continued to advance, the unfortunate royal fugitives hastened to Königsberg, and afterwards took refuge in the fortress of Memel. In the midst of their misfortunes Louisa maintained her fortitude unshaken; and when some of the ministers spoke of submitting to any conditions the conqueror might impose, she replied, with gentle firmness, "Resistance is our only chance." Though deeply pained by the atrocious calumnies with which Napoleon assailed her—"brutal and unmanly sarcasms," which indicated the essential baseness and vulgarity of his temper—she nevertheless preserved her courage and resolution, and, inspired by her lofty spirit, the King, when Napoleon demanded the surrender of all the fortresses on the Vistula, and that the whole Prussian territory should remain in his hands until a general peace, nobly refused to ratify the armistice which had been signed by

his ministers (November 21st). At the time Napoleon could not show his resentment, as he was compelled to hasten into Poland to meet the Russian armies before they could reach Germany; and his heavy losses at the Battle of Eylau, where he narrowly escaped defeat, induced him to offer Frederick William a separate peace on advantageous terms, in order to prevent a new alliance between Russia and Prussia. The King, however, refused to break faith with his ally, and signed with Alexander the treaty of Bartenstein (April 25, 1807). Napoleon resumed hostilities; and his great victory at Friedland (June the 14th), over the Russian army once more made him the arbiter of Europe. The confederacy against France was again broken up, and Prussia had no mercy to hope from the victor.

Meanwhile, Queen Louisa had returned from Memel to Königsberg, where she was assiduously engaged in the education of her children, and enjoyed in her leisure hours the society of several men of letters, including the historian Scheffner. The account he has left on record of his interviews with the Queen, whom he met at the house of her sister, the Princess Frederica, is full of interest. He describes the latter as a handsome and fascinating woman, with a slightly coquettish manner, and a very musical voice. His conversation with her ranged, he says, from "the cedar to the hyssop" of public affairs. The Queen he can hardly praise with adequate fervour of reverence: "eyes of a franker, purer expression," he says, "a more absolute child-like ingenuousness, I have never seen in any human face, yet was she lovelier still in mind than in body." His talk with her embraced as many subjects as with her sister, but the subjects were of a different cast, such as "Court life," "Eternal life," "Education," "The virtue of hospitality." They read together several works of importance, among others, Sävern's "Lectures on History," on which the Queen made her annotations, which she afterwards forwarded for his revision and criticism.

Another of the Königsberg friends was Bishop Borrowsky. On one occasion when he had called upon her she rose at his entrance, remarking, with her usual felicity of diction, "I have just been reading that precious 126th Psalm, on which we were conversing when last you were here. Amidst all the sorrow it expresses, the conquering hope rises like the morning dawn,

and through the storm-voices of misfortune one hears the glad song of the victor. There is a spirit of sadness in it, but also of triumph, of resignation, yet of joyful confidence; it is a hallelujah in tears!"

We get a picture of the good and gentle Queen in this time of sorrow and suffering from the pen of Von Cölin. "She leads," he says, "a most retired life; her days are filled up with works of benevolence and humanity, and she endeavours, so far as her sex permits, to alleviate the miseries occasioned by war. She provides, with incessant efforts and liberal contributions, for the wounded and destitute. She never visits the theatres, gives neither concerts nor balls, but every one who, like myself, has the pleasure of approaching her, must acknowledge that she—or else no woman upon earth—realises the high ideal of fairest womanhood. Not striking, but softly magical, is the impression which she makes on all classes and on people of all nations. . . . Terrible is always the power of misfortune; still more terrible when it strikes a sovereign; but most terrible when it strikes one who not only is, but deserves to be, a sovereign."

In upon the tranquillity of Königsberg broke the sad news of the defeat of the Russian army at Friedland, and the advance of the French compelled the Queen once more to retire to Memel. Thence she wrote to her father the following pathetic letter (June 17th, 1807):—

"A new and terrible affliction has come upon us, and we are on the point of leaving the kingdom. Imagine my feelings at this moment! Yet I entreat you, in God's name, do not mistake your daughter; do not believe it is cowardice that bows my head. I have two convictions which raise me above everything; the first that we are no playthings of blind chance, but are in God's hand, and are guided by His will; second, that we fall with honour. The King has proved—to the whole world has proved—that he deserves honour and not shame. Prussia will never submit voluntarily to the fetters of slavery. In no single respect could the King have acted other than he has done, without becoming unfaithful to his own character, and a traitor to his people.

"How strengthening these reflections are, only they can know who are penetrated by truly honourable feelings. But to

the subject. In consequence of the unfortunate battle of Friedland, Königsberg has fallen into French hands. We are pressed by the enemy, and if the danger approach yet nearer, I shall be under the necessity of leaving Memel with my children. The King will again unite himself with the Emperor. So soon as the danger grows imminent I shall go to Riga. God will help me to support the moment when I must cross the boundaries of my kingdom. It will require strength, but I lift my eyes to Heaven, whence cometh all, both of good and of evil; and my firm belief is that God will not send us more than we can bear.

"Yet, once again, best of fathers, let me say that we fall with honour, respected by other nations; and we shall ever have friends, because we deserve them. I cannot tell you how tranquillising is this thought. I bear all with that calmness and resignation which only peace of conscience and a well-grounded hope can give. If God give peace to the breast of the good man he will ever have cause for joy. Still one thing more for your comfort: that nothing will ever take place on our side which is not accordant with the strictest honour, and does not harmonize with the whole of our conduct. That, I know, will comfort you, as well as all who belong to me.

"I am ever your true, obedient, deeply affectionate daughter, and thank God that your goodness allows me to add, your friend.—LOUISA."

After his defeat at Friedland, the Russian Emperor, weary of a war in which he had no direct personal interest, proposed an armistice, to which Napoleon at once acceded; and an interview was arranged between the two sovereigns, which took place on the 25th of June on a raft—the famous raft of Tilsit—moored in the middle of the river Niemen, and provided with an elegantly decorated pavilion. The Czar's first words were, "I hate the English as much as you do, and am ready to join you against them." "In that case," replied Napoleon, "peace is already made." Before they parted they had arranged the outlines of a treaty by which they virtually divided Europe between them.

At a second conference on the following day the King of Prussia was present, but his position was singularly humiliating, as he had no alternative but to submit to the will of the

conqueror. Alexander himself was alarmed at the harshness of the conditions which Napoleon imposed on the unfortunate monarch, and at his suggestion Queen Louisa was summoned to Tilsit in the hope that her talents and her beauty might obtain some mitigation of them. She complied, but with intense reluctance. "What struggles it has cost me," she wrote in her diary, "God only knows, for if I do not hate the man, I regard him as the one who has been the author of the misfortunes of the King and my country. However much I may admire his genius I cannot admire his deceitful character. It will be hard for me to be courteous, but the hardship is required of me, and I am used to make sacrifices." This particular sacrifice, however, was one she should never have been called upon to make; it was dishonouring to her as a queen and a woman, and it was doomed to be useless.

Louisa arrived at Tilsit on the 5th of July. Napoleon immediately called upon her, and was received by King Frederick William at the door. Saluting with his riding-whip, he ascended the stairs to her apartments. "Sire," said the gentle Queen, "I am sorry you have had the trouble of ascending such inconvenient steps to visit me." "With such an object," replied the Emperor, "one could surmount anything." "For those whom Providence favours, earth presents no obstacles." "Your Majesty should have thought of that sooner," said Napoleon; "why did you, of all sovereigns, make war upon me?" In a low voice the Queen replied, "Prussia deceived herself as to her strength. She ventured to make war upon the hero of his country, to oppose the Destiny of France, and neglect her friendship; this is true, but it is hard to be so punished." And she went on to appeal to him to prove himself a true hero by acting magnanimously towards a conquered foe, and, at least, to restore Magdeburg. Napoleon seems to have been a good deal moved, but Talleyrand seized an opportunity to whisper, "Shall posterity say that Napoleon sacrificed his greatest conquest at the request of a pretty woman?"

At dinner Louisa was seated between the two Emperors. Napoleon treated her with exceptional courtesy, and listened smilingly to her frequent entreaties that he would deal generously with Prussia. The King, seated on Napoleon's right hand, was moody and depressed. He spoke of the pain of losing hereditary dominions. "Such losses," observed the

French Emperor, "are common in the chances of war." "Your Majesty," replied the King, "can afford to make light of it; you do not know what it is to lose provinces which you have inherited, and can as little forget as you can forget your cradle." "The camp should be our cradle; a man has no time to think about such things," rejoined Napoleon. After dinner he plucked a rose from a tree which bloomed near the window, and presented it to the Queen. "I accept it, sire," she said, with a radiant look, "but oh, not without Magdeburg." "I must observe to your Majesty," answered Napoleon, abruptly, "that it is I who give, and you who receive the gift." "There is no rose without thorns," murmured the Queen, "but none with such thorns as this."

The Emperor afterwards, when speaking of this interview, acknowledged that the Queen was the most beautiful woman he had ever seen; and also that, in spite of his address and utmost efforts, she constantly led the conversation, returned at pleasure to her subject, and directed it as she chose, but always with so much tact and delicacy that it was impossible to take offence. "And in truth," he added, "it must be confessed that the objects were of infinite importance, while the time was brief and precious."

All her pleading, however, was in vain. In the course of a second interview, seizing his hand and pressing it in her anguish, she exclaimed, "Is it possible that, after I have had the satisfaction of approaching the man of the age and of the world's history, he will not grant me the privilege and the happiness of being able to assure him that he has won my esteem for my whole life?" "Madam," replied Napoleon, coldly, "I am to be pitied; it is the influence of my evil star." By the treaty between France and Prussia, signed on the 9th of July, Prussia was completely dismembered. The Elbe became her future boundary. Her Polish Provinces were erected into a Grand Duchy of Warsaw, and bestowed on the King of Saxony; and her provinces on the left bank of the Elbe formed a new kingdom of Westphalia for Jerome Bonaparte, the Emperor's brother. Thus, at one sweep, Prussia was deprived of nearly half of her dominions and population; while even the fortresses and territories of which she was nominally left in possession were still occupied by French troops as security for the payment of an enormous war contribution. Frederick William,

however, had no resource but submission ; and he took leave of the subjects so iniquitously torn from their allegiance, in a noble proclamation, which commanded the sympathy of all Europe by its dignity and manly composure.

The King and Queen retired to Memel, where they lived quietly in the bosom of their family, and with all the simplicity of impoverished gentlefolk. They then called to their councils the greatest of Prussian statesmen, Baron von Stein, placing in his hands the conduct of all the civil affairs of the State, the presidency of the Foreign Department, a share in the control of military matters, and “a kind of indefinite commission as legislator.” He was invested, in fact, with dictatorial powers ; and history bears witness to the splendid use he made of them. “Stein is coming,” wrote the Queen, “and with him a little light dawns upon me.” The light broadened daily as Stein’s genius and resolution restored order and discipline in the disorganised administration, remodelled the army, and so improved the financial position of Prussia that it was able to discharge some of the demands of Napoleon, recovering Berlin, and securing the retirement of the French troops beyond the Weichsel. But in the spring of 1808 the prospects of the King and Queen were still sombre in the extreme, and it was with resignation rather than hope that they faced the future.

The following letter, from the Queen to her father, displays the fine qualities of her noble disposition :—

“All is over with us for the present, if not for ever. So far as my life is concerned, I have ceased to hope. I have resigned myself, and in this resignation, in this dispensation of heaven, I am now tranquil, and enjoy a repose which, if it be not exactly happiness, is something better, even spiritual peace.

“It becomes ever clearer to me that all was ordained to take place as it has done. Divine Providence is clearly introducing new combinations of affairs, and a wholly different order of things will arise, for the old order has outlived itself and crumbled into ruin, into death and decay. We have fallen asleep on the laurels of Frederick the Great, who, the hero of his country, created a new era. We have not advanced with the time, it has therefore left us in the rear. We may learn much from the French Emperor, and what he has accomplished will not be lost. It would be blasphemy to say, ‘God be with him,’ yet evidently he is an instrument in the Almighty hand to bury those old

institutions, in which indeed there is no life, though they have become deeply rooted in the course of years.

“Certainly things will improve. Our security for *that* is our faith in God. Yet good can come into the world only through the good. Therefore I do not believe that the Emperor Napoleon is safe upon his now magnificent throne. Truth and justice alone are calm and secure; and he is simply politic, that is prudent; he directs his course, not by eternal laws, but by circumstances as they exist at present; and thus he is led to sully his reign by many acts of injustice. He does not mean honestly by the good cause and by mankind. In his boundless ambition he thinks only of himself and his personal interest. One must admire, but one cannot love him. He is dazzled by his success, and thinks nothing is impossible to him. Consequently he is utterly without moderation, and he who does not keep within measure loses his balance and falls. I believe firmly in God, and in the moral government of the world, which I fail to perceive in the supremacy of force. Therefore it is that I hope a better time will follow the evil present.

“All the better portion of mankind have the same wish and expectation, and one must not be led astray by the eulogists of the present and its hero. All that has happened and is still happening is unquestionably not the ultimate good *as it will be and will remain*, but only the paving of the way for it. The goal seems still to lie in the far distance; we shall not behold its attainment, but shall die upon the road. As God wills—all as He wills it! I find strength, courage, and cheerfulness in this hope, which lies deep in my soul. Is everything in this world, then, only in a state of transience? We, too, must pass away. Let us take heed that every day finds us better prepared.

“Here, dear father, you have my political confession of faith so far as I, a woman, can form and frame it. Although it may have its defects, I am contented; yet excuse me for troubling you with it. It will at least show you that you have a daughter who is piously resigned in the hour of misfortune; and that the Christian principle of fear of God, which your devout teaching and example implanted in me, has borne, and will bear fruit, so long as I have breath.”

This is a remarkable letter, remarkable in its tone of religious resignation and devout faith—remarkable also in its clear pre-

diction of Napoleon's fall, and of the causes to which that fall would be due.

Early in January, 1808, the royal family were able to return to Königsberg, where, on the 1st of February, the Queen gave birth to a daughter, who, by the King's express desire, was named after her mother. "May she," he said, "prove a Louisa!" At the christening ceremony he invited the attendance of representatives of the nobility, the townsfolk, and the agricultural class of Old Prussia, and they laid their hands upon the infant, and prayed for him and his house, and all were united by the bonds of one great common love and one great common sorrow.

In the spring, Frederick William rented a small villa at Haben, in order that the Queen and her children might enjoy the sweet sights and sounds and balmy air of the country, and here she was contented and even happy in those moments when she could forget the storms which still buffeted the vessel of the State. "One requires so little!" she would say; "healthy air, tranquil scenery, and fine leafy trees, some flowers and an arbour, are enough. My husband and I, with our children, suffice for ourselves. Besides, I have good books, a good piano, and a good conscience; and thus one can live more quietly amid the din and tumult of life than they can who create them." But she had something more—and that, too, something which her gentle soul valued highly—the devoted affection of the common people, who stood at their doors to bless her as she passed, and wreathed the gates of the King's house with flowers on the occasion of his birthday. And what wonder? Her sympathy was so delicate, her tact so exquisite, that no one could resist her. Owing to the limited accommodation of the royal villa, the older children had to be lodged in the house of a neighbour, who, in order not to inconvenience them, went to a friend's to celebrate her name-day. When the Queen heard of this, she immediately arranged a small *fête* in the good woman's own house, and sent a carriage for her and her friends that she might keep holiday after her usual fashion. Ah, how different would be the record of royalty in the eyes of men if all sovereigns had resembled Louisa of Prussia!

From Haben she wrote to her father the following delightful letter (May, 1808):—

"You will gladly hear, dear father, that the misfortune which

has befallen us has not affected our married and domestic happiness, but rather strengthened and purified it. The King, the best of men, is kinder and more affectionate than ever. I often think I see in him still the lover and the bridegroom. More inclined as he is to deeds than to words, I everywhere see the signs of his love and consideration. It was only yesterday that he said to me, quietly and simply, with his truthful eyes fixed on me, 'Dear Louisa, thou hast become still dearer to me and more precious in misfortune; for now I know what a treasure I possess in thee. Let the storm rage without, so that it be and remain calm weather in our union. It is because I love thee so that I have named our youngest daughter Louisa: may she prove a Louisa!' This goodness moved me to tears. It is my pride, my joy, and my happiness to possess the love and approval of such a man; and because I reciprocate his love from my heart, and because we are in such thorough accord that the will of the one is the will of the other, I find it easy to keep up this mutual, happy understanding, which has grown stronger with years. In one word, he suits me and I suit him in every respect, and we are happiest when we are together. Forgive me, dear father, if I say this with a certain boastfulness: it is but the plain utterance of my happiness, which no one in the world has more warmly at heart than you have, dearest and tenderest of fathers. To other people—this, too, I have learnt from the King—I do not wish to speak of it; enough that we know it. Our children are our treasures, upon whom our eyes dwell with satisfaction and hope.

"The Crown Prince* is full of life and spirit. He has considerable abilities, which are being happily cultivated and developed. He is true in all his sentiments and words, for his vivacity makes dissimulation impossible. He particularly delights in the study of history, in which whatever is good and great has a special charm for his imagination. He has a keen relish for wit, and his droll and unexpected remarks often amuse us. He particularly attaches himself to his mother. He cannot be purer-hearted than he is; I love him very dearly, and often talk with him of the future.

"Our son William†—let me introduce to you all your grandchildren in succession—will, if I am not deceived, resemble his

* Afterwards Frederick William IV.

† Afterwards William I., German Emperor.

father—simple, honest, and prudent. In his person, too, he is more like him than are any of the others ; but I do not think he will be so handsome.

“ Our daughter Charlotte* gives me ever-increasing pleasure. She is certainly silent and reserved ; but, like her father, under a seemingly cold exterior, conceals a warm and feeling heart. Apparently indifferent, she is in reality very loving and sympathetic. Hence there is something noteworthy about her : should God preserve her life, I foresee for her a brilliant future.

“ Karl is good-natured, merry, honest, and clever, and as well-formed in body as in mind. He has frequently quaint ideas which make us laugh. He is cheerful and witty ; his incessant questions sometimes perplex me, because I either am incapable or do not like to answer them—yet they show a wish for knowledge, and sometimes, when he laughs slyly, for mischief also. Though not without feeling for the joy and sorrow of others, he will pass easily through life.

“ Our daughter Alexandrina† is, like most little girls of her age and disposition, fascinating and child-like. She shows signs of a just understanding and a lively imagination, and often laughs heartily. She has much perception of the humorous and an inclination for satire ; but withal looks very serious. This, however, does not injure her disposition.

“ Of little Louisa‡ I can say nothing as yet. She has the profile of her honest father, and also his eyes, but a shade lighter. She is named Louisa Mary ; may she indeed resemble her ancestress, the amiable and pious Louisa of Orange, the wife of the great Elector.

“ Here, my dear father, I have placed before you my whole portrait-gallery. You will say, She is a partial mother, who sees only everything that is good in her own children, and has no eyes for their faults and failings ; and, in truth, I do not find in any of them such bad dispositions as to make me anxious for the future. Like other children they have their faults, but these will eventually disappear as they grow wiser. Circumstances and connections educate the man, and it may be good for our children that they should see the serious side of life

* Afterwards Empress of Russia.

† Afterwards Archduchess of Mecklenberg-Schwerin.

‡ Married Prince Frederick of the Netherlands.

while still in their youth. If they were to grow up in the midst of luxury and superfluity they would think that things would always be so ; but that such is not the case they now see in the countenance of their father, and in the sadness and frequent tears of their mother. It is more particularly beneficial for the Crown Prince that he should have learned to know misfortune while still Crown Prince. He will, should a better time come for him, as I hope it may, prize prosperity more highly and guard it more carefully."

I may here put together two or three illustrations of her loftiness of thought and vividness of expression. I sometimes think that she might have attained distinction in the world of letters had she cared for it, and had her life afforded the necessary leisure.

When Spain, on the one hand, and the Tyrol on the other, rose against the imperial tyranny of France, she wrote :—"The flame of freedom is kindled in Spain as in the Tyrol. 'Auf den Bergen wohnt die Freiheit !' Does not this passage ring like a prophecy, when one looks on the mountain-bands that have risen at the call of their Hofer ? What a man is this Andreas Hofer ! A peasant has become a general, and what a general ! His arms and weapons are prayer, his ally is God : he fights on bended knee and with hands folded—he conquers as with the flaming sword of the cherubim. And this faithful Alpine people, child-like in their simplicity, yet combat like Titans, with rocks they roll down from their mountains—ay, and in Spain also. Heavens ! if the time of the Maiden should come again, and if the enemy, the evil adversary, should at last be overcome—should be conquered by the same means as those with which the French of old, led by the Maid of Orleans, drove their hereditary enemies from their country ! Ah ! how often have I read the stirring story in my Schiller."

On the Pestalozzian system of education, she observes :—"I am now reading 'Lienhard and Gertrude, a Book for the People,' by Pestalozzi. I like his Swiss village so much that, were I my own mistress, I would get into my carriage and roll away to Pestalozzi in Switzerland, to thank the noble man with tears in my eyes. He does his best for mankind—in the name of mankind I thank him for it."

Of two German heroes she writes :—"I read history assiduously, and live in the past because the future is no longer mine.

I am reading Sävern's Lectures, and am now at Charlemagne, who was emphatically the founder of the German era. He stands life-like before me, in all his greatness, splendour, and courage; but attracts me less than Theodoric, who was a *true* German! His love of justice, the uprightness of his character, the depth of his feelings, and his magnanimity prove it; while there is already a tincture of the Frenchman about Charlemagne that startles me."

On the 23rd of December, 1809, the evacuation of the French troops, with the exception of a few garrisons on the Oder, having been completed, the King and Queen returned to Berlin amidst the enthusiastic greetings of its inhabitants. That night they appeared at the theatre. La Motte Fouqué, the author of "*Undine*," who was present on the occasion, says:—"At length we behold the Royal Family amongst us once more; it was my good fortune to be honoured with a sight of our angel-fair Queen, by the side of her royal husband, on whom she several times turned her truly heaven-blue eyes with an indescribably touching expression. Did the foreboding even then cross her gentle soul that she should not long be the comforter and guide of the sorely-tried hero? When, according to the custom of that time, she bowed graciously to the departing assembly, I for one deeply felt that though I had sometimes thought we Prussians might bear our misfortunes more calmly, and turn our attention once more to the pursuits of commerce and science, as the great Frederick had proposed to do, if he had been defeated at Mollwitz; but no, those clear angel-eyes had been made too heavy with tears through the instrumentality of Napoleon! They had wept for our sake! We must fight, and see them kindle with joy over our victory—and this was the universal feeling."

About this time the Queen began to give indications of failing health. It was observed that her usual cheerfulness had given way to a settled depression, and she was troubled with cough and slight attacks of spasm in the chest. The King's anxiety was very great, but as the spring advanced, she apparently recovered, and he assented to her paying a visit to her father at Neu-Strelitz. She set out on the 24th of June, in advance of her husband, who, however, was to follow her in a very few days. At Fürstenburg, on the borders of Mecklenburg, she was received by her father, her two brothers, and her sister Frederica. At Neu-Strelitz her aged grandmother was waiting on the palace

steps to welcome her. The King arrived on the 28th, and the Queen's cup of joy was full to the brim, nay, was running over. Having a slight cold she remained at home with her brother, Prince George, while the rest of the family party went on a short excursion. Seating herself at her father's writing-table she wrote on a sheet of paper a brief expression of her happiness:—

“MY DEAR FATHER,

“I am very happy to-day as your daughter, and as the wife of the best of husbands.

“LOUISA.

“Neu-Strelitz, 28th June, 1810.”

Little did she think that these were the last words she would ever write; but they were admirably in accord with the sweet womanliness of her character, with her truth and devotion as daughter and as wife.

On the 29th, having gone on a visit to the old castle of Hohenzieritz, she suffered much from indisposition; and on Sunday, the 1st of July, her physician thought it needful to bleed her, and would not allow her to accompany her husband to Berlin. He left on the 2nd, promising to return as soon as possible, but was himself taken ill at Charlottenburg. Being very uneasy about his wife, he sent his physician Heine to examine into her condition; and Heine, after seeing her and holding a consultation with her own medical attendant, Dr. Hieronymi, decided that no cause for alarm existed, and hastened back to Charlottenburg with this assurance. For some days she varied considerably; the King's illness caused her much anxiety, and she was always longing to go to him. She awaited his letters with restless eagerness, and kept them under her pillow, frequently re-perusing them, and expressing the delight they gave her.

On the 15th (Sunday) her condition had greatly improved, and she began to hope for a speedy recovery; but next morning, about eight o'clock, she was seized with a severe attack of spasms and difficulty of breathing, during which she could only gasp at intervals, “Air! air!” This dangerous crisis passed over about one o'clock, leaving her terribly ill and exhausted. She said, “I thought my end was near.” The King was sum-

moned, but State business preventing him from starting immediately, he again sent Heine, who arrived on Tuesday, the 17th. All this time, says Bishop Eylert, the Queen lay "looking like an angel," occasionally repeating in a low voice verses of the hymns she had learned in her childhood, tenderly solicitous for the comfort of her attendants, and greatly anxious lest their vigils and anxiety should prove too much for her father and grandmother. Another terrible attack at midnight, on Wednesday, still further enfeebled her. When the worst was over her sister inquired if she was in much pain. "No," she answered, "but I am very faint; and when the bad spasms come on I feel as if I *must* die." She remarked to Heine that it would be hard; "think," she said, "of the King and the children." Her delight was great when she was told that the King would arrive in the morning, as she had not expected him until Friday, and it seemed so long to wait. Towards dawn she inquired, "Is it nearly morning?" and again, "How late is it? Will it be hot?" Her attendants told her that it was cloudy. "I am glad," she replied, "I am always so hot."

Her weakness by this time had so sadly increased that she was wholly unable to move. Smilingly she said to an attendant, "Though I am Queen I cannot raise my own arm." At four o'clock (Thursday, the 19th) the King arrived. He asked eagerly if she were better; a spoken reply was unnecessary; he read the gloomy truth in the pale countenances around. At length Dr. Heine reluctantly announced that the Queen was suffering from confirmed disease of the heart, and that he must be prepared for the worst. It is said that the intensely painful expression stamped on the King's face as he listened to the death-knell of his life and happiness was such as those who saw it never forgot. He repaired to the Queen's room and tenderly embraced her, but all his efforts at self-control could not prevent her from seeing the depth of his anguish. "What is it, dear friend?" she said, "am I in so much danger?" He murmured something about his distress at seeing her suffering, adding, "Thank God that I am here!" At this she wept a little; but recovering herself, asked, "How did you come?" "In the yellow chaise." "What? in an open carriage, and you so feverish?" "Yes, in the open one." "Who came with you?" "Fritz and Wilhelm?" "Oh, what happiness!"

The King, unable to subdue his feelings any longer, left on

the pretext that he would fetch his sons. When he had quitted the room she remarked: "It has shaken me to see him; his embrace was so passionate, as if he was bidding me farewell; as if I must die!" The Crown Prince and Prince William were now introduced. She said over and over again, as she looked at them wistfully, "My Fritz! my Wilhelm!" They were not allowed to remain long; and the King, having again repressed his emotions, resumed his place at her side, putting one arm around her, and holding her hand. But the spasms, the fearful struggle for breath, returned with ever-increasing violence. "Lord Jesus, grant it may be short!" she exclaimed. Then, with a soft low sigh she gently leaned back her head, and was at peace.

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
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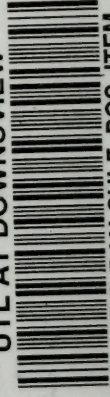
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